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XLV.

PICTURES

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PICTURES

OF THE

FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION;

BEING EPISODES FROM

THE HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY

A. DE LAMARTINE.

WITH A

SUMMARY OF THE INTERMEDIATE EVENTS.

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1850.

PICTURES

OF THE

FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

SUMMARY.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE causes of the great French Revolution of 1789, may be easily traced to the gross misgovernment to which France had been subjected for successive centuries. No other European kingdom had so ill-defined a constitution. There was no law, even the most elementary, which had not been disputed at some time or other.

The rival, and often hostile provinces, had each different usages and customs which sometimes stood in place of laws, but which, however, were liable to be violated at any time by the will or the caprice of the sovereign. The nobles were a privileged class exempt from taxes, and still retaining, in the midst of European advancement, all the seigniorial rights of the feudal ages over their serfs. The people had neither freedom nor justice, although the taxes pressed exclusively upon them; the parliaments had no power; and the king and nobles ruled the twenty-three millions that composed the nation, as a conqueror might rule an enslaved and tributary province. Thus the French peasant had neither rights nor property to give him an interest in preserving the established order of things; and the poverty, ignorance, and misery of the masses continued to produce that blind hatred of the aristocracy, that deadness to all moral feeling, and that savage ferocity of revenge, with which they repaid their wrongs upon their masters when the chances of the

revolution gave them the opportunity. France was governed by custom or caprice, but never by law.

Although the oppression to which the nation was subjected reached its culminating point in the age of Louis XIV. yet the splendour and brilliancy of the court hid the misery of the people. His fifty-six years of war had exhausted the finances of the kingdom, while his cold-blooded cruelties to Protestants, the Dragonnades, the war against the peasants in Cevennes, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which two hundred thousand Protestants were forced to quit France, had exasperated a large portion of the nation, and considerably weakened that love for monarchy which, until the revolution, seemed almost a religion with the French. The arbitrary power of Louis XIV. kept the parliaments under complete control; still, even in his reign, endeavours had been made to reform abuses and to resist the imposition of taxes at the sole pleasure of the sovereign.

These parliaments were principally composed of men of the *tiers etat*, who constantly, but with little success, strove to stand as a barrier between the king and the people. After the death of Louis XIV. the re-action commenced. The idea of social and political changes became familiar to men's minds, and each year led onwards to revolution by every path. His strong hand had sustained despotism and extravagance against all opposition; but on the accession of the weak and frivolous Louis XV. the dissensions between the king and parliament grew more frequent and violent; while at the same time the nobles became disgusted with a court where all favours were distributed solely through the influence of the king's unworthy favourites, and where the Bastille for life, or even loss of life itself, was the common penalty awarded for a jest or an epigram reflecting on the favourites of the hour. But while the extreme licentiousness of the court was bringing monarchy into contempt, and the political ascendancy of the clergy and nobles was gradually on the decline, the power of the people progressed daily.

The middle class, which had grown up between the lords and serfs, those two classes into which alone society is

divided in its first period of civilization, began to awake to the consciousness that all the talent, energy, and working mind of the country was with them, while at the same time they found themselves excluded from all its honours, and in the possession of no legal rights. The new literature soon gave a definite form to their feelings, and taught them that tyranny only existed by their sufferance. To the elegant and refined men of letters of the seventeenth century, who adorned the heroic, serious, and believing age of Louis XIV. had succeeded the philosophical mockers and sceptics of the eighteenth, to whom everything became a subject for discussion or ridicule. The first principles of morals, religion, and government, were alike subjected to the tribunal of their individual reason, and nothing, up to the Divine Being himself, was sacred from their speculations.

The American revolution, towards the close of the century, hastened the development of the bold social theories advanced, by showing how successfully they might be realised; so that while the philosophers interpreted the vague, floating thoughts of the people in words, the American revolution revealed them in action. The new and exciting events of that war kindled all hearts, though none saw clearly the result. Louis XVI. himself sent troops to aid Washington; and the young nobility joined the cry of Freedom, little thinking they were aiding the destruction of their own order and building the scaffold for the king. After the puerile frivolities and degrading immoralities of Louis XV.'s court, this new drama of life, so exciting in its progress, so serious and noble in its aim, had an irresistible charm for all those earnest minds whose strong passions and enthusiasm had hitherto found no adequate sphere of action. The fundamental principles, also, upon which the Americans proceeded to form their government, were peculiarly attractive to that age which analysed all traditions of belief, speculated upon all, but revered none.

The young and ardent, inexperienced, but eager for excitement, are easily kindled by lofty abstractions; and the youth of France flung themselves with as much eagerness into the theories of the rights of man, promulgated by Paine, as into the theories of the existence of a God started

by Voltaire. All men felt that a great change was inevitable; and at that time the whole nation, king, nobles, and people, went forth to meet it with hope and joy. But the speculative spirit, once aroused, stops at nothing: once question the basis of the routine laws by which men suffer themselves to be governed, and the foundations of all government are no longer secure. The time came when the middle class asked—"Of what use are these nobles—this class which does nothing for the country, yet absorbs all its wealth—this favoured class, exempt from taxes, yet appropriating to its own order all honours, favours, dignities, and endowments in court, church, and state? The people toil, but the nobles enjoy." The poorer clergy and curates readily joined the ranks of the discontented, for they, too, felt that all the benefits were reaped by others; the labour only was for them. The *noblesse* of France, vain, weak, frivolous, dissolute, and ignorant, did nothing for their country to entitle them to those vast privileges they enjoyed, originally conferred in compensation for warlike services rendered in the old feudal times to the sovereign; while in the energetic and working ranks of the middle class, were to be found all the intellect, talent, enterprise, and education of France. In a contest between the two, it was evident that intelligence and numerical strength must, and had the right, to conquer. The masses of the people, brutalized by centuries of oppression, and neglect of all mental culture, were never at any time more than an instrument in the hands of the revolutionists. They felt only that they were miserable, indigent, and enslaved, and rushed with blind ferocity at any class above them, to do the terrible work of their leaders, according as a Marat, a Danton, or a Robespierre slipped the leash. The revolution received its first impulse undoubtedly from the nobility, but was accomplished by the middle classes, and that with a wisdom, dignity, and decorum suited to the solemn work. That it was rendered a world's wonder of crime and horror, was owing to the unrestrained passions of a degraded populace, excited, from the basest motives of envy, self-interest, and mutual hatred, by a few men whose names will remain for ever in history branded with the deepest infamy.

Of all the kings who had reigned in France since Henri Quatre, Louis XVI. was the most calculated by his naturally amiable disposition, pure mode of life, and simple inexpensive habits, to carry out the wishes of the people, and accede to their demands for freedom and participation in all rights and honours, as befitted an advanced and enlightened age. But he found the finances of the kingdom in a state of the utmost confusion; distress prevailed everywhere; bankruptcy and famine were the two most prominent evils to be first averted. All his efforts, therefore, and those of his successive ministers, were directed to this point. M. Neckar, father of the celebrated Madame de Stael, published whilst minister, a survey of the state of the finances, the amount of the royal expenditure, the secret and public pension lists, and announced the annual deficit, which was then above two millions. Every one read this publication with avidity, and the people learned, for the first time, at what a vast expense they maintained this royalty which seemed so useless; and what enormous sums of money, wrung from them, the only taxpayers, were lavished upon nobles, pensioners, courtiers, and favoured members of those privileged classes who paid no taxes. This was the first direct appeal to the common understanding of the people, and strengthened their animosity against the aristocracy. Gradually, not a reformation, but a total abolition of the existing order of things became the familiar idea, as a remedy for all evils. An overtaxed and impoverished people very naturally begin to question the necessity of supporting the grandeurs of a proud, selfish aristocracy, and the useless pomps of royalty at their own expense; and the French troops who returned from America with Lafayette about this time, after assisting to found a republic there, brought back with them not only a heightened ardour for liberty, but the knowledge of how well and cheaply countries may be governed without kings.

Louis XVI. on learning the amount of the deficit, instantly endeavoured to introduce economy into all departments, including his own household; but these measures only disgusted the courtiers, and were of little avail to meet the deficiency. His next effort was to pass an edict,

authorising the assessment of two new taxes. This edict the parliament refused to register. Thus, king and parliament were brought into collision, and the first impetus given to the revolutionary torrent. He then convened an assembly of the notables, or privileged classes, and demanded from them a participation in the expenses of the state. They refused. Thus, being unsupported by the court, the parliament, or the aristocracy, he at length reluctantly consented to the demand, preferred on all sides, for the assembling of the States General.

This body, which fairly represented the whole French people, lords, clergy, and commons, would alone be adequate, it was asserted, to effect those fundamental changes in the government which every one felt were imminent and irresistible. Yet its powers were known more from tradition than usage. Since 1614, they had not been once convened; and during five centuries, had appeared in history but eighteen times. However, at this period, their assemblage was eagerly desired by the nation. They were convoked ostensibly as regenerators and legislators, and their being summoned was deemed a pledge that the revolution was henceforth to be a fact.

The members amounted in number to 1200. 600 of the privileged nobles and clergy, and 600 of the commons, or *tiers état*.

On the 5th of May, 1789, they met at Versailles. It was the first day of the revolution; but as yet all wore the appearance of a festival. Great excitement prevailed, and the commons particularly were scrutinized by the court with anxious solicitude. The king took his seat on the throne; and the queen, then in all the lustre of her beauty, was likewise present. The nobles came habited in black faced with silver, and plumed hats, *a la Henri Quatre*. The members of the *tiers état* were dressed simply, without either lace or plumes; but amongst them was one man who attracted every eye—he whose immense genius gave the first uniform direction to all the wild irregular impulse of the revolution—*Mirabeau*. Another, then unknown, unnoticed, contemptible in appearance, without genius, daring, or courage, but who was destined to turn France

into a field of carnage, and drown the revolution in blood—was *Robespierre*. In the ranks of the commons were also found the most eminent literary men of the kingdom. Theorists profound and subtle like the Abbé Sieyes, philosophers like Bailli, whose calm, wise, upright, noble nature, helped mainly to achieve the revolution, and whom the revolution sent to the scaffold; men earnest, ardent, and eloquent, who came to the work of legislation with a serious and profound sense of the noble mission entrusted to them, and who fulfilled it nobly; and young and fiery aspirants after all heights to which human ambition can climb; ardent revolutionists, who had an interest in change, but none in the stability of the existing order of things. Thus, the genius, intelligence, and energy of France was with the *tiers etat*; and the nobles, with only the old worn-out prejudice of birth and title in their favour, vainly tried to compete with them for the possession of power. A long debate ensued, as to how they should vote: whether in one, or like the English, in distinct chambers. The commons desired the first mode, the nobles the second. Finally, after five weeks' debate, the inferior clergy and some of the nobles joined the *tiers etat*, who, thereupon, constituted themselves a complete legislative body, entirely competent, within itself for the whole work of organizing a constitution, and adopted the name of the *National Assembly*. This was the first step towards the abolition of classes. The king, being justly alarmed, announced his intention to meet the three estates in person, but not this self-constituted democratic body. The Commons' Hall, the largest, was selected for the *Seance Royale*; and workmen were ordered to make the necessary preparations in it; so that when the commons arrived as usual, they were forbidden entrance by armed guards. Thus expelled, as they imagined with intentional insult, they repaired to an adjacent tennis-court, Bailli, the President, at their head. There they held their sitting, and, with uplifted hands, they took the solemn oath—known as the oath of the tennis-court—never to separate until the kingdom was regenerated, and the constitution established on a solid basis. By this act, the assembly declared itself sovereign. Every step was

still onward to revolution. The king afterwards held a royal sitting, and dissolved the assembly in person with expressions of anger, then retired, followed by the nobles and clergy; but the commons refused to disperse, and passed a decree, declaring their persons inviolable. "What means this insulting dictation?" exclaimed Mirabeau? "Who commands?—your proxy. Who gives you imperious laws?—your proxy: he who should receive them from us who are invested with a political and inviolable priesthood." That day the king's authority fell for ever, and the Assembly remained in permanence.

The king then surrounded Versailles with troops, to overawe the Assembly, and exiled Neckar, the popular minister. This step excited great indignation in Paris. A young man, with a pistol in hand, harangued the mob, and bade them rush to arms. It was Camille Desmoulins. He proposed, likewise, a cockade, as a badge for the patriots. "Shall it be green, for Hope?" he asked. "Green, green!" shouted the populace; and tearing the branches from the trees, they attached them to their hats, till all the chestnut trees of Paris were despoiled. The insurrection was rapidly organized. The mob broke open the arsenal and armed themselves, and the French Guards fraternized with the people. It was at this crisis that the municipal authorities of Paris enrolled a burgess militia to protect the city, under the name of the *National Guard*, with Lafayette for commander; and the green cockade was replaced by the red and blue, the colours of the capital. An alarm spread that the king's foreign regiments were marching on Paris, and that the cannon of the Bastile was pointed upon the Rue St. Antoine. Instantly shouts resounded from every quarter "To the Bastile!" Some individual struck one of the chains of the great bridge with a hatchet, and thus gave the impulse to the multitude. They rushed to the attack, assisted by the militia, and the cannon of the French Guards. After four hours' siege the Bastile was taken; and the whole feudal power and *prestige* of the king and aristocracy of France, fell with it.

From that day the lower classes became conscious of their strength, and have ever since made it felt wherever there

was opportunity. When the king heard the tidings, he exclaimed "It is a revolt." "No, sire," replied his minister, "it is a revolution."

The Assembly had annihilated the moral power of the crown, the people its physical power, and the king had no other policy left but submission. The nobles began to emigrate, and thus left him without any barrier between the throne and the commons. The Assembly ruled France, and the mob occasionally overawed the Assembly. The Assembly itself, however, like all large bodies of men, was divided into three classes, the Conservatives, Moderates, and Ultra-Republicans. The first still wished for a king as the apex of government.

At that time it was the strongest party in France, and had the middle class for its support. Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Bailli were its leaders—the orator, the general, and the president. The second class, viz. the moderate republicans, comprised the men of letters, who had all along felt jealous of the privileged classes: these men wished for an aristocracy of talent. The third, or ultras, or, "*les Enrages*," as they were termed, were laughed at as fanatics by the Assembly; but their violent and unscrupulous propositions never failed to carry with them the feelings of the populace. Each party in turn ruled France: the Monarchists, the Girondists, and the Jacobins.

After the insurrection at Paris, the Assembly continued its work of legislation without further opposition from the king. At one sitting the privileged classes of their own accord renounced all their ancient rights, including that of immunity from taxes; all the distinctive privileges of provinces, towns, and corporate bodies were likewise abolished, and from the extent of the renunciations made on that day, it received the name of "the day of sacrifices." This one day in itself accomplished a revolution; the whole system of feudality, with all seignorial rights, was destroyed at once. All Frenchmen were henceforth equal; the people legally equal to the nobles, while physically and numerically they were beyond them.

As yet, none had ventured to touch the crown. The king was still permitted to retain his nominal position and

title, but he had no longer any significance in the constitution. Each day his prerogative was abridged, yet the populace still persisted in attributing all the evils of their condition to his influence, or still more to that of the queen, who was hated as an alien, a supposed enemy to the revolution, and one whose influence with the king, they imagined, was always successfully opposed to the demands of the nation. But not even the shadow of a king suffered by the Assembly could satisfy the ultra-republicans. It was proposed to allow him a *Veto* on the decrees of the Assembly; but this power, vested in a single individual who could thus at any time stop the progress of revolution, alarmed the nation, and the *Veto* became the rallying cry of insurrection.

The National Assembly made no effort to repress these excesses, until they thought monarchy was completely humbled: it was then too late. The mob, once loosed as an instrument, soon became unguidable, and the Parisian populace now vociferously demanded that both king and Assembly should leave Versailles and come to Paris, where both would be under the surveillance of the revolutionary clubs.

The first deputation from Paris to force the Assembly to quit Versailles, was, however, dispersed by Lafayette and Bailli. After that, the people became still further excited against the court, by hearing of the banquet at Versailles, given by the officers quartered there to some new regiments on their arrival. At this banquet the king and queen appeared, and white cockades were distributed to the officers, who in return swore eternal fidelity to the royal cause. This was considered as a pledge against the nation, and excited deep indignation at Paris. Great distress, too, prevailed at this time, in consequence of the failure of the harvest, and women ran wildly through the streets shouting, "Bread! bread!" Suddenly, a cry arose—"To Versailles!" The multitude re-echoed it, and instantly rushed to the Hotel de Ville, broke open the gates, seized the arms there, and set forward to Versailles, a mob of women marching at their head. Lafayette, alarmed for the result, followed them with the national guards, and reached Versailles a few hours after their arrival, but no violence had been attempted. At night all seemed tranquil. Lafayette

retired to rest; but towards morning the mob broke into the palace, penetrated to the queen's chamber, murdered her guards, and plunged their pikes into her bed, from which she had only just time to escape by a private door into the king's apartment.

Lafayette arrived after all this had happened, and easily cleared the palace with his troops; but the mob re-assembled in the court-yard, and demanded to see the king. He appeared, and promised to return with them to Paris. They next summoned the queen. Though at the peril of her life, she appeared on the balcony with her two children; her countenance pale but dignified, her hair dishevelled. "No children!" they exclaimed; and the queen putting them back, stood with her arms folded looking down upon the mass of fierce and armed men, who were ready to kill her at a word. But her beauty and courage seemed to affect the multitude, and for the last time the shout was heard of "*Vive la Reine!*"

The mob refused to return to Paris without the royal family, and Lafayette with his national guards supported their demand. There was no alternative, therefore, but to consent. The return was one continued scene of horror and insult for the king and queen, and after they arrived at the Tuileries they were nothing more than prisoners. The capture of the Bastille was the first triumph of the people. This return from Versailles, with all its disgusting atrocities, was the second. Henceforth the royalist party ceased to have either influence or power.

At this time was formed the celebrated Jacobin Club, where the most fiery of the ultra party met to criticise or denounce the acts of the Assembly. Its organization became powerful, and branch societies were formed in all the provinces. They instantly acquired immense influence; for the most violent and levelling doctrines are always sure to be supported by the great mass of the people.

After their establishment in Paris, the Assembly proceeded in the work of legislation. They abolished tithes, and confiscated the church lands, nearly one half of the entire landed property of the kingdom, which property was thus resumed by the nation to meet the exigencies of the

state, and an issue of paper money was adopted, called *assignats*, secured upon these church lands. Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, was the proposer of this measure for the spoliation of the clergy. They next formed a new constitution for the church, making it independent of the See of Rome; and all those who did not subscribe were deprived of their benefices. Talleyrand, and two other bishops, with a few of the minor clergy, took the new oath, but the church as a body refused, and these non-juring priests became, in consequence, great favourites with the people, particularly in the provinces. All titles of honour and even of courtesy were afterwards abolished: "Citizen" was the only mode of address permissible.

Thus power, property, and pride were crushed by the new constitution. The loss of tithes had alienated the clergy from the revolution, the loss of titles converted the *noblesse* into its irreconcilable enemies. The roads were now crowded with emigrants hastening to join the Count d'Artois at Coblenz, where he was organizing a counter revolutionary party to aid the army of invasion, whose object was to restore arbitrary power in France.

Still the Assembly proceeded in its great work of clearing away abuses. Penal laws against Protestants, and torture and imprisonment without judicial authority, were abolished. All the criminal jurisprudence of England was introduced. Liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, and legal rights for all, were established. The right of the people to equal justice was recognized for the first time in the constitution, and the organization of the national guard, composed of citizens, was a guarantee that these rights would not be taken from them. It was the security of the people against the army of the king.

"The will of the nation is the source of all power," was the fundamental axiom of the Assembly. All civil offices were filled by popular election. Birth had no longer its absurd, unjust, hereditary rights. Every path was open to talent and enterprize. The promotions in the army, hitherto engrossed by the young nobles, now proceeded by seniority. This measure at once secured the affection of the soldiers, although it excited the disgust of the *noblesse*, who no

longer coalesced with the revolution, but sought secretly to undermine it. This step forced the ultras to extremes, and the Jacobins roused the mob to resist the re-action of the nobles. Then arose that intense hatred of the aristocracy, that fierce war of the poor against the rich, who it was imagined, stood between the people and their rights, and who really did so. For if the foreign troops had been successful in their invasion of France, no doubt the court would have retaliated on the popular party, and arbitrary power have been restored. It was not in human nature that the nobles should aid complacently a revolution which totally crushed their order. No one believed the king sincere when he went in person to the Assembly to accept the constitution. He was at that time planning his escape from Paris where he considered himself, and was in reality, a prisoner. He had now neither a party nor an army to stand between him and the Assembly. A king can only meet public opinion by force, or enter into treaty with it; but force requires an army, and almost all the troops were on the side of the people. The king, therefore, acceded to all the Assembly proposed to him, without offering any opposition.

Mirabeau, the inspiring genius of the revolution, now wished to arrest its fatal progress. In the Assembly he waged fierce war against the Jacobins, and all his endeavours were directed to save the king and aid his escape to Compeigne, where he would be under the protection of the troops commanded by the Marquis de Bouillé, a known and devoted royalist, though trusted by the Assembly with the command of the army of the frontier. But the death of Mirabeau, in 1791, deprived the king of this powerful auxiliary.

At this time a coalition of European powers was formed against France. It was the interest of all kings to put down an Assembly which had announced itself the propagandist of revolution, and the advocate of the rights of man against the despotism of governments. Austria, Spain, Prussia, England, Russia, the German circles, Sweden, and all the princes of the House of Bourbon, entered into this coalition; and at a conference held at Mantua, in May, 1791, the number of troops which each state was to supply

for the invasion of France was agreed upon; while the Prince of Condé at Worms, and the Count d'Artois at Coblantz, were to organize an army of emigrants to assist the allies.*

Louis XVI. however, wished to make a last attempt to retrieve his position in the constitution through the medium of French troops, without the aid of foreign swords. For this purpose he renewed the correspondence with the Marquis de Bouillé, commenced by Mirabeau, intending if possible to fly from his Paris prison, and throw himself upon the fidelity of the troops encamped at Montmedy, under command of the marquis.

But flight was hazardous and difficult. Lafayette guarded the Tuileries with 800 men and two pieces of cannon; and different events proved to the king that he was not only a prisoner, but wholly in the power of the national guard. Once, when he publicly attempted to remove to St. Cloud, he was forced back by the guard under Lafayette's orders. These sinister events impressed on the king's mind the necessity for flight, and at the same time that it should be conducted with the profoundest secrecy.

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

TOWARDS the end of April the king wrote in cypher to the Marquis de Bouillé, informing him of his intention to quit Paris immediately with all his family. They were to occupy a single carriage, which he had ordered to be constructed for the express purpose, and he desired him to establish a chain of posts from Chalons to Montmedy, the frontier town at which he wished to arrive.

From Paris to Montmedy the shortest road lay through Rheims, but as the king had been crowned there he feared recognition, and resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of M. de Bouillé, to go by Varennes.

* Austria was to send 35,000 men; the German circle 15,000; the Swiss 15,000; and Spain 20,000.

This route had the disadvantage of not being furnished throughout with relays of post-horses. It would be necessary therefore to supply this want under different pretexts, although these relays might naturally excite suspicions amongst the inhabitants of the small towns, and the presence of military detachments likewise, in places not habitually frequented by troops, was open to a similar danger. M. de Bouillé consequently tried to dissuade the king from selecting this road: representing that if the detachment were strong it would arouse the vigilance of the municipal authorities, and if weak it would be unable to afford him protection. He further requested him not to travel in a berlin constructed for the purpose, or in any way remarkable in its form, but to employ instead two light English carriages, such as were then in fashion. Above all he insisted on the necessity of taking with him some man of firmness and decision in whom he could place implicit trust, to advise and sustain him in all the perils of so hazardous a journey, and suggested for the purpose the Marquis d'Agoult, major in the French guards. Lastly, he prayed the king to induce the emperor to order an apparently hostile advance of the Austrian troops towards the frontiers near Montmedy, in order that the consequent alarm of the people might serve as a pretext for the concentration of troops and cavalry around that town. The king promised this, and also to bring with him the Marquis d'Agoult, but refused all the rest. A few days before his departure he sent a million in assignats to M. de Bouillé, for the secret purchase of rations and forage, as well as for the pay of those faithful troops who were to assist in his escape.

These arrangements having been completed, M. de Bouillé despatched a trusty officer of his staff, M. de Guoguelas, to make an inspection of the entire road between Chalons and Montmedy, and furnish a minute and exact report of it to the king. This officer had an interview with the king and brought back his orders to M. de Bouillé.

Mean while M. de Bouillé had taken every precaution to ensure the success of the project. The patriot troops were removed to a distance, and twelve foreign battalions on whom he could rely, along with a train of artillery consisting of

sixteen pieces of cannon, were concentrated upon Montmedy. The Royal German regiment entered Stenay, one squadron of hussars was at Dun, another at Varennes, and two squadrons of dragoons were to meet the king at Clermont on the day of his arrival there. They were commanded by Count Charles de Damas, a bold and spirited officer, who had orders to send on a detachment from thence to Sainte Menehould; besides fifty hussars detached from Varennes, which were to proceed to Pont Sommeville, between Chalons and Sainte Menehould, under pretence of securing the safe transmission of a sum of money sent from Paris for the pay of the troops.

Thus, Chalons once passed, the king's carriage would find escorts of faithful troops at every relay, and the commanders of each detachment had orders to approach the royal party while they changed horses, in case the king had any commands to give. If he desired to proceed unrecognised they were merely to see that no obstacle existed to retard his progress, and were then to follow him slowly at a little distance on the same road; but in case he wished to be escorted, they were to order their troops to mount and accompany him.

No plan could have been more sagely devised, and the most profound secrecy shrouded all these combinations.

On the 27th of May, the king wrote that he had fixed his departure for the 19th of the following month. That he would leave Paris in a hired carriage, and at Bondy, the first stage from Paris, would take his own berlin. That one of his *gardes du corps*, selected to act as courier, was to await him at Bondy, and in case the king did not arrive there by two o'clock, it would be a sign that he was arrested. The courier was then to proceed alone to Pont Sommeville, announce to the general that the scheme had failed, and warn him and the other officers compromised to provide for their own safety.

Having received these final directions, M. de Bouillé despatched the Duke de Choiseul to Paris, there to await the king's orders, and precede his departure by twelve hours.

The duke's servants were to be at Varennes on the 18th, with his own horses for the use of the king's carriage, and their station in the town was to be explained so exactly to the king, that the change of horses could be effected without any hesitation or loss of time. M. de Choiseul had orders to take the command of the hussars at Pont Sommeville on his return, to await the king there, escort him to Sainte Menehould, and leave his troop stationed there with strict orders not to permit any one to pass from Paris to Varennes, or from Paris to Verdun, during the twenty-four hours that followed the king's departure. He also received orders from M. de Bouillé, signed by the king himself, authorising him, as well as the other commanders of detachments, to employ force if necessary for the safety and preservation of his majesty and the royal family, and to rescue him from the people should they endeavour to seize his person. In case the carriages were stopped at Chalons, M. de Choiseul was to give notice to the general, assemble all the detachments, and march to the deliverance of the king, and he received six hundred louis in gold, to distribute amongst the soldiers, in order to excite their feelings of devotion at the moment when the king should appear and make himself known.

M. de Guoguelas left at the same time for Paris to reconnoitre the road once more, passing through Stenay, Dun, Varennes, and Sainte Menehould, so that he might be able to impress the topography of the country clearly on the king's memory. He was to return to Montmedy by another route and bring back the latest instructions to M. de Bouillé. The Marquis de Bouillé himself left Metz under pretence of making a tour of inspection of those places under his command, and approached nearer to Montmedy. On the 15th he was at Longwy; when there he received a message from the king, informing him that their departure was unavoidably delayed for twenty-four hours, in order to conceal their preparations from a *femme-de-chambre* of the queen's—a fanatical democrat, quite capable of denouncing them, and whose service only terminated on the 19th. His majesty also added that they could not bring the Marquis d'Agoult with them; because Madame

de Tourzel, governess to the royal children, claimed the rights of her station, and insisted on accompanying them.

This fatal delay rendered counter orders necessary, and all the precise arrangements respecting place and time were thereby deranged. Passing detachments were obliged to become stationary, the relays of horses prepared might be withdrawn; nevertheless, the Marquis de Bouillé endeavoured to counteract all these evils as far as possible, and sent modified orders to the heads of detachments, while he himself advanced to Stenay on the 20th, where the German Royals, a regiment on which he could rely, were stationed.

There, on the 21st, he assembled the generals under his orders, informed them that the king would pass through Stenay during the night, and that he would arrive next morning at Montmedy; and General Klingin was charged to prepare a camp there of twelve battalions and twenty-four squadrons under the protection of the cannon of the place. The king was to be located in a chateau behind the camp; which chateau would also serve as head-quarters. The position of the king would thus seem more dignified, and be more secure in the midst of his troops than within the walls of a fortified town. The generals evinced no hesitation in seconding the project; and M. de Bouillé left General Hoffelizze at Stenay, in command of the German Royals, with orders to saddle their horses at nightfall, mount at daybreak, and at ten o'clock in the evening send forward a detachment of fifty dragoons on the road between Stenay and Dun, there to await the king and escort him to Stenay.

At night, M. de Choiseul left Stenay himself on horseback, accompanied by several officers, and advanced to the very gates of Dun, but would not enter lest his presence might excite suspicions amongst the people. There, in silence and darkness, he awaited the arrival of the courier who was to precede the royal carriages by one hour. The destinies of a monarchy, the throne of a dynasty, the lives of an entire royal family, king, queen, princess, children, weighed down his soul. The night seemed an age to him, nevertheless it passed away without the sound of a horse's foot coming to announce to the group concealed under the trees whether the king of France was saved or lost!

Mean time, what was passing at the Tuileries during these decisive hours? The secret of the projected flight had been religiously confined to the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, a few faithful servants, and the Count de Fersen, a Swedish nobleman, who had been charged with the exterior preparations. Vague rumours, it is true, like the shadows of coming events, had been current amongst the people for some days previous; but these rumours were owing rather to the unsettled state of men's minds, than to any positive revelation made by the confidants of the flight. They had the effect, however, of making Lafayette and his staff redouble their vigilant watch around the palace, and even in the interior of the king's apartments. Since the events of the 5th and 6th of October, the household troops had been disbanded. The companies of the *gardes du corps*, every soldier of which was a noble, and whose inviolable fidelity was assured by their rank, honour, blood, traditions, and *esprit du corps*, existed no longer. The respectful vigilance which made their services to the royal family seem a kind of homage, had given place to the sullen surveillance of the national guards, who acted as spies upon the king, rather than guards attending upon the monarch.

The Swiss guards, it is true, still surrounded the Tuileries, but they only occupied the exterior posts. The interior, the staircases, and the communications between the different apartments, were all entrusted to the national guard. M. de Lafayette was liable to be there at any moment; his officers prowled about at night through the corridors, and they had orders, not written, but tacitly understood, to prevent even the king himself from leaving the palace after midnight.

To this official watch was added the still more minute, though secret espionage of the servants of the household, amongst whom the spirit of the revolution had insinuated itself to encourage treachery, and sanctify ingratitude. Within the walls of this palace of his ancestors, the king could rely on no hearts save those of the queen, his sister, and some few courtiers who sympathised with his misfortunes, but whose very gestures were reported to M. de Lafayette. Some loyal gentlemen, who had come to offer their services to strengthen the private guard of the apart-

ments on the day of the tumult at Versailles, had been even expelled from the palace with violence and insults, and the king, with tears in his eyes, was obliged to witness this shameless expulsion of his most devoted friends from his own dwelling, at the bidding of the revolutionary general, and beheld them delivered up by his official protector to the jeers and outrages of the mob.

The royal family therefore could not expect to find any one within the palace willing to favour their escape.

The Count de Fersen was the principal confidant, and almost the sole agent of this hazardous enterprize. Young, handsome, and devoted, he had been admitted, during the brilliant period of Marie Antoinette's life, to the intimacies of the Trianon, and it was said that a chivalrous adoration, to which respect alone prevented him giving the name of love, had from that time attached him to the queen.

The worship of beauty had become in the soul of the Swede a passionate devotion to misfortune. The instinct of the queen did not deceive her, when, on anxiously considering to whose fidelity and zeal the safety of the king and of her children might be confided, her thoughts were directed to Count de Fersen. At the first hint, he quitted Stockholm, had an interview with the king and queen, and took upon himself the preparation of the carriage which was to await the august family at Bondy. As a foreigner his arrangements were not liable to suspicion, and he combined them with a discretion equal to his devotion. Three of the old *gardes du corps*, MM. de Valory, De Moustier, and De Maldan, were taken into his confidence, and instructed by him in the parts they were to enact agreeably to the king's wishes. Disguised as domestics, they were to take their places on the outside of the carriage, and would thus be at hand to protect the royal family against all the perils of the journey. These three obscure provincial names were honoured that day above many a courtier's. In case the king were arrested they foresaw their fate; but to be the saviours of their sovereign they courageously offered themselves as victims to the populace.

The queen's mind had for a long time been occupied by this idea of flight. So long previously as the month of March, one of her women had been instructed to forward to Brussels complete sets of clothing for the princess royal and the dauphin, and everything necessary for herself during the journey she had sent on to her sister the Archduchess Christine, *gouvernante* of the Low Countries, under pretence of making her a present. Her diamonds and jewels she confided to Leonard, her hairdresser, who left Paris along with the Duke de Choiseul. These slight indications of a meditated flight had not escaped the treacherous vigilance of one of her women. She had noted the whisperings and gestures, portfolios lying open on the table, and *parures* of jewels missing from their cases. These symptoms she denounced to M. de Gouvion, aide-de-camp to M. de Lafayette, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, and he instantly gave information to his commander and to the Mayor of Paris.

These denunciations, however, had been renewed so frequently, and from all directions, without any event happening to confirm their truth, that at last they gained little credence; but, on this day, her information was of such a character that double measures of precaution were taken for the night. Under different pretexts, M. de Gouvion introduced numerous officers of the national guard into the palace, and placed them at the several doors, while he himself, with five commanding officers, passed a part of the night watching at the door of the apartment formerly occupied by the Duke de Villequier, which had been specially recommended to his vigilance. He had been told, which was true, that a secret corridor led from the queen's cabinet to the apartment of the aged captain of the guard; and that the king, whom it was well known was an expert locksmith, had manufactured false keys which could open all the doors.

In short, these reports, which spread from the national guards to the clubs, transformed every patriot that night into a jailer of the king. In the journal of Camille Desmoulins of this date, 20th of June, 1791, we find him observing:—"The evening passed quietly at Paris. I returned,

at eleven o'clock, from the Jacobin club with Danton and some other patriots, and we met no one the whole way but a single patrol. Paris seemed to me so deserted on this night, that I could not help making the remark. One of our party, Fréron, who had a letter in his pocket warning him that the king would escape that night, had been to observe the palace, and saw M. de Lafayette enter it about eleven o'clock."

The same Camille Desmoulins recounts farther on the instinctive agitation of the people on this fatal night. He says:—"The night on which the family of the Capets took flight, one Busebi, a peruke-maker, called on Hucher, a baker, and sapper in the battalion of the Théatins, to communicate to him his fears with reference to all he had heard about the king's flight. Then they ran to awaken their neighbours, and soon assembled about thirty, who proceeded in a body to M. de Lafayette, and told him of the king's intention, requiring him to take immediate measures to oppose it. He only laughed, and recommended them to go home quietly. In order not to be arrested on their return, they demanded the pass-word, which he gave. Furnished with this they hastened to the Tuileries, but no movement was visible, except a set of hackney coachmen drinking round one of the small ambulatory shops, which generally stand near the wicket of the Carrousel. They made the tour of the courts as far as the door of the *Manege*, where the Assembly is held, and perceived nothing suspicious; but on their return they observed with surprise that all the hackney coaches had disappeared, which led them to conjecture that some of these carriages were engaged in the service of the persons who were to accompany this unworthy family."

It is evident that this excited state of the public mind, combined with the extreme severity of the king's imprisonment, made the escape of so many persons a matter of considerable difficulty. Nevertheless, whether it were owing to the connivance of some of the national guards, who had that day demanded the custody of the interior posts, and shut their eyes to the infraction of the orders they had received; or to the very able measures taken by Count Fersen;

or that Providence wished to shed a last gleam of hope and safety upon those who were so soon to be crushed by so many misfortunes, certain it is that the guards were deceived, their vigilance was in vain, and the revolution, for one brief moment, allowed its prey to escape it.

That night, before retiring to rest, the king and queen received as usual all who were in the habit of paying their respects to them at that hour, nor did they dismiss their attendants earlier than was customary; but, as soon as they were alone they hastily assumed the simple travelling dresses suitable to the characters they were to sustain. Mademoiselle Elizabeth and the children then joined them in the queen's chamber, from whence, by a secret communication, they gained the apartment of the Duke de Villequier, and quitted the palace at intervals in separate groups, in order not to attract the attention of the sentinels on duty by the appearance of so many persons at a time.

Owing to the number of people, both on foot and in carriages, who were leaving the palace after the *coucher* of the king, an attendance which Count Fersen, no doubt, had caused to be greater than usual that evening under different pretexts, they reached the Carrousel, mingling with the crowd without being recognised. The queen leaned on one of the *gardes du corps*, and held the Princess Royal by the hand. In crossing the Carrousel, they met M. de Lafayette, with one or two officers of his staff, on his way to the Tuileries to assure himself that all the strict measures he had ordered, in consequence of the revelations of the day, had been attended to.

The queen trembled at the sight of the man who represented, in her eyes, insurrection and captivity; but in escaping him she fancied she had escaped the whole nation, and smiled as she made a remark on the deception practised on this jailer, who would be unable next day to produce his prisoners to the people.

Madame Elizabeth, leaning also upon one of the *gardes du corps*, followed at a little distance. The king, by his own desire, left the palace the last, accompanied by the dauphin, then seven years old; while Count Fersen, dis-

guised as a coachman, walked a short way before him, and acted as guide.

The rendezvous of the royal family was fixed at the Quai des Theatins, where two hired carriages awaited them. The queen's waiting-women and the Marchioness de Tourzel, had preceded them there.

In the midst of the agitation caused by so perilous and complicated a project, the queen and her guides crossed the Pont Royal, and turned down the Rue du Bac; but, soon perceiving her error, she became greatly alarmed, and hastily retraced her steps. The king and dauphin being obliged to proceed through by-streets, and across a different bridge, were half an hour later. It seemed an age to the queen and his sister. At length they all arrived, and sprang into the first carriage; Count Fersen jumped on the box, seized the reins, and drove the royal family himself to Bondy, the first stage between Paris and Chalons. There, thanks to his exertions, the travellers found everything prepared, the berlin constructed for the king, and a cabriolet in addition, with the horses ready harnessed to each. The queen's two waiting-women, and one of the disguised guards, entered the cabriolet. The king and queen, the dauphin and his sister, Madame Elizabeth and the Marchioness de Tourzel, took their places in the berlin, while two of the *gardes du corps* seated themselves, one on the box and the other behind the carriage.

Count Fersen kissed the hands of the king and queen, confided them to the care of Providence, and returned to Paris, which he left that same night by another road for Brussels, intending to join the royal family at a later period. At the same hour Monsieur, the king's brother, Count de Provence, left the palace of the Luxembourg for Brussels, and arrived there in safety without being recognised.

The king's carriages proceeded on the road to Chalons, relays of eight horses awaiting them at every stage. This large number of horses; the size and remarkable form of the berlin; the number of travellers who occupied the interior; the *gardes du corps*, whose livery accorded so ill with their noble physiognomy and bearing; the Bourbon features

of Louis XVI. buried in a corner of the carriage, contrasting so strangely with the character of *valet de chambre* which he had adopted; all these circumstances were sufficient to awaken suspicions upon the road, and compromise the safety of the royal family; but their passport, signed by the minister for foreign affairs, removed all objections. It stated that, by command of the king, no obstruction was to be offered to the passage of Madame la Baronne de Korf, on her way to Frankfort with her two children, an attendant, a *valet de chambre*, and three domestics, and was signed, "Montmorin, minister of foreign affairs."

This foreign name, the title of German baroness, the proverbial opulence of the Frankfort bankers, to whom the people were accustomed to attribute all the most singular and splendid equipages, had been admirably calculated on by Count Fersen to account for whatever might seem strange or suspicious in the royal *cortége*. Accordingly, the carriages passed on without exciting any public attention until they reached Montmirail, a small town between Meaux and Chalons. Here they were obliged to stop for an hour, in order to have some damages to the berlin repaired. This delay of an entire hour, in which the flight of the monarch from the Tuileries might be discovered, and pursuers sent upon their track, filled the fugitives with consternation. However, the repairs were quickly executed, and the travellers set forth again, little imagining that one lost hour would cost the lives of four out of the five royal personages who composed the party.

Their security and confidence was now almost complete. The successful result of their flight from the palace and from Paris; the punctuality of the relays; the loneliness of the roads; the inattention of the towns and villages through which they passed; so many dangers left behind them; safety and salvation so near; every turn of the wheels bringing them nearer to M. de Bouillé and the faithful troops which he had stationed to receive them; the very beauty of the season and of the day, so exhilarating to eyes that for two years previously had looked on nothing but the seditious mob of the Tuileries, or a forest of bayonets beneath their

windows in the hands of an excited populace—all these things calmed and soothed their feelings, and disposed them to believe that Providence had at last declared for them, and that the pure and fervent prayers of their young children, whom they pressed to their hearts, and of the angel on earth who accompanied them in the form of Madame Elizabeth, had finally conquered their evil destiny.

They entered Chalons under the happiest auspices. It was now half-past three in the afternoon, and this was the only large town through which they had to pass. A few idle loiterers gathered round the carriage while they changed horses, and the king imprudently showed his face at the window. He was recognised instantly by the innkeeper; but this worthy man felt that the life of his sovereign was in his hands, and without betraying his emotion by a single glance or gesture of astonishment, he endeavoured to distract the attention of the crowd, assisted to yoke the horses himself, and urged the postilions to depart. This man's soul, at least, is free from the blood of his king.

As the carriages rolled through the gates of Chalons, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth exclaimed, with one breath, "We are saved!" and in fact the king's safety, now that Chalons was passed, depended no longer upon chance but on prudence and force. The first relay of troops, as we have said, was to meet them at Pont Sommeville. By order of M. de Bouillé, M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas, with a detachment of fifty hussars, were to await the king there, and escort him, or follow him, according to his pleasure. Further, as soon as they perceived the royal equipages, an hussar was to be sent on to St. Menehould and from thence to Clermont, to give notice of their approach. The king was certain, therefore, of finding devoted and armed friends awaiting him; but he found no one. M. de Choiseul and De Guoguelas, and their fifty hussars, had departed half an hour before. The populace seemed disturbed and excited. They prowled round the carriage, muttering, and examining the travellers with suspicious glances. However no one dared to oppose their departure; and at half-past seven in the evening, the king reached St. Menehould. At that season of the year it was still broad daylight; and

the king, by a natural movement of anxiety, from having already passed two of the military stations without meeting his friends, put his head out of the window to seek amongst the crowd for some glance of intelligence, or some officer who would explain the reason why the detachments were absent. This movement was fatal to him. The son of the innkeeper, Drouet, recognised the king immediately, although he had never seen him before, by his likeness to the effigy of Louis XVI. on the coin of the realm.

Nevertheless, as the horses were already harnessed, the postilions mounted, and the town occupied by a detachment of dragoons, who were able to force a passage for the king, the young man dared not venture alone upon the task of arresting the progress of the carriages at this place.

The commander of the detachment of dragoons, who was on the watch for the royal carriages, had likewise recognised them by the description which had been given to him, and instantly ordered his troop to mount and follow the king. But the report having already spread amongst the national guards of St. Menehould of the resemblance between the travellers and the portraits of the royal family, they surrounded the barracks, closed the door of the stables, and resolutely opposed the departure of the dragoons. During this rapid and instinctive movement of the people, the innkeeper's son saddled his best horse and set off at full gallop to precede the arrival of the carriages at Varennes, communicate his suspicions to the municipal authorities, and incite the patriots to seize the person of the monarch. Whilst this man, bearing the king's destinies in his hands, galloped onwards to Varennes, the king himself pursued the same road, unconscious of all danger. Drouet was certain of arriving first, for the road from St. Menehould to Varennes describes a considerable angle, and passes round by Claremont, where another relay was to be obtained; while the straight road, accessible only to foot passengers and horsemen, avoids Claremont, and proceeds direct to Varennes: thus shortening the distance between that place and St. Menehould by four leagues.

Drouet had therefore the advantage by several hours,

and destruction travelled more rapidly than safety. Yet by a strange entanglement of the threads of destiny, death followed close behind Drouet, though without his knowledge, at the very same moment that he was hastening on to bring death to his unsuspecting sovereign. A quarter-master of the troop which was shut up in the barracks at St. Menehould, had alone found means to escape from the vigilance of the people, and having been informed by his commanding officer of the precipitate departure of Drouet and its probable motive, he mounted his horse and set off full speed in pursuit on the road to Varennes, certain of coming up with him and resolved to kill him on the spot. Drouet soon appeared in sight, but the dragoon still kept at a sufficient distance to avoid exciting his suspicion, watching meanwhile for some favourable opportunity, some lonely turn of the road, to rush upon him and despatch him at once. Drouet, however, who kept turning round frequently to see if he were pursued, observed the manœuvres of the horseman and guessed his design. So, being a native of the district, and well acquainted with all the by-roads, he plunged suddenly into a cross path, and getting under cover of a wood which completely hid him from his pursuer, he galloped on at the top of his speed to Varennes.

When the king reached Clermont he was recognised by Count Charles de Damas who awaited him at the head of two squadrons; but the municipal authorities, who were filled with vague suspicions in consequence of the protracted stay of the troops, ordered the dragoons not to quit the town, although they did not oppose the departure of the carriages. The troops sided with the people, and the count, abandoned by his squadrons, could only manage to leave the town himself, along with one subaltern officer and three of the men. They galloped after the king to Varennes, but the succour was too weak or too tardy to be of service.

The royal family, shut up in their berlin, and not perceiving any obstacle opposed to their progress, remained quite ignorant of these sinister incidents. It was half past eleven at night when they arrived at the suburbs of the little town of Varennes. All slept or seemed to sleep in the place. All was silent and deserted. It will be remem-

bered that Varennes, not being one of the direct stages from Chalons to Montmedy, the king was not to expect post-horses there, but those of M. de Choiseul were to await him at a particular spot in the town, and conduct the carriages on to Dun and Stenay, where M. de Bouillé was to receive the king. We have seen, however, that the two officers, M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas, who were to have waited at Pont Sommeville with their fifty hussars for the king and follow in his rear, neither waited for him nor followed him. In place, therefore, of proceeding to Varennes along with the royal carriages, these officers, on quitting Pont Sommeville, had brought their troop by another road which avoids St. Menehould, but increases the distance between Pont Sommeville and Varennes by several leagues. The object of this change of route was to avoid passing again through St. Menehould, where the presence of the military the night before had excited great agitation. The result was that neither M. de Choiseul nor M. de Guoguelas, these two confidants and guides of the flight, reached Varennes until an hour after the arrival of the king.

The royal carriages had stopped at the entrance of the town, and the king astonished at not finding either M. de Choiseul, or M. de Guoguelas, or relays, or escort, waited with anxiety for the sound of the approaching horses, which he hoped might be brought to them at the sound of the postilions' whips, to enable them to continue their journey. The three *gardes du corps* alighted from the carriage and went from door to door, inquiring where the horses had been placed, but no one could tell them.

The little town of Varennes is divided into two parts—the upper and lower town, separated by a river and a bridge. M. de Guoguelas had placed the horses in the lower town, at the farther side of the bridge. This was a prudent measure in itself; for in case of any popular commotion, the bridge could be crossed by the Clermont horses, and the change then effected on the other side with greater ease and security. The king should have been informed of this, but he was not. Greatly agitated, he and

the queen alight from the carriage, and wander for half an hour through the deserted streets of the upper town, trying in vain to discover the relays. They knock at every door where they see a light, and inquire, but no one understands them. At length, in utter discouragement, they return to the carriages, which the postilions threaten to leave, and carry off the horses with them. By dint of gold and promises, however, they prevail on these men to remount and drive them on through the town. The carriages move on again. The fugitives become calmer. They attribute the accident to some mistake, and console themselves by thinking that in a few moments more they will be safe in the camp of M. de Bouillé.

The upper town is traversed without meeting with any opposition. The closed houses seem buried in the profoundest repose. A few men are watching, but these men are silent and concealed.

At the entrance of the bridge, which divides the upper from the lower town, there is a tower, built over a massive, sombre, and narrow archway, through which carriages are obliged to pass at a slow pace, and where the least obstacle would obstruct their progress. It is a remnant of feudalism: a sinister snare laid in the olden times by the nobles for the people, and where, by a strange retaliation, the people were one day to capture a monarchy. Scarcely had the carriages entered this gloomy arch, when the horses stopped, frightened at an overturned cart and some other obstacles in their way. Instantly five or six armed men darted from the obscurity, rushed to the horses heads and to the doors and seats, and ordered the travellers to alight and accompany them to the mayoralty, to have their passports examined. The man who thus commanded his king was Drouet. No sooner had he arrived at Varennes from St. Menchould, than he hastened to arouse all the young patriots of his acquaintance from their slumbers, communicated his suspicions, and incited them to attempt an arrest. Not quite certain yet of the accuracy of his conjectures, or wishing to reserve to themselves the glory of capturing the king of France, they neither warned the municipality, awoke the town, nor excited the populace. To have the

whole guidance of the plot flattered their patriotism. They felt as if they themselves were the entire nation.

At the sudden appearance of these men, their shouts, and their flashing sabres and bayonets, the three *guards du corps* grasped their concealed weapons, and looked to the king for orders, but he forbade them using violence to effect a passage for him. The horses, consequently, were turned back, and the carriages, escorted by Drouet and his friends, were conducted to the house of a grocer, named Sausse, who was also procureur-syndic of Varennes. There they made the king and his family alight to have their passports examined, that the suspicions of the people might be cleared up. While Drouet and his companions ran to arouse the town, ring the bells, and sound the tocsin, the alarmed inhabitants woke up, the national guards of the town and neighbouring villages ran, one by one, to M. Sausse's door, while others hastened in groups to the quarters of the military, to try and seduce the troops from their allegiance, or to disarm them. In vain did the king attempt to deny his rank; his features and those of the queen betrayed them. At last he acknowledged himself to the mayor and the municipal officers; and taking M. Sausse's hand, exclaimed, "Yes, I am your king! and I confide my destiny, and that of my wife, my sister, and my children, to your loyalty. Our lives, the fate of the empire, the peace of the kingdom, the safety of the constitution are in your hands. Let me depart. I am not flying to the foreigner. I am not quitting the kingdom, but, in the midst of my army, and in a French town, I wish to regain my real liberty, of which the factions at Paris have deprived me. From thence I can freely co-operate with the Assembly, who now, like me, are overawed by fear of the populace. I am not going to destroy, but to guard and secure the constitution. If you detain me it is lost for ever, I along with it, and, perhaps, France also. As a man, a husband, a father, and a citizen, I conjure you, let us be free to proceed! One hour more, and we are saved, and France is saved with us! And if you still preserve in your hearts that loyalty which you profess in words for him who was your master, I order you, as your king!"

These men, touched by his words, and respectful in their violence, hesitated and seemed conquered. It was evident from their expression and their tears that they were struggling between natural pity for so sudden a reverse of fortune, and their duty as patriots. The spectacle of their king a suppliant, holding their hands in his, of their queen, by turns majestic and imploring, who strove by despair or prayers to wring from their lips the permission to depart, completely melted them. Had they only listened to their feelings, they would have yielded; but they began to fear that the responsibility of this indulgence would fall on themselves. The people would demand an account of their king, the nation of its chief. Selfishness hardened their hearts. The wife of M. Sausse, in whose heart the queen hoped to find an ally, remained the most insensible of all, though her husband frequently seemed to ask her opinion by his looks. Whilst the king harangued the municipal authorities, the weeping queen, seated in the shop between two bales of goods, with her children in her arms, showed them to Madame Sausse, and exclaimed, "You are a mother, madame, you are a wife! The fate of a wife and mother is in your hands! Think of what I must feel for these children, for my husband. But one word, and I will owe them all to you! The queen of France will owe you more than her kingdom, more than her life!"

"Madame," replied the grocer's wife, with that commonplace good sense natural to hearts in which calculation has stifled all generosity, "I would willingly serve you; but while you are thinking of the king, I am thinking of M. Sausse. A wife must think of her husband."

All hope is lost when pity can no longer be found even in the heart of a woman. The queen, indignant and angry, retired along with Madame Elizabeth and her children to two small rooms at the top of Madame Sausse's house. Here she burst into tears. The king below, surrounded by municipal officers and national guards, had likewise renounced the hope of softening them, and kept continually ascending and descending the little wooden staircase leading from the shop, going from the queen to his sister, and from his sister to his children. What he could not gain from pity, he still

hopes may be obtained by time and force. He cannot believe that these men, who evince so much sensibility of heart and reverence towards his person, will really persist in detaining him until they receive orders from the National Assembly. In any case he is certain of deliverance before the couriers despatched to Paris can return, for M. de Bouillé and his army are at hand, and he only wonders that the guard has not already appeared.

Nevertheless, hour after hour strikes, the night passes, but no succour comes.

The officer commanding the squadron of hussars at Varennes had not been entrusted by M. de Bouillé with the entire details of the plot. He had been merely told that a large sum of money was to pass that way, and that he was to convoy it safely. No courier preceded the king's carriage; no horseman had been sent from St. Menehould to bid him assemble his troop. MM. de Choiseul and De Guoguelas, who ought to have been at Varennes before the king, and communicated to this officer the final secret orders, were not there. The officer was therefore wholly left to act as his own conjectures might guide him. Two other officers, who had the entire confidence of the general, were sent by him to Varennes, unaccompanied by troops, but they remained in the lower town, at the same inn where the horses were placed which M. de Choiseul destined for the king's carriages, and knew nothing of what was passing in the other quarter of the town. They waited patiently, therefore, for the arrival of M. de Guoguelas, but were aroused only by the sound of the tocsin. Meanwhile M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas, along with Count Charles de Damas and his three faithful dragoons, galloped to Varennes, after having escaped with difficulty from the insurrection of the squadron at Clermont. When they reached the gate of the town, however, they were recognised by the national guard, who stopped them and compelled the little band to dismount before they would permit them to enter. They demand permission to speak to the king. It is granted. But the king forbids them to use violence. Every moment

he expects to be rescued by the superior forces of M. de Bouillé. M. de Guoguelas, nevertheless, leaves the house, and seeing the hussars mingled with the people in the square, wishes to put their loyalty to the test. "Hussars," exclaimed he, imprudently, "are you for the nation or the king?" "*Vive la nation!*" responded the soldiers, "we stand by it, and will ever stand by it." The populace applaud. A sergeant of the national guard assumes the command of the troop, and their commanding officer escapes. He hastens to join the two others in the lower town, who are guarding M. de Choiseul's horses, and the three leave the place and make the best of their way to Dun to give warning to the general. These two officers had been fired on when they attempted to see the king after learning of his arrest.

In these different vicissitudes the entire night had passed away, and already the national guards from the neighbouring villages, were hastening in arms into Varennes. Barriers were raised between the upper and lower towns, and couriers were despatched by the municipal authorities to those of Metz and Dun, desiring them to send troops and cannon, in all haste, to Varennes, to prevent the rescue of the king by M. de Bouillé's army, which was approaching. Meanwhile the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children lay down to rest for a few moments, dressed as they were, in the little rooms of Madame Sausse's house, while the threatening tramp of gathering feet, and the voices of the excited populace increased every moment beneath their windows. Such was the state of things at Varennes up to seven in the morning. The queen never slept: all the outraged feelings of a wife, a mother, a queen—anger, terror, and despair—raged so fearfully in her soul, that her hair, which was brown when she retired to rest, was white as snow next morning when she arose.

SUMMARY.

[The flight of the king, which was not discovered until seven o'clock the following morning, excited the greatest alarm and indignation throughout Paris. Lafayette and his staff were loudly denounced as traitors, and escaped with difficulty from being massacred by the mob. It was believed that the triumph of the allies was now secure; that civil war and the invasion of France was henceforth certain, and that Louis XVI. and his brothers, aided by a foreign army, would return to re-establish the old regime of despotism, and crush the constitution, to which they now found the king had never given a sincere adhesion.

The members of the National Assembly met immediately, and assumed the executive power. Royalty seemed now permanently abolished, and the power of the Assembly became, in consequence, completely uncontrolled. By the calm, wise, and prudent measures they adopted, public tranquillity was preserved. A proclamation was issued to calm the people. They sent commissioners to the troops to receive their oaths of fidelity, no longer due to the king, and ordered the minister for foreign affairs to make known to Europe their pacific intentions. Thus suddenly called upon to exercise all the powers of a dictatorship, the Assembly behaved with a dignity and discretion suited to the important crisis: and France learned by experience that a king was by no means necessary to the well government of a country. The Jacobins of the clubs alone rejoiced at the king's flight, as they looked upon a republic as now certain, in place of that mock royalty hitherto supported by the Assembly. No one expected the king would ever return as a prisoner. His flight had preceded all pursuit by too many hours, and once in the vicinity of M. de Bouillé's camp, they concluded that a capture would be impossible. But while the members of Assembly were debating in the evening on the address to the French nation, in which they assumed the supreme power, the president received a sealed packet from the authorities at Varennes. It contained the

particulars of the king's arrest. The members listened to the contents in profound silence, and then nominated three commissioners to proceed instantly to Varennes and bring back the royal family to Paris. The three named were Barnave, Petion, and Latour-Maubourg.]

THE RETURN.

THE night was passed at Varennes, both by the king and the people, in alternate emotions of hope and fear. While the children slept, worn out by the long journey during a burning summer's day, and untroubled by apprehensions for their fate, the king and queen, who were not permitted to remain out of sight of the municipal guard, conversed in low tones upon the terrible position in which they were placed. Their pious sister, Mademoiselle Elizabeth, prayed beside them. Her kingdom was in heaven. Affection for her brother had alone induced her to become a resident at the court, from which her piety and distaste for pleasure naturally estranged her: she took part only in the tears and sorrows of the throne.

The captives were still far from despairing. They never doubted but that M. de Bouillé would march all night to their assistance, as soon as tidings of the arrest were brought to him by some of the officers he had posted on the road by which the king had passed. They attributed his delay merely to the necessity of collecting sufficient force to oppose the numerous bands of national guards whom the sound of the tocsin had summoned to Varennes. Every instant they expected his appearance, and the least movement of the people, the slightest clang of arms in the street, seemed to them to announce his arrival. The courier sent to Paris by the municipality to receive the orders of the assembly had not left until three in the morning. Twenty hours must elapse before he could arrive at Paris, as many more before he could return. The time necessary for convoking the Assembly, and the debate would take three or four hours more. Here then were forty-eight hours, at

least, which M. de Bouillé had in advance of the orders from Paris.

Besides, in what state was Paris itself since the flight of the king had been announced! Perhaps terror and repentance filled every mind. Or would not anarchy now rise up and crush the feeble barriers which an Assembly, anarchical itself, could alone oppose to it? Would not the first cry of treason be the tocsin of the people? Had not Lafayette been probably massacred as a traitor? The national guards once disbanded, would not the loyal citizens regain their influence as leaders, during the first alarm of the factious anarchists? Who would give orders? Who would execute them? Would not the nation, trembling and disorganised, fall prostrate once more at the feet of its sovereign? Such were the chimeras, the flattering hopes and the final illusions with which the unfortunate royal fugitives endeavoured to sustain themselves, while cooped up in their narrow and stifling apartment on that fatal night.

The king had been allowed to communicate freely with several officers of the different detachments, M. de Guoguelas, M. de Damas, and M. de Choiseul, among the number. The procureur-syndic and the municipal officers of Varennes, evinced both respect and pity for the king even while executing what they conceived to be their duty. The people do not pass suddenly from reverence to outrage. There is a moment of hesitation before every act of sacrilege, when the perpetrators still seem to venerate what they are about to profane. The municipality of Varennes and M. Sausse believed they were saving the nation, but were far from wishing to insult the king as a prisoner. He was guarded like a sovereign as well as like a captive. The king observed all this, and flattered himself that, at the first demand of M. de Bonillé, respect would prevail over patriotism, and that he would be restored to liberty. This conviction he expressed to the officers. One of them, M. Derlons, who commanded the squadron of hussars posted at Dun, between Varennes and Stenay, had been informed of the king's arrest at two o'clock in the morning, by the commanding officer of the Varennes detachment who had escaped from that town.

M. Derlons, without awaiting the orders of his general, but anticipating them with great good sense and energy, had ordered his troop to mount, and placing himself at their head, galloped to Varennes to carry off the king by force. But on reaching the gates, he found them barricaded and defended by a large body of national guards, who refused entrance to his troop of hussars.

Leaving his squadron outside, M. Derlons then dismounted and demanded to see the king himself; to this they consented. His object was first to inform the king that M. de Bouillé was aware of his arrest, and preparing to march to his rescue at the head of the German Royal regiment. Secondly, he wished to ascertain by his own observation, whether it were possible for his squadron to force a passage against all obstacles, penetrate to the upper town, and carry off the king. The barricades, however, seemed insurmountable to cavalry. He therefore asked the king what should be done. "Tell M. de Bouillé," replied the monarch, "that I am a prisoner and can give no orders. I fear that he can do nothing for me, but I desire him to do all he can."

M. Derlons, who was an Alsatian and spoke German, turned to address a few words in that language to the queen, hoping thus to receive some orders without their being comprehended by the persons present at the interview. But the queen interrupted him, saying, "Speak French, sir, they are listening to us." M. Derlons was silent, and withdrew in despair, but remained with his troop of hussars outside the gates of Varennes, awaiting the arrival of M. de Bouillé with his additional forces.

M. de Lafayette's aide-de-camp, M. Romeuf, who had been sent by that general with the order of the Assembly, reached Varennes at half-past seven. The queen, who was acquainted with him, reproached him in the most touching manner for the odious mission with which he was charged. M. Romeuf endeavoured in vain to calm her irritation by every mark of respect and devotion compatible with the rigour of his orders; but the indignant queen, passing from invective to tears, gave uncontrolled course to her feelings of despair: and when M. Romeuf placed the order of the

Assembly upon the dauphin's bed, she seized it, flung it on the ground, and trampled it beneath her feet, exclaiming, that such a paper would sully the bed of her son. "In the name of your safety and your glory, madame," said the young officer, "I entreat you to controul your emotions. Would you wish that any one but myself had been witness to such a paroxysm of despair?"

The preparations for departure were hastened as much as possible, in the fear that M. de Bouillé might arrive with his troops, force an entrance into the town, or block up the road. The king, however, sought every motive for delay. Every minute gained now increased the chance of his deliverance, and he disputed them one by one with his guards. At the instant they were entering the carriage one of the queen's women feigned a sudden and serious illness. The queen refused to travel without her; and only yielded at last to threats of violence, and the cries of the impatient populace. She would suffer no one to lay hands upon her son, but carried him in her arms herself and placed him in the carriage. At last the royal cortege set out, escorted by three or four thousand of the national guards, and proceeded slowly on the way to Paris.

But how had M. de Bouillé been employed during this long agony of the king? We left him at the gates of Dun, two leagues from Varennes, awaiting the arrival of the couriers who were to precede the carriage. The night passed without his seeing any one, and at four in the morning, fearing that he might be discovered, he returned to Stenay, in order to be near his troops in case they should be required to assist the king. It was half-past four when he reached Stenay. Just then the two officers whom he had posted there the evening before, and the commander who had been deserted by his squadron, informed him that the king had been arrested at eleven o'clock on the evening previous. Almost stupified at the intelligence, and astonished at receiving it so late, he gave instant orders to the German Royals, who were at Stenay, to mount and follow him. The colonel of this regiment had received orders the night before to keep the horses saddled. This order had not been executed. Three quarters of an hour were

lost in preparation, though M. de Bouillé sent reiterated messages to the barracks by his own son. The general's principal dependance was on this regiment, and when they had formed outside the town, he addressed them frankly, in order to ascertain their disposition:—

“Your king,” he said, “was coming to throw himself upon your loyalty, and had arrived within a few leagues of you, when the people of Varennes arrested him. Will you leave him to insult and captivity in the hands of the municipality? Here are his orders. He awaits you. He counts the minutes. Let us march to Varennes! Let us fly to deliver him, and to restore him to the nation and to liberty. I march along with you. Follow me!”

Loud acclamations followed these words, and M. de Bouillé having distributed five or six hundred louis amongst the soldiers, the regiment set forward. A rough and mountainous road lies between Stenay and Varennes for nine leagues, but they traversed it rapidly. At a short distance from Varennes they came up with the advanced guard of the German Royals, who had been stopped at the entrance to a wood, and fired on by the national guards. The general charged, and dispersed their opponents; then taking the command of the advanced guard himself, reached Varennes at a quarter past nine. The regiment arrived soon after, and M. de Bouillé was reconnoitering the town preparatory to an attack, when he perceived a troop of hussars, likewise apparently taking observations. It was the squadron from Dun commanded by M. Derlons, who had passed the night there waiting for reinforcements. M. Derlons immediately hastened to the general, and informed him that the king had quitted Varennes an hour and a half before. He added further, that the bridge of the town was broken down, and the streets barricaded; that the hussars of Clermont and Varennes had fraternized with the people, and that the commanders of these detachments, MM. de Choiseul, De Damas, and De Guoguelas, were prisoners. M. de Bouillé, dejected but not discouraged, resolved to follow the king by avoiding Varennes, and rescue him from the hands of the national guards; for this purpose he endeavoured to find a ford by which the regi-

ment might cross the river, but though one existed it could not be discovered. While thus engaged, he learned that the garrisons of Verdun and Metz were advancing with cannon to assist the people. The country also was covered with national guards and troops. His cavalry began to waver, and the horses, fatigued by nine miles of a bad road, were, he knew, quite unfit for the rapid movement necessary to reach St. Menchould before the king. All energy fled with hope. The German Royals turned rein, and their general led them back in silence to the gates of Stenay. Followed by a few of his officers, those alone who were most implicated, M. de Bouillé reached Luxembourg, and crossed the frontier amid a shower of balls, wishing for death more than anxious to escape punishment.

Meanwhile, the royal carriages retraced their way rapidly to Chalons, escorted by troops of national guards who were relieved at every stage. The whole population thronged the roads, as they passed along, to see this captive king brought back in triumph by the people, who believed that he had betrayed them. The pikes and bayonets of the national guards could scarcely force a passage through the dense mass which every moment grew vaster and more menacing. Cries and gestures of fury, the laughter of mockery and scorn, arose unceasingly from the multitude. The carriages passed on through a never-ending yell of insult and opprobrium. At every turn of the wheels the horrible chorus concluded or recommenced. It was a Calvary of sixty leagues in length, every step of which was a torture. One gentleman, M. de Dampierre, an old courtier who had all his life been accustomed to venerate royalty, advanced to offer some respectful words of compassion to his sovereign, but he was instantly massacred beside the wheels of the carriages, and the royal family had to pass over his bleeding body. Fidelity was the only crime which this crowd of frantic savages could not pardon. The king and queen, already prepared for the sacrifice of their lives, summoned up all their dignity and courage to die as became them. Passive courage was the virtue of

Louis XVI. as if Heaven, which destined him for a martyr, had given him this heroic power of sufferance, which cannot combat but knows how to die. The queen found in the pride of her race and her blood a stimulus of hatred against the people, sufficient to enable her to receive in silent contempt the insults with which they profaned her. Madame Elizabeth prayed for succour from on high, and the children gazed with wonder on the fury of this people whom they had been taught to love, but who never appeared to them except in paroxysms of hatred and rage. Never would the august family have reached Paris alive, if the commissioners of the Assembly had not arrived in time to impose restraint upon the mob by their presence, and intimidate and control the rising sedition.

The commissioners met the king's carriages between Dormans and Epernay. They read aloud the orders of the Assembly which gave them absolute command over the troops and national guards throughout the entire line, and empowered them not only to watch over the safety of the king, but to maintain strictly the respect due to his royalty and his person.

Barnave and Pethion immediately entered the king's carriage to share his dangers and shield him by their bodies. They succeeded in preserving him from death, but not from outrage. The rage of the populace, compelled to abandon the carriages, took a wider range: every one suspected even of pity was cruelly maltreated. An ecclesiastic having approached the king, and showing by the expression of his countenance some marks of respect and grief, was torn from his horse, and would have been murdered before the very eyes of the queen, if Barnave, by a noble instinct of generosity, had not almost flung himself from the carriage, exclaiming, "Frenchmen! nation of heroes! will you become a horde of assassins?" Madame Elizabeth, struck with admiration at Barnave's courage, and fearing that if he left the carriage, the mob would murder him, held him by the cloak while he harangued the furious multitude. From that moment, this amiable princess, the queen, and the king himself, cherished a secret regard for Barnave. One generous heart amidst so many cruel ones, filled their souls with a kind of confi-

dence in the young deputy. They had only known him before as one of the most celebrated amongst the factions; they had only heard his voice when it announced to them misfortunes; but now they were astonished to find a kind and respectful protector in the man whom they had hitherto considered only as an insolent enemy.

The features of Barnave were strongly marked, but graceful and open in their expression, his manners and conversation were elegant and polished, and his bearing now seemed mournful and saddened in the presence of so much beauty, so much grandeur, and so deep a fall. The king, in the intervals of calm and silence, often spoke to him, and particularly upon passing events. Barnave answered like a man devoted to liberty, but still faithful to the throne, and who never separated his plans for the regeneration of the nation from his attachment to royalty. Full of respect and attention to the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the angust children, he endeavoured to turn their eyes from the perils and humiliations of the journey. Restrained, no doubt, by the presence of his colleague, Pethion, he dared not avow openly the soft emotions of pity, admiration, and respect which had conquered him during the journey; but this conquest was evinced by his actions, and a mutual treaty was concluded by their glances. The royal family felt they had gained Barnave, if all other hopes had fallen; and his conduct from that day forth justified the confidence of the queen. Bold and daring against tyranny, he had no strength to resist weakness, beauty, and misfortune. This cost him his life, but has made his memory honourable. Until then he had been only eloquent; now he proved himself the possessor of a soul full of sensibility. Pethion, on the contrary, remained cold as a fanatic, and rude as a vulgar *parvenu*. He affected a brusque familiarity with the royal family, eat in presence of the queen, and flung the peel of the fruit out of the window across the king's face. When Madame Elizabeth poured him out some wine, he lifted the glass to show he had enough, but made no acknowledgment to her; and when Louis asked him if he were for the system of two chambers or for a republic, Pethion replied—"For a republic, certainly, if I thought my country sufficiently ripe for such a form of government." The king, hurt and

offended by the answer, made no reply, and never opened his lips again until they reached Paris.

The commissioners had written from Dormans to the Assembly, stating the road they had selected for the king's return and the day and hour of his arrival. The approaches to Paris were particularly dangerous, from the masses of infuriated people through which the *cortége* would have to pass. The Assembly, therefore, redoubled their efforts, and employed every measure which energy or prudence could suggest to secure the inviolability of the king's person, and the people themselves seemed to have recovered a sense of their own dignity in presence of this great triumph which fortune had granted them: they were resolved not to dishonour their own victory. Thousands of placards were posted everywhere—" *Whoever applauds the king shall be beaten: whoever insults him shall be hung.*"

The king had slept at Meaux, and the commissioners sent on from thence to request that the Assembly would hold itself in permanence until the king's arrival, in order to be prepared for any events which his entry into Paris might excite. The Assembly, accordingly, did not separate.

The hero of the day, the true author of the arrest, Drouet, son to the innkeeper of St. Menehould, appeared before the members and gave his evidence. "I was," said he, "formerly a soldier in Condé's regiment of dragoons, and my comrade Guillaume served at one time in the Queen's dragoons. On the 21st of June, at half-past seven in the evening, two carriages with eleven horses got a fresh relay at St. Menehould. I recognised the king and queen; but fearing that I might be deceived, and wishing to assure myself of the truth, I mounted and rode to Varennes by a short road, so as to arrive there before the carriages. I reached the town at eleven o'clock. It was night, and every one was asleep. The carriages arrived, but were delayed by a dispute between the couriers and the postilions, who refused to go farther. I said to my comrade—'Guillaume, art thou a good patriot?' 'Never doubt it,' replied he. 'Well, then,' said I, 'the king is here; let us stop him.' So we overturned a cart, filled with goods, under the arch of the bridge, and got together eight stout fellows to assist us. As soon

as the carriage appeared we demanded the passports. 'We are in haste, gentlemen,' said the queen. But we insisted, and brought them all back to the mayor's house. When there, Louis said of his own accord, 'I am your king! behold your queen and my children! Treat us with that respect which Frenchmen have always shown to their sovereigns.' But we made him prisoner. The national guards collected, and the hussars took our side; so, after having done our duty, we returned home amidst the acclamations of our fellow-citizens, and have come to-day to offer to the National Assembly the homage of our services."

When he concluded, Drouet and Guillaume were overwhelmed with applause by the members.

The Assembly then decreed that as soon as Louis arrived at the Tuileries a guard should be appointed, responsible for his person, under the command of M. de Lafayette. Malouet was the only speaker who had the courage to protest against this imprisonment, "which," said he, "destroys at once the inviolability of the king's person and the constitution; the legislative and executive powers will henceforth be but one." Lameth combated this assertion of Malouet's, and declared that the Assembly was justified in seizing and preserving that dictatorial power, which necessity had forced it to assume, until the constitution was established; but that monarchy being a form necessary for the centralisation of the forces of so great a nation, the Assembly might afterwards define its power, and give it a distinct authority.

At this moment the captive king was entering Paris. It was seven o'clock in the evening of the 25th of June. On the road from Meaux to the faubourgs the crowd had kept continually increasing as he passed along, and all the concentrated passions of the city, of the Assembly, of the press, and the clubs, raged with redoubled intensity amongst this population of the environs of Paris. Their passions were written on their faces, though their very violence kept them in check. Indignation and contempt seemed to stifle anger itself, and their insults were only muttered in low, sullen tones. The populace wore a sinister, but not a furious

aspect: a thousand eyes glanced death at the royal carriages, but no voice uttered the word.

This cold-blooded hate did not escape the notice of the king. The day was intensely hot. The rays of a scorching sun, reflected from the pavement and from the forest of bayonets, were concentrated upon the royal carriage, in which ten persons were squeezed together. Clouds of dust, raised by the trampling of two or three hundred thousand spectators, alone threw a veil from time to time over the humiliation of the king and queen, and concealed them from the insulting joy of the people. The steam from the horses, the feverish breath of this excited multitude, pressing and swaying around them, exhausted and tainted the atmosphere. The travellers could scarcely breathe. The perspiration poured from the foreheads of the two children; and the queen, trembling for their lives, and hoping to excite some pity in the people, hastily lowered one of the carriage windows, exclaiming, "Look, gentlemen; see the state of my poor children: we are suffocating!" "We'll suffocate thee after another fashion," muttered the ferocious men, in low tones, around her.

From time to time the more violent of the mob broke through the line, pushed aside the horses, and reaching the very door of the carriage, clambered up the steps. These men, in whom no trace of pity was visible, stared in silence upon the king, the queen, and the dauphin, seeming to meditate the very worst of crimes, and to gorge their hatred upon the humiliation of royalty. A few charges of the gendarmerie would then re-establish order for a short time, and thus the *cortége* proceeded, amid the clashing of sabres and the cries of the men trampled under the feet of the horses.

Lafayette, who feared some attack or ambuscade in the streets of Paris, sent orders to General Dumas, commander of the escort, not to cross the town; and he himself placed deep lines of troops all along the Boulevard, from the Barriere de l'Etoile to the Tuileries. The national guards occupied the front rank. The Swiss guards were also ranged in file, but their flags were no longer lowered before their master. No military honours were paid to the supreme

chief of the army. The national guards gave no salute, but looked on this procession as it passed by, in the attitude of conscious force, indifference, and contempt.

The carriages entered the gardens of the Tuileries by the drawbridge. Lafayette on horseback, at the head of his staff, had gone out to meet the *cortège* and take the command. During his absence an immense crowd poured into the gardens and terraces, and blocked up the entrance of the palace. It was with difficulty that the troops could clear a passage through the tumultuous masses. The mob forced every one to keep his hat on. M. de Guillermy, a member of the Assembly, alone remained uncovered, in spite of the threats and insults which this mark of respect drew down upon him; and seeing that they were about to employ force to constrain him to imitate the general insult, he flung his hat into the crowd, so far away that it could not be recovered. The queen just then perceived M. de Lafayette, and, fearing for the lives of the faithful *gardes du corps*, who had been brought back with them, and were menaced by the gestures of the crowd, cried out to him: "Monsieur de Lafayette, save the *gardes du corps*!"

The royal family alighted at the end of the terrace. Lafayette received them from the hands of Barnave and Pethion, and the national guards carried the children in their arms. One of the members of the *left* of the Assembly, the Count de Noailles, stepped forward eagerly to offer the queen his arm, but she drew back with a look of contempt, and indignantly rejected the protection of an enemy; then, perceiving a deputy of the *right* near her, she requested his arm. Fallen, but not conquered by so many humiliations, the dignity of the empire still reigned in the heart of the woman, and displayed itself in her every gesture.

The prolonged shouts of the crowd, as the king entered the Tuileries, announced to the Assembly that they had triumphed. Agitation suspended the debates for half an hour. A deputy rushed into the hall, exclaiming, that the people had seized upon the three *gardes du corps*, and were about to tear them in pieces. Twenty members instantly started up and flew to save them. In a few minutes they

returned. Sedition had melted away before them. They had seen Pethion, they said, making a rampart of his body to protect the door of the king's carriage. Barnave entered a moment after, and mounted the tribune all covered as he was with the dust of the roads. "We have fulfilled our mission," said he, "to the honour of France and the Assembly; we have preserved public tranquillity and assured the safety of the king. The king himself tells us that he had no intention of crossing the frontiers of the kingdom, (Murmurs.) We have travelled with all the rapidity possible from Meaux, to avoid the pursuit of M. de Bouillé's troops. The national guards and soldiers have done their duty. The king is at the Tuileries." Pethion added, in order to ingratiate himself with the people, "that it was true an attempt had been made to sieze the *gardes du corps*, and that he himself had been seized by the collar and dragged from his station at the carriage door, but that the intention of the people was strictly legal, and had no other object but to enforce the execution of the law, which commanded that all the accomplices of the king's flight should be arrested."

It was decreed, immediately, that informations should be taken by the tribunal of the district of the Tuileries on the late events; and that three commissioners, appointed by the Assembly, should receive the depositions of the king and queen. "What means this obsequious exception?" exclaimed Robespierre. "You fear to degrade royalty by delivering up the king and queen to the ordinary tribunal? But no citizen, no man nor woman whatsoever, no matter how exalted may be their rank, can ever be degraded by the law."

Buzot supported Robespierre, but Duport opposed them; and respect finally triumphed over outrage. The three commissioners named were Tronchet, Dandré, and Duport.

Once more within his palace, Louis XVI. measured with a glance the depth of his fall. Lafayette appeared before him with all the forms of sympathy and respect, but with the reality of command.

"Your majesty," said he, "is aware of my attachment

to your person; but aware, also, that if you separate your cause from that of the people, by the people I must stand."

"True," replied the king; "I know it. You follow out your principles. It is all an affair of party. I may tell you frankly that until now I was not aware of the real opinion of France. Hitherto I imagined that you had surrounded me here with turbulent factions, who held your opinions, for the purpose of deceiving me. This journey has opened my eyes. I now know the true state of public opinion."

"Has your majesty any commands to give me?" inquired Lafayette.

"It seems to me that I am more at your orders than you are at mine," said the king, smiling.

The queen allowed the bitterness of her resentment to appear more openly. She endeavoured to force the keys of her travelling cases upon Lafayette; and when he declined, she persisted in offering them; until, finding that he would not take them from her hand, she placed them herself in his hat.

"Your majesty must have the trouble of taking them up again," said Lafayette, "for I shall never touch them."

"Well, then," replied the queen, passionately, as she took them up, "I shall find people less delicate than you!"

The king retired to write some letters in his private cabinet, which he afterwards sent by a footman to M. de Lafayette for his inspection; but the general appeared indignant that so infamous an inquisition over the acts of the king could be attributed to him. He wished that this imprisonment should at least preserve all the appearance of liberty. The routine of the palace proceeded as usual, but Lafayette gave the password without receiving it from the king. The gates of the courts and gardens were kept locked: the royal family had to submit to Lafayette the list of those persons whom they wished to receive. Sentinels were placed in every hall, at all the doors, and in the corridors intermediate between the apartment of the king and that of the queen. The doors of these apartments were obliged to remain open, and even the queen's bed was kept in view of the guards. Suspicion dogged every

movement, and no respect was paid to the instincts of female delicacy. Every look, word, and gesture, that passed between the king and queen, was watched and noted down by spies; and it was only by the connivance of some of the sentinels that they could interchange a few hasty words. An officer of the guards passed twenty-four hours in succession at the end of the dark corridor which led to the queen's apartment. A single lamp was placed there, which lent it a feeble light like the vault of a dungeon. This post, generally shunned by the officers on service, was eagerly sought after by others, who were secretly devoted to the royal family. They affected unusual zeal in order to disguise their respect. Saint Prix, a famous actor of the Theatre Francais, often occupied this post, and connived at hasty interviews between the king and his wife and sister.

At night one of the queen's women moved her bed between that of her mistress and the open door of the apartment, in order to hide the queen from the intrusive glances of the guard.

Once, while this woman slept, the officer in command, seeing that the queen was awake, ventured to approach the couch of his sovereign, to give her in a low tone warning and advice upon her position. The conversation awoke the sleeping attendant. Struck with alarm at seeing a man in uniform so near the royal bed, she was about to cry out for help, when the queen enjoined her to be silent. "Fear nothing," said she, "this man is a good Frenchman who has been deceived as to the king's intentions and mine, but whose words evince a sincere attachment to our persons."

Thus Providence made even their persecutors the means of bringing some consolation to the victims. The king, usually so resigned and impassable, sunk for a time under the weight of so many griefs and misfortunes, and, absorbed in his own thoughts, remained for ten entire days without opening his lips to utter a word even to his family. His last struggle with fate seemed to have exhausted his strength. He felt himself conquered, and seemed to wish that he might die at once. The queen, by throwing herself at his feet and presenting his children to him, succeeded at last in arousing him from this stupor. "Let us preserve

all our strength," said she, "for this long combat with destiny. Our destruction is inevitable, but we may yet choose the attitude in which we fall. Let us die as sovereigns, and not wait, without a struggle or without vengeance, till they come and strangle us on the floor of our apartments." The queen had the soul of a hero, Louis the XVI. that of a sage; but the genius which combines wisdom with courage was wanting to both. One knew how to combat, the other to submit, but neither knew how to reign.

SUMMARY.

[After the return of the king, the republican party, which hitherto had found no substantial pretext for manifesting itself, came prominently forward. Robespierre and Pethion were its leaders in the assembly, Danton and Camille Desmoulins in the clubs. They declared that the king had forfeited his crown by flight, and they now demanded his abdication.

The constitutionalists, supported by Barnave, Bailli, and Lafayette, who still desired a king as the apex of the constitution, with difficulty maintained their position as leaders in the assembly. The people sided with the Jacobins, and drew up a petition, in which they denied the competency of the Assembly, appealed from it to the sovereignty of the people, and demanded a substitute for Louis XVI. who, since his flight, they declared, had no longer any rights but those of a private citizen. This petition was carried to the Champ-de-Mars and laid upon the altar of the country; Danton harangued the multitude, and two men suspected of being spies were massacred by the mob, who paraded their heads on pikes.

Lafayette, at the head of ten thousand national guards, arrived to disperse the rioters, accompanied by Bailli, mayor of Paris. But they were assailed with stones, upon which Lafayette ordered his troops to fire, and the people fled at last, leaving numbers dead upon the field of federation; their bodies were afterwards thrown into the Seine.

The populace termed this day "the Massacre of the Champ-de-Mars." It was the first fierce struggle between the

republican and constitutional parties, and was a prelude to the massacres of the 10th of August.

This victory of Lafayette's, however, kept the Jacobins in check for some time, and the assembly continued undisturbed for three months in the work of perfecting the constitution. At length it was presented to the king, whose acceptance of it was to be the signal for his release from captivity. Louis offered no opposition. He went to the Assembly accompanied by the queen, and took the oaths necessary to maintain it.

From that time he ceased to be a hostage, and all restraint was removed. But it was decreed that if he quitted the kingdom, leagued with foreign enemies, or violated his oath to the constitution, by that act he lost his crown. A general amnesty was then granted to all concerned in the king's flight, and to the Jacobin rioters of the Champ-de-Mars; after which, the Assembly, having nobly fulfilled the oath of the Tennis-court, abdicated its own powers, and the king in person dissolved it.

Thus ended the most glorious deliberative assembly which Europe had ever witnessed; which in two years had regenerated France, and without the aid of violence or crime had accomplished the most remarkable revolution of modern times. By their last decree they declared themselves ineligible for re-election; consequently the second Assembly was wholly composed of new men, still further steeped in that spirit of revolution which had been set in motion, and without any of the practical experience of those whom they succeeded.

The second or "Legislative Assembly," met on the 1st of October, 1791. Its constitution was wholly popular. No nobles nor clergy were amongst the deputies, and the monarchical element, in consequence, had scarcely an existence. The higher classes seemed to have resigned the contest with democracy, and the king was left weak and powerless, without a party either in the nation or the Assembly to sustain the fierce war which the republicans instantly commenced against the throne. Amongst the names found in the new assembly were many which afterwards became famous and infamous: St. Just, Couthon, Chabot, Merlin

de Thionville, and Danton, were the leaders of the extreme party; while Robespierre, who was not eligible to sit as a member, supported them in the club of the Jacobins. Brissot, Vergniaud, Lonvet, Barbaroux, Buzot, Condorcet the philosopher, Dumouriez, Roland, and others of equal note, led the party of the Gironde, who have attained so brilliant and mournful a celebrity in the history of the revolution, by their eloquence, heroism, and death.

The Girondists were pure republicans, but they dreamed of a rule in which intellect and talent should hold the place of conventional rank, and supplant the fictitious pretensions of royalty and aristocracy. Young, eloquent, gifted, ardent, and ambitious, but hitherto poor, unhonoured, and obscure, they were men who could only breathe freely in a revolution which opened to their powers and aspirations the broad arena of a republic.

All genius is republican by instinct, and feels with a bitterness beyond any other class the homage paid to the exterior symbol, while the true regality exists only within them. They were the party of progress, of genius, and of ideas; infidels, like all the youth of that age, but with the strong instincts of morality which always accompany high intellectual endowments; men of large hearts, loving natures, and pure lives. The constitutionalists who ruled the first assembly vainly tried to maintain their position in the second, though aided by Bailli, Lafayette, and Barnave. They soon fell before the startling and thrilling oratory of the young deputies from the Gironde. The word "republic" had been only muttered before; now it was preached from the tribune with all the bold unscrupulous eloquence of genius, enthusiasm, and energy; and a republic never yet was preached without being welcomed by the people as a gospel; for none but the privileged classes, and they are but a fraction in a nation, have an interest in upholding privileges.

Whilst the king, therefore, was trying to sustain his tottering throne by dangerous negotiations with the allies, or imprudent attempts to purchase the leaders of the people at home, the Girondists and Jacobins, blended then under the common name of patriots, were organizing a powerful public opinion in favour of republicanism.]

MADAME ROLAND.

THE home of a young woman, daughter to an engraver of the Quai-des-Orfevres, was the place where the two great parties of the revolution—the Gironde and the Mountain—held their meetings. Here Pethion, Robespierre, Brissot, Buzot, Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Louvet, Ducos, Fonfrede, Sillery-Genlis, and others of less note, met, united, and overturned the monarchy together; then separated, distracting the country with their dissensions, and each having acquired power in turn, finally destroyed liberty while they destroyed each other. It was not ambition, nor fortune, nor celebrity, which had successively attracted these political leaders towards a woman at that time without position, wealth, or fame: it was conformity of opinion. It was that intense worship which gifted spirits love to render to a new truth that promises happiness to humanity; it was the invisible attraction of a common faith, that communion of the first neophytes in philosophy as in religion, when souls blend in sympathy before they associate in action. Until such a centre can be found, where the thoughts common to any class of political regenerators may be developed and organised, nothing can be accomplished. Revolutions are but ideas: it is association which makes them facts.

The pure and ardent soul of a woman was worthy of being the focus to which all the rays of the new truths might converge; and her burning heart the flame to kindle these new ideas into life, and light up the funeral pile for the old worn-out institutions.

Men possess the genius of truth, women alone have its passion. Love is essential to all creatures, and it would seem that even truth is of two sexes, like all else in nature. A woman is invariably at the foundation of every great movement: one was wanting to the principle of the French revolution, and philosophy found her in Madame Roland.

The historian, although hurried on by the quick succession of these events which he retraces, must yet pause before this grave and expressive form, even as the passers-by

stopped to contemplate her sublime features and snow-white robe, as she passed to death in the tumbril which had already conveyed its million of victims.

To comprehend her character we must follow her from her father's workshop to the scaffold. In a woman, especially, whatever is noble springs from her heart, and in the history of her private life we must learn the secret of her public career,

Young, beautiful, and radiant with genius, Madame Rolaud had been but recently married to a man of austere manners, and who was already approaching the decline of life. She was born in that intermediate class where families, scarcely yet emancipated from labour, hold a doubtful position, as it were, between the hired workman and the independent citizen; retaining in their manners the virtues and the simplicity of the people, while at the same time they enjoy all the advantages of social enlightenment. At the destined epoch when aristocracies fall, it is from this class that nations are regenerated. The vital sap of the people is there. From such a class sprang Jean Jacques Rousseau, the virile type of Madame Roland's character. A portrait taken in her childhood represents the young girl in her father's workshop, holding a book in one hand and in the other an engraver's tool. The portrait is a symbol of the social condition in which she was born, the intermediate point between the labour of the mind and that of the hands.

Her father, Gratien Phlipon, was an engraver and painter in enamel; and besides these two employments, dealt in the sale of diamonds and jewels. He was a man whose aspirations were always beyond his powers; an adventurer in industry, who was perpetually periling his small capital by endeavouring to increase it to the extent of his dreams and his ambition. He adored his daughter, and disdained to contemplate her future life as limited to a workshop. For this reason he bestowed on her an education equal to the highest position, as nature had given her a heart fitted for the loftiest destinies. We know how invari-

ably characters such as this man possessed, introduce restlessness, discontent, and vain chimeras into the hearts of their households.

It was in this atmosphere of intellectual luxury and physical wretchedness that the young girl grew up to womanhood. Gifted with a precocious judgment, she easily detected these domestic discrepancies, and took refuge in the plain good sense of her mother from the illusions of her father and the forebodings of the future.

Marguerite Bimont, such was her mother's name, brought, as her marriage dower, much personal beauty, and a soul, like her husband's, superior to their social position; but her angelic piety, and the resignation which it produces, kept her safe equally from the temptations of ambition and those of despair. The mother of seven children, who had all been torn from her by death, she concentrated upon this only daughter all the affection of her nature; but this very love was a guarantee against any display of weakness in the education of her child. She held the just balance between the heart and intellect, between imagination and reason. The mould in which she cast this youthful soul was graceful, but it was of brass. It might almost be imagined that she foresaw the destinies of her child, and blended with the accomplishments of a woman the sterner qualities that make heroes and martyrs.

Nature assisted her admirably. In addition to extreme intelligence, she had endowed the young pupil with remarkable beauty. This beauty of her early years, of which Madame Roland has traced the portrait with almost childish pleasure in the few happy pages of her memoirs, was then far from having acquired that character of energy, melancholy, and majesty, which love, thought, and misfortune afterwards bestowed on it.

A tall and elegant form, graceful falling shoulders, a well-developed bust, which heaved with a strong and free respiration; a reserved and modest demeanour, yet with a carriage of the head which betokened intrepidity; jet black glossy hair; blue eyes which darkened by the shadows of thought; and an expression which changed as rapidly as the soul from tenderness to energy; a nose chiselled like that of a

Grecian statue; a rather large mouth, which words as well as smiles parted to display her dazzling teeth; a well-turned and rounded chin, giving to the oval of her face that voluptuous and feminine grace without which not even beauty itself can excite love; a complexion varying with the passing emotion of the moment, as it sent her blood in a quicker current through her blue veins, or glowed in her blushing cheek; a low, deep-toned voice, whose exquisite modulations vibrated in unison with every feeling of her heart—a precious gift, for the voice, which is the revealer of emotion in a woman, is the vehicle of persuasion for an orator, and in both these characters she had a right to this peculiar charm, and nature had conferred it on her in the highest degree—such, at the age of eighteen, was the portrait of this young girl, whom obscurity kept for a long time concealed beneath its shadow, as if to prepare a stronger soul for the trials of life, and a victim more perfect for the embrace of death.

Her intellect illumined this lovely frame with a light so startling and precocious that it seemed like inspiration. She acquired everything without study, and the ordinary education usual for her age and sex was insufficient for her aspirations. Even the studies peculiar to men were but toys for her mind to play with, though she could not exist without acquiring them. Her powerful intellect required every instrument of thought to wield and exercise. Theology, history, philosophy, music, painting, dancing, the mathematical sciences, chemistry, the living and dead languages—she learned all, and, still unsatiated, craved for more. Every ray which the obscurity of her condition allowed to penetrate into the laboratory of her father, she made to converge towards her own mind and assist in forming her ideas. No book which the young apprentices brought to the workshop, or forgot there purposely on her account, escaped her eager glance; and in this way she secretly read Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, and all the English philosophers. But her especial favourite was Plutarch. “I shall never forget,” she says, “the Lent of 1763, during which I carried my Plutarch to mass every day in place of a prayer book. It is from that time I date

the rise of those impressions and ideas which made me a republican whilst never dreaming that I was becoming one."

Next to Plutarch, Fenelon was the writer who most moved her heart. Tasso and the poets took the next place. Thus heroism, virtue, and love were poured at once from their costliest vases into the soul of this woman, destined to feel to the utmost the effect of these glorious influences. While her imagination was thus kindled, her reason remained cold, and her purity stainless. She scarcely seems to have felt even the slightest or most fugitive emotions of the heart and senses. "As I read," she says, "behind the screen which separated my room from my father's apartment, I sometimes felt my heart beat quicker, and the blood rush to my face, while my trembling voice betrayed my agitation. I was Eucharis to Telemachus, or Herminia to Tancred. Nevertheless, although quickly transformed into these heroines, I never dreamed of becoming in my own person an object of love to any one. I never applied their sentiments to myself, nor did they awake in me a desire for anything around me. It was a dream without an awaking. However, I remember having felt much emotion at the sight of a young painter, named Taboral, who came sometimes to my father's house. He might have been about twenty, and had a sweet voice and expressive face, which flushed up like that of a young girl. When I heard him in the workshop, I often went in under the pretence of searching for a pencil, or something or other; but as his presence embarrassed as much as it pleased me, I retired again more quickly than I had entered, but with a beating of the heart, and a tremor of emotion which I hastened to hide in the solitude of my own little chamber."

Although her mother was very pious, she interdicted none of these studies to her daughter. She wished to inspire her with a feeling of religion, but not to force it on her. Full of good sense and tolerance, she gave her up freely to the dictates of her own reason, and sought neither to repress nor dry up the current of her impulses. A religion which was not a voluntary service seemed to her the worst of de-

gradations, and a species of slavery which could not be deemed an acceptable offering by the Divine Being. The pensive soul of her daughter naturally turned towards the great mysteries of our eternal happiness or misery, and plunged itself earlier and deeper than others into the abysses of the Infinite. The reign of feeling commenced in her with the love of God, and the sublime delirium of her first pious emotions which adorned and purified her earlier years, made her resign the succeeding period of life to philosophy, and seemed as if it retained its power to the last of preserving her untouched by the storms of passion. Her youthful devotion was ardent; it took its sombre colouring from her soul, aspired to the cloister, and dreamed of martyrdom.

Having entered a convent, she found herself happy for a brief period; yielding up her thoughts to mysticism and her heart to its first friendship. The monotonous regularity of this life served to calm the activity of her mind, and she delighted to steal away to the solitude of some shady tree, to read or dream, in place of enjoying the hours of relaxation with her companions. Sensitive as Rousseau to the beauty of the foliage, the rustling of the grass, and the perfume of flowers, she worshipped God while admiring his works; then, overflowing with gratitude and deep joy, she would hasten to adore him before the altar. There the majestic pealing of the organ, united with the voices of the youthful nuns, completed her ecstasy. Catholicism has all these mystic fascinations for the senses, and voluptuous excitements for the imagination. During her stay in the convent a novice took the veil. Her presentation at the grating, her white veil, her crown of roses, the soft and soothing hymns which led her from the world to Heaven, the mortuary cloth thrown over her buried beauty and palpitating heart, made the young artist tremble and weep. Destiny thus set before her an image of sacrifice and immolation, and she felt already within herself the courage that could accept them without a murmur.

The charm of these first religious emotions were never effaced from her mind. Philosophy, which soon after became her only worship, destroyed her faith, but left the im-

pressions it had created. The ceremonies of the church still attracted her respect, though her reason repudiated its mysteries. The spectacle of weak humanity, uniting to adore and pray to the Father of men, touched her imagination. The solemn music lifted her soul to Heaven, and she left a Christian temple happier and better; for the chords of emotion, struck in youth, will still vibrate through after-life, even the stormiest and most agitated.

This passionate attraction towards the Infinite, and this sentiment of natural piety, continued to influence her after her return home. "My father's house," she says, in her memoirs, "had not the calm solitude of the convent, but still there was pure air, and a fine view from the top of our house, near the Pont Neuf, which pleased my dreamy and romantic nature. How often from my window, which faced the north, have I contemplated in deep emotion the vast plain of Heaven, with its superb azure arch, so splendidly delineated, from the pale blue of the east far off behind the Pont-au-Change, to the golden sunset dying away in its pomp of changing purple light behind the trees of the Champs Elysées and the houses of Chaillot! At the close of every day I devoted a few moments to this exquisite reverie, while soft delicious tears flowed from my eyes, and my heart, filled with unutterable emotions, felt a joy in life itself, and a happiness in mere existence, that made it rise towards the Being of Beings with a homage pure and worthy of him." Alas! when she wrote these lines, this narrow strip of the sky of Paris existed for her only in memory, and the glorious sunset gleamed but in fancy on the dreary walls of her prison.

But in these days she was happy with her aunt Angélique and her mother, in what she calls the beautiful district of the Isle St. Louis. There, on the tranquil banks of the Seine, or along the silent quays, she took the air during the summer evenings, contemplating the graceful curves of the river or the rich country beyond. In the morning she paced along these same quays to attend mass in the church, filled with a holy zeal, without meeting any

object in the monotonous scene to disturb the current of her thoughts. Her father, who permitted her to continue her course of profound study, and was highly flattered at her success, yet wished his daughter to assist him in his own employment: she learned to manage the graver, and succeeded in this as in all else. She received no salary, however; but sometimes she presented a head, or other work of her own design, as a gift to her elderly relations on their *fete* day. They bestowed on her, in return, some trinket or pretty article of dress, for which objects she confesses always to have had a strong partiality.

But this taste for dress, so natural to her sex and age, did not prevent her attending to the humblest occupations of the household. She did not blush to lay aside her elegant and envied costume which she wore at church and the promenade on Sundays, and assume a cotton gown during the week when she went to market with her mother, or sometimes even alone, to buy the parsley or salad which was wanted for the cooking. True, she felt a little humiliated by these domestic cares, which made her descend from the heights of Plutarch or the heaven of her dreams; but she blended so much grace and natural dignity even with her lowest occupations, that the shopkeepers took a pleasure in serving her first, and every one made way for her as she entered. It was strange to see this Heloise of the eighteenth century, who read the most profound works, explained the mysteries of the universe, handled the pencil and the graving tool, and within whose soul revolved systems of lofty thought and passionate sentiment, descend to the kitchen to perform the humblest duties of a menial. Yet it was this very mixture of grave studies, elegant accomplishments, and domestic employments, so wisely intermingled by her mother, which formed her mind to meet all the vicissitudes of her career, and gave her the strength necessary to support them. She was a second Rousseau at the Charmettes, piling up stacks of firewood for Madame de Warens with the same hand which afterwards wrote the "Social Contract;" or Philopœmen chopping wood.

From the depths of this secluded life she sometimes got a glimpse of the brilliant world revolving at a distance above her; but these flashing gleams from aristocratic society made her feel more indignant than dazzled. The pride of this lofty aristocracy, which beheld without deigning to notice her, weighed down her soul: a society in which she had no place seemed to her badly constituted. Yet it was not so much a feeling of envy, as a sense of injustice, that made her revolt against its conventional rules.

Gifted spirits have their places marked out for them by nature, and when another steps before them, they feel it an usurpation. They find society often inverting what nature had designed, and they revenge themselves by despising it. Hence arises the hatred which genius bears to power. Genius dreams of an order of things in which rank should be assigned only to gifts and talents; whereas they generally find themselves excluded from its benefits by the mere accident of birth.

There are few great souls who have not felt this bitter injury of an inferior position, and who have not, consequently, commenced life by an internal revolt against society. Some sink down, wearied by discouragement; others, with a loftier comprehension of their destiny, accept resignedly the station assigned to them, feeling that to serve the world with all earnestness is still grander than to rule it. These minds have reached the summit of virtue. Religion guides its votaries thither in a day; but philosophy requires a long life, much misery, and, finally, death, before it can learn the path. There are epochs when the noblest place the world can offer is a scaffold.

The young republican girl was once taken by her grandmother to an aristocratic mansion, where her humble parents were sometimes admitted; but the tone of condescending superiority with which they were received, filled her with violent indignation. "My pride revolted," she says, "the blood rushed to my face, I felt myself blushing deeply. I did not, as yet, ask myself why such a lady was seated on a sofa and my grandmother on a footstool; but I had the feelings which lead to such reflections; and when

the visit was ended I felt relieved, as if a weight had been removed from my breast."

Another time they brought her to spend a week at Versailles, in the palace of that king and queen whose throne she was one day to undermine. Lodged in an attic, with one of the servants of the palace, she had a close view of all that luxury of royalty which she believed was purchased by the misery of the people, and all that grandeur of the sovereign which is built upon the servility of courtiers. The entertainments, the promenades, the amusements, the presentations, passed before her eyes in all their vanity and all their pomp. This superstitious reverence for rank and power was repugnant to a soul like hers, nourished by philosophy, truth, liberty, and antique virtue. When she attended any of these grand spectacles of the court, the obscure names and humble dresses of the relations who accompanied her, caused her to pass totally unnoticed, with the exception perhaps of a few words, not of favour, but of condescension, occasionally bestowed on her. The consciousness that her youth, beauty, and genius excited no attention amidst this crowd, who worshipped only rank and etiquette, was deeply wounding to her sensibility. The intellect, pride, imagination, and deep seriousness of her nature, were all outraged by the scenes she witnessed. "I would rather," she exclaimed, "have the statues in the garden than the living personages of the palace." When her mother asked her if she were pleased with her visit, "Yes, with its termination," she answered. "A few more days of such a life, and I would detest the people I see around me to such a degree that I would not know what to do with my hatred."

"Why, how did they offend you?" asked her mother.

"They made me feel injustice, and contemplate absurdity."

When looking on the splendours of that despotic court of Louis XVI. which was fast sinking into corruption, she thought of Athens; but she forgot the death of Socrates, the exile of Aristides, and the condemnation of Phocion.

"I did not foresee," she says, sadly, "while writing these lines, that destiny had in store for me to be the witness of

crimes equal to those of which those martyrs were the victims, and to participate in their glory, after having professed their principles."

Thus, everything prepared this woman to be the heroine of a republic: her intellect, her character, and her studies. Religion alone, then so powerful over her mind, could have made her submit with resignation to the state in which God had placed her. But philosophy became her faith, and this faith formed part of her politics. The emancipation of nations leagued itself in her mind with the emancipation of thought; and she believed that in overturning thrones she was working for man, and in overthrowing altars that she was working for God. Such is the revelation which she has herself made of the state of her mind at this period of change.

In the mean time, many lovers sued for the hand of the young maiden. Her father wished her to select one from her own rank of life, and the class to which he belonged himself. He loved and respected commerce, because he looked upon it as the source of riches. His daughter despised it, because, in her eyes, it was the source of avarice, and the nourisher of cupidity. Men of trade, therefore, were repugnant to her. She desired to find in her husband ideas and sentiments analogous to her own. Her ideal was an intellect, not a fortune. "Nourished from my childhood up by the great thoughts of the great men of all ages, familiarized with their lofty ideas and noble example—had I then lived with Plato, with all the philosophers, poets, and politicians of antiquity, only to unite myself, at last, with some shopkeeper, who could neither think with me nor comprehend me!"

She who wrote this, was just at that period asked of her parents in marriage by a rich butcher of the neighbourhood. But she refused decidedly; and when assailed by the unceasing solicitations of her father, replied—"I do not choose to descend from the world of my own noble illusions. I do not seek a position, but a companion; and I shall die single, sooner than degrade my soul by a union with a being who has not faculties to comprehend me."

Deprived of her mother by an early death, left alone in the house of her father, who soon gave himself up to other attachments, melancholy gained upon her soul, but did not conquer it. She learned, henceforth, to rely upon herself, and disciplined all the energies of her mind to resist the evils of loneliness and misfortune. The *Heloise* of Rousseau, which she read about this time, made the same vivid impression on her heart that Plutarch did on her mind. The one made her dream of liberty, the other of happiness. One strengthened, the other melted her to softness. Then arose the desire of giving utterance to her feelings, and Sadness was the muse that inspired her. She began to write, merely to pour forth the fulness of her own thoughts, but without any idea of becoming an authoress. However by these solitary exercises she acquired that singular eloquence, which often, at a later period, excited and animated her friends.

Thus she advanced into womanhood, patient, yet struggling with her destiny, when the man she had dreamed of in her imagination, formed after the antique model, seemed at last presented to her. This man was Roland de la Platiere.

He was introduced to her by one of her young friends who had been lately married at Amiens, where Roland filled the office of inspector of manufactures.

“This letter will be handed to you,” wrote her friend, “by the philosopher of whom I have sometimes spoken to you—M. Roland, a man of enlightened mind and antique manners, in whom one cannot find anything to object to, except his adoration of the ancients, his contempt for his own times, and the rather too high estimation in which he holds his own merits.” “This portrait,” writes Madame Roland, “was a most discriminating one, and perfectly correct. I saw a man of about fifty years of age, tall in stature, careless and somewhat abrupt in his movements, like people who have been accustomed to live much to themselves; but his manners were simple and easy, and, without having the elegance of fashion, they combined the politeness of a well bred man with the gravity of a philosopher. His face was extremely thin and yellow, with regular, but not attractive features,

and the hair on his forehead was already growing scant and thin; but he had an expressive smile, and so much animation flashed over his countenance when he spoke, that he seemed a different being while the excitement lasted. His voice was deep and manly, his utterance concise, like one who had a difficulty of breathing; his conversation was always full of matter, because his mind was full of ideas, and interested the head more than the heart; his diction was sometimes striking, but abrupt and inharmonious. It is a rare gift," she adds, "this charm of an expressive voice, and exercises a powerful influence upon the senses. The charm is not in the quality of the tone particularly, but results from that delicate sensibility which instinctively modulates the intonations with every change of feeling." This is saying tolerably plainly that Roland did not possess the gift.

Roland's family were of the class of respectable citizens; they had held magisterial appointments, and made pretensions to nobility. He was the youngest of five brothers, and destined for the church; but to avoid this career, which was odious to him, he fled from his father's house when he was nineteen, and took refuge at Nantes. Here he entered the service of a ship-builder; and was preparing to sail for India, in order to devote himself wholly to commerce, when illness attacked him as he was on the point of embarking. A relative, who was inspector of manufactures at Rouen, received him afterwards into his office. This branch of the administration was then presided over by Turgot, and animated by his spirit. In superintending those manufactures in which art was a requisite element, it became connected necessarily with science in all its forms; and, in cultivating political economy, it necessarily touched upon some of the loftiest problems of government. This department was thronged with philosophers, amongst whom Roland soon distinguished himself, and the government sent him to Italy, to study there the progress of commerce.

He parted with much pain from his young friend, but kept up a regular correspondence with her. His letters were chiefly on scientific subjects, and were intended to serve as

notes to the work which he purposed writing upon Italy. Sentiment sometimes reveals itself in them beneath the mantle of science; but the letters resemble the lectures of a philosopher more than the confidences of a lover.

On his return she met him as a friend: his age, his manners, his gravity, his laborious habits, made her look upon him as a mere sage who existed solely upon reason. In the union which they meditated there was nothing of love: it resembled rather those antique associations of the days of Socrates and Plato: one seeking a disciple more than a wife, the other espousing a master rather than a husband. M. Roland returned to Amiens: from thence he addressed a letter to her father demanding her hand; but received a blunt refusal. Her father in fact dreaded his austerity, and feared that he might be accepting a tyrant for his daughter and a censor for himself.

When she heard of the refusal, her indignation was extreme, and she retired to a convent. Here she denied herself every luxury, and subsisted entirely on the coarsest food; which she prepared with her own hands. She plunged more deeply into study, and endeavoured thus to fortify her heart against all the trials of adversity. She revenged herself upon fate by proving that she merited the happiness which was denied her. A visit to her friends in the evening, an hour's walk in the morning in a garden surrounded by high walls, that consciousness of strength which makes one wrestle against fate, and that melancholy which subdues the soul yet nourishes it by its own sensibilities, were all that aided her to endure the long winter months of her voluntary captivity.

Still even her sacrifice was embittered by a feeling that it was not appreciated. She had imagined that M. Roland, on learning her resolution to retire from the world, would have flown to tear her from the convent and unite their destinies; but time rolled on, Roland came not, and wrote but seldom. At last, at the end of six months, he came to visit her, and felt his love revive again at the sight of his young friend behind the grating. An offer of his hand was renewed, and accepted by her; but so much coldness, hesitation, and calculation, had destroyed the few illusions that

remained in the young captive's breast, and reduced her feelings to the level of a mere respectful esteem. She rather devoted than gave herself to him. It seemed to her a noble act to immolate herself to promote the happiness of a worthy man; but the sacrifice was accomplished with all the cold seriousness of reason, not with the passionate enthusiasm of the heart. Her marriage was in her eyes an act of virtue, which she performed, not because it was pleasing, but because she deemed it sublime.

The passionate disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau is again revealed at this decisive period of her existence, and her marriage is an evident imitation of that of Heloise with Monsieur de Volmar. But the bitterness of reality was not long in making itself felt amidst the heroism of devotion. "Whilst devoting myself," says she, "to the happiness of the man to whom I was united, I began to perceive that there was much in him wanting to complete my own. I never for a moment doubted that he was the most excellent of men, to whom it was an honour for me to belong; still there was not enough of equality between us. His strong, commanding character, added to twenty years seniority in age, gave him two advantages over me, of which one might well have been spared.

"If we lived in retirement, I found my days pass wearily; and, if we mixed in society, I found myself the object of attention to persons who might, perhaps, have touched my feelings too deeply. I therefore endeavoured to busy myself in my husband's occupations; I copied his manuscripts, corrected his proofs, and fulfilled my task with an uncomplaining humility which contrasted strongly with my free and independent nature. But this humility flowed from the heart. I respected my husband so much, that I loved to imagine him always superior to myself. I was so much afraid of his passing frown, and so tenaciously did he hold to his own opinions, that a long time elapsed before I could even venture to contradict him. To these employments I joined the cares of a household; and observing that his delicate health required a particular regimen, I undertook to prepare all his meals myself. In this way passed four years at Amiens. I became a mother and a nurse; and we

worked together at the *Encyclopedie Nouvelle*, in which the articles relative to commerce had been entrusted to him, while our amusements were limited to a walk in the fields outside the town, during the intervals of study."

Roland, who was selfish and dictatorial, had exacted from his young wife a complete abandonment of all intimacy with the youthful female friends whom she had loved at the convent, and who were now resident at Amiens. He was jealous of the least show of affection for another. His prudence passed the bounds of reason; for to a union so solemn as marriage the sympathies of friendship are absolutely necessary. His tyranny, which demanded exclusive devotion, was not compensated by love. If Madame Roland remained firm to her vows, it was not that she was insensible to the sacrifices demanded of her, but she felt a joy in submitting to them from a sentiment of duty, as the stoic takes a pride in his resignation to suffering.

After some years passed at Amiens, Roland was removed to a similar situation at Lyons, his native place. The winter they spent in town, the summer in the family country seat where his mother still lived, respected by reason of her age, but a troublesome meddling person in domestic matters. Thus Madame Roland, in the full glow of youth, beauty, and genius, found herself fettered and crushed amidst the uncongenial elements of a harsh mother-in-law, a rude brother-in-law, and a dictatorial husband. The most passionate love would scarcely have been sufficient to compensate for such a position; she had nothing to make it endurable but her sense of duty, her philosophy, her employments, and her child. They were adequate however to the task, and succeeded in transforming this unpromising residence into an abode of harmony and peace. One feels a pleasure in following her into this solitude, where her soul was tempered for the struggle, as we make a pilgrimage to the Charmettes to contemplate the still living springs of the life and genius of Rousseau.

At the foot of the mountains of Beaujolais, in the wide spreading valley of the Saone, facing the Alps, arise a series of small hills like waves of sand, which the patient labourers of these districts have covered with vines. Narrow, winding ravines divide these hills, or expand at their base into verdant meadows, through which flow silver thread-like streamlets from the neighbouring mountains, bordered along their banks by willows, poplars, and birch trees, which mark the course of the stream while they conceal its waters. The sides and summits of these hills bear only a few wild peach trees, which scarcely afford any shade to the grapes, and some large walnut trees which are planted in the orchards near the houses. It is on the declivity of one of these sandy elevations that La Platiere, the paternal inheritance of M. Roland, was situated. It was a low, small house, with regular windows, and flat roof covered with red tiles, which projected a little over the wall to protect the windows from the rain in winter and the sun in summer. The exterior, which boasted no architectural decoration, was coated with white plaster, cracked and stained by time; and five stone steps, supported by a rusty iron balustrade, led up to the entrance. Around the court-yard, in front, were ranges of barns for the gathering-in of the harvest, presses for the vintage, wine-cellars, and a pigeon-house; while at the back lay a small garden, with the beds bordered with box, and pinks, and dwarf fruit trees. Beyond was an orchard, and, farther on, a large enclosure of vines trellised in parallel lines, between which ran narrow walks of turf. Such was the place. Around, the eye might wander over the rugged outline of the mountains of Beaujeu, the sides of which were dotted with groves of dark pine trees, and divided by rich meadows on which the cattle of Charolais were fattened, or rest on the broad valley of the Saone, lying beneath like an immense ocean of verdure; while the belt of the higher Alps, covered with snow, and the dome of Mont Blanc towering above all, served as a frame for the vast landscape. There was something of the infinity of the sea in the prospect; and if, on the one side, the secluded mountain prospect tended to produce a meditative and resigned tone of thought, on the other the wide expanse seemed to solicit

the mind to expand, and to bear the soul upwards to the far off regions of hope and the lofty summits of imagination.

Such during a period of five years was the horizon of Madame Roland's existence. There she plunged into the very plenitude of that nature of which she had so often dreamed in her childhood, but only knew by the narrow strip of sky or the confused perspective of the royal forests visible over the roofs of Paris from the upper window of her father's house. It was amidst these congenial scenes that her simple tastes and loving nature found a fitting aliment, and her sensibilities adequate objects for their exercise.

Her life was divided between domestic duties, the cultivation of her mind, and active charity, which is the culture of the heart. Adored by the peasants, to whom she seemed a guardian angel, she devoted the savings of a very limited income to the supply of all their physical wants, and the knowledge of medicine she had acquired to the alleviation of their maladies. Often was she sent for to visit a sick person at three or four leagues distance; and on Sundays the entrance steps of her house were thronged with poor people soliciting her aid and advice, or with convalescents bringing her some token of their gratitude; either baskets of chestnuts, goat's-milk cheeses, or apples from their orchards. She rejoiced to find the country people upright, sensitive, and grateful, so different from the lower classes in large cities; but the burning of the chateaux during the riots and massacres of September, taught her in time that these human waves, so calm in appearance, may be roused into tempests more terrible than those of ocean, that society must be restrained by institutions, as a river within its banks, and that force is as necessary as justice for the government of a people.

Mean while the revolution of 1789 came to startle her in the quiet of her retirement. Intoxicated with philosophy, enthusiastic for the ideal excellence of humanity, a worshipper of ancient liberty, her soul kindled at the first sparks from the focus of the new ideas. She believed that the revolution would indeed be the instrument to regenerate the human race, banish the misery of the toiling, suffering

classes, for whom her sympathies were so ardent, and renew the face of the world. There is imagination even in the religion of lofty minds. The generous illusions to which France gave herself up at this epoch, were equal to the noble work which France had to accomplish. If she had not hoped so much she would have dared nothing. In her faith lay her strength.

From this moment a fire was kindled in Madame Roland's soul, which was destined never to be extinguished but in her blood. All the love which slumbered in her heart without an object became converted into a passionate enthusiasm for humanity. All her unsatisfied feelings, her checked sensibilities too ardent without doubt to find a sphere in the heart of any one man, were now lavished upon a whole people. She loved the revolution as a lover, and inspired her husband and his friends with her own ardour. All the long pent-up passion of her nature now poured itself forth in her words and opinions. She revenged herself on destiny, which had denied her happiness for herself, by devoting her life to the happiness of others. Happy and beloved, she would have been nothing more than a woman: unhappy and isolated she became the leader of a party.

The revolutionary sentiments of M. and Madame Roland raised the whole commercial aristocracy of Lyons against them immediately. In such a city money is the grand object. All is calculation: their ideas have the heaviness and immobility of material interests. Yet ideas flow on with an irresistible force which attracts even the most stagnant population into their current, and Lyons was at last not only carried away but submerged by the new opinions of the epoch.

M. Roland was returned as a member of the municipality at the very first election. There he openly declared his opinions with the bluntness of decided conviction, and with an energy inspired by his wife. Dreaded by the timid, but adored by all those impatient for change, his name from being a mark for scorn, became the rallying cry of the people. Public favour recompensed him for the outrages

of the rich, and he was sent to Paris by the municipal council to defend the commercial interests of Lyons in the committees of the National Assembly.

Roland's connection with the philosophers and political economists who formed the practical party of philosophy; his necessary intimacy with the influential members of the Assembly; his literary tastes, and above all, the irresistible influence which a young, eloquent, and enthusiastic woman exercises over eminent men, attracting them and retaining them around her, soon made the saloon of Madame Roland the most ardent, if not yet the most brilliant focus of the revolution. The names of those who met there from the very first, testify to the extreme opinions which were held by them, and for such opinions the constitution of 1791 was only a beginning.

It was on the 20th of February, 1791, that Madame Roland returned to that Paris she had quitted nine years before, a young, unknown, unnoticed girl. Now she appeared as a flame to animate and inspire an entire party, to found a republic, reign for a brief moment, and then die. A confused foreshadowing of her destiny rose before her soul. Genius and will know their strength. They feel their power before it is recognised by others, and prophesy the fate of their own mission. Madame Roland seemed borne along irresistibly from the very first to fulfil hers. The day after her arrival she attended a sitting of the Assembly. There she saw the *powerful* Mirabeau, the *wonderful* Cazales, the *audacious* Maury, the *crafty* Lameth, the *frigid* Barnave; and she remarked, with an envy amounting almost to hatred, the superiority in language and demeanour displayed by the *côté droit*, the tone of authority which they assumed, acquired by the habit of command and the consciousness of the respect they inspired; while the *côté gauche* evinced inferiority in manner and a tone of insolence mingled with subserviency.

Thus the old aristocracy still betrayed its noble blood, and avenged itself, even after its defeat, on this democracy which envied while it overthrew their order. Equality may be proclaimed by law, but it is long before it can be established amongst races. Nature is an aristocrat, and it

requires a long course of independence before a republican people can acquire the graces or polished dignity of hereditary nobility. Women are peculiarly sensitive to these delicate shades of manner, and Madame Roland was struck with them immediately; but far from being softened towards the aristocracy by their evident superiority, she rather hated them the more, and felt indignant against a party which it was possible to overthrow, but impossible to humble.

It was at this period that she and her husband allied themselves with some of the most fervent amongst the new apostles of the popular ideas. Not the men who dazzled by the brilliancy of their talents and enjoyed the favour of the people, but those who seemed to love the revolution for the revolution itself, and devote themselves, with a sublime self-denial, not to the advancement of their position, but to the progress of humanity.

Brissot was one of the first of these men. M. and Madame Roland had for some time corresponded with him on subjects connected with public economy and the grand problems of liberty. Their ideas sympathised at once, and expanded together. They were united already by all the fibres common to revolutionary hearts, though as yet they were unacquainted. Brissot, whose adventurous life and unceasing contentions bore some analogy to the youth of Mirabeau, had already distinguished himself as a journalist and in the clubs. Madame Roland, therefore, awaited his introduction to her with curiosity and respect. She was eager to know if his features corresponded to his soul; for it was her creed that character revealed itself by external forms, and that intellect and virtue modelled the features, as the statuary gives to the clay the visible forms of his own ideas.

The first sight of Brissot undeceived her, but without weakening her worship of him. He wanted that dignity of attitude and gravity of character which would have suited the dignity of his life and the gravity of his doctrines. There was something in the politician that recalled the pamphleteer. His levity displeased her; even his gaiety

seemed a profanation of those solemn ideas of which he was the organ. The revolution, which gave so much passion to his style, had failed to throw any passion into his countenance; neither was there in him enough of hatred against the enemies of the people to satisfy her. The volatile mind of Brissot seemed not to have consistency enough to cherish a sentiment of self sacrifice or devotion. His activity, and the versatility with which he turned his mind to any subject made him rather appear an artistical combiner of ideas, than an apostle of a faith. People called him an intriguer.

Brissot brought with him Pethion, his fellow disciple and friend, who had already distinguished himself by two or three speeches in the Assembly. Brissot, however, passed as the inspirer of these discourses. Buzot and Robespierre, likewise members of the assembly, were also introduced. Buzot, whose pensive beauty, daring, and eloquence were destined to excite the admiration and agitate the heart of Madame Roland; and Robespierre, whose restless mind and fanatical hatreds threw him even then, like a ferment of agitation, into every meeting where people conspired in the name of the nation. Others came, also, whose names will afterwards be distinguished in the history of this dawning party, and they agreed with Brissot, Pethion, Buzot, and Robespierre, to meet four times a week, in the evening, at the house of Madame Roland.

The object of these meetings was to confer secretly upon the weaknesses of the Constituent Assembly, upon the snares laid by the aristocracy to impede the revolution, and on the direction which they should give to all the floating, unsettled ideas of the day, in order to achieve the triumph of their principles. They chose the house of Madame Roland because it was situated in a central quarter, where all the members could meet with facility. As in the conspiracy of Harmodius, it was a woman who held the torch for the conspirators.

Madame Roland thus found herself from the first the centre of the movement party, and her unseen hand touched the first threads of the still tangled web of revolution.

This position, the only one allowable to her sex, flattered her pride and gratified her passion for politics. She filled it with that modesty, tact, and grace, which with her were gifts of nature. Seated apart from the circle at her work-table, she worked or wrote letters, apparently indifferent to the discussions carried on, yet often so strongly tempted to take part in them that she was forced to bite her lips in order to repress the words. To her soul of energy and action those long, verbose debates, unattended with any result, sometimes seemed miserably contemptible; action evaporated in words, and the hour passed away, bearing with it the opportunity which never returns.

The victories of the National Assembly seemed at last to satiate the victors. The leaders recoiled before the work of their own hands, and began to enter into a treaty with the aristocracy and the throne, in order to allow the king to revise the constitution in a more monarchical spirit. The deputies who met at Madame Roland's grew discouraged and dispersed by degrees, until at length there remained only the few men who adhere to principles without reference to their success, and who attach themselves to a desperate cause with the more ardour in proportion as fortune seems to desert and betray it. Buzot, Pethion, and Robespierre were of the number.

It is with a certain morbid curiosity that history endeavours to discover what were the first impressions made on Madame Roland by the man who, warmed at her hearth and received with confidence into the secrets of their conspiracy, was one day to overthrow the power of her party, immolate her friends in heaps, and send herself to a scaffold.

No instinctive feeling of repulsion seemed at that time to warn her that she was conspiring for her own destruction while conspiring to aid the rise of Robespierre. If any vague fear ever crossed her mind it was crushed by her contempt for the man. Robespierre seemed at least honest in his principles, and for this reason she was willing to pardon his malicious tongue and affected style of speaking. Like all men of one idea, Robespierre was tiresome and uninteresting; nevertheless, in the committees at her house,

she observed the deep attention which he paid to all that was said, waiting for the opinions of others before he gave his own, and then merely stating it, without taking the trouble of supporting it by argument. Like all imperious men, his own conviction seemed to him a sufficient reason. The next day he would mount the tribune, and profiting by the discussion of the night before, forestall his friends and, in consequence, often spoil their plan of action. When blamed for this course of conduct, at Madame Roland's, he excused himself carelessly, and these indiscretions were attributed to his youth and vanity. Madame Roland, who felt persuaded that he was sincerely devoted to liberty, mistook his reserve for timidity, and his treachery for independence. A great cause covers petty vices, and causes even the most sinister indications to be passed over with favour and indulgence. "He defends his principles with warmth and obstinacy," said she, "and some courage is requisite to defend them at a time when the supporters of the people are so miserably reduced in number. The court hates him; we must therefore give him our esteem. I like Robespierre on this account, and though he pays me very little attention at our evening meetings, yet he sometimes comes to beg a dinner from us. I was greatly struck with the terror he exhibited the day of the king's flight to Varennes. He said in the evening at Pethion's, that the king never would have taken this step without having organized in Paris a St. Bartholemew for the patriots, and that he expected to die before twenty-four hours were over. Buzot, Pethion, and Roland, asserted on the contrary that this flight of the king's was a virtual abdication, and that advantage should be taken of it to prepare the public mind for a republic. Robespierre, sneering and biting his nails, as was his usual custom, asked what was the meaning of a republic?"

It was on this very day that the project of a journal, to be called *The Republican*, was started by Brissot, Condorcet, and Duchatelet. We see, therefore, that the idea of a republic emanated from the Girondists before it was even thought of by Robespierre, and that the 10th of August was not an accidental riot, but the result of a conspiracy.

At the same epoch, Madame Roland, by one of those

generous impulses common to noble natures, and which leave a trace in the memory of even ingratitude itself, was the means of saving Robespierre's life. After the massacre of the Champ-de-Mars, Robespierre being accused of conspiring with the authors of the petition for the forfeiture of the king's rights, and menaced with the vengeance of the national guards as a factious seditionist, was obliged to conceal himself. On hearing this, Madame Roland went with her husband, at eleven o'clock at night, to his obscure residence to offer him an asylum in their own house, as being safer from detection; but he had already fled from his lodgings. She then went to Buzot, their mutual friend, and conjured him to go to the club of the Feuillant's, where he had great influence, and hasten to exculpate Robespierre before the decree of accusation could be issued against him.

Buzot hesitated for an instant, and then said: "I shall do all I can to save this unfortunate young man, although I am far from sharing the opinion that some persons entertain concerning him. He thinks too much of himself to love liberty; but he serves it, and that suffices me. I shall be there to defend him."

Thus three of Robespierre's future victims were conspiring together that night, without his knowledge, for the safety of a man by whose word they were eventually to die. How strange are the mysteries of destiny, and how often are men tempted to their destruction by their virtues as well as their crimes! Death is everywhere; but in whatever shape it may come, virtue alone meets it without remorse. In the dungeons of the Conciergerie, Madame Roland could look back upon this night with satisfaction. If Robespierre thought of it in his day of power, the remembrance must have fallen colder on his heart than even the axe of the executioner.

After the dispersion of the Constituent Assembly, M. and Madame Roland having terminated their mission, quitted Paris. Glowing with the excitement of factions and politics, she returned to La Platiere to manage her rustic household and train her vines. But she had felt all the intoxicating influences of a revolution, and though distant she

yet lived amidst its tumultuous movement. With Buzot and Robespierre she kept up a correspondence: dry and political with the latter, tender and sentimental with the former. Her intellect, her soul, her heart, all recalled her to Paris. She and her husband had many discussions, apparently very impartial, as to whether they should bury themselves in the country or return to the capital; but the ambition of the one and the soul of the other had already decided, and the most trifling pretext served to determine their return. In the month of December they were again installed in Paris. They found their friends at the height of their success. Pethion had just been elected mayor, and was creating a republic in the corporation; Robespierre, ineligible for election as deputy to the new Assembly, had raised a tribune for himself at the Jacobins. Brissot had been returned as deputy to the Assembly in place of Buzot, and his reputation as a writer and statesman made him the oracle of the young Girondists, who, just arrived from their department, with all the ardour of youth and impetuosity of a second revolutionary flood, poured down into the channels already prepared for them by Robespierre, Buzot, Danton, and Brissot. Roland was on terms of intimacy with all these men, but content to move in their shadow. He had one of those solid reputations which exercise so much influence over public opinion, because they never dazzle by display. People spoke of him as a piece of antique virtue enveloped in the simple exterior of a country gentleman. He was the Sieyes of the party. They imagined deep thought lay beneath his silence, and oracles beneath his obscurity. The genius of his young and brilliant wife brought him into notice, and his mediocrity, the only quality which has the power of neutralizing envy, preserved him from enemies. As no one feared him as a rival, every one put him forward to serve their own ends: Pethion, to shelter himself; Robespierre, in order to undermine him; Brissot, that his own bad reputation might be supported somewhat by his friend's proverbial probity; Buzot, Vergniaud, Louvet, Gensonné, and the Girondists, out of respect for his knowledge, and admiration of Madame Roland. Even the court sustained him, from confidence in his honesty and contempt for his

influence. Thus he advanced to power without giving the impetus of movement, borne on by the favour of his party, by the caprice of public opinion, which always inclines to support what has been untried, and by the disdain of his opponents and the genius of his wife.

SUMMARY.

[The National Assembly had regenerated France, but could not check the march of revolution. Their successors found nothing more to reform or destroy but the nominal sovereignty which, from veneration for a tradition, had been still left a place in the constitution. The National Assembly weakened the throne and left it tottering. Their king was but a mere shadow, yet one which cost the nation thirty million of francs a-year—an expensive fiction, which it was no wonder the men of the second Assembly, who disdained all traditions but those of liberty, sought to overthrow. It was an event which all men might have seen to be inevitable. The king had been left the power of a veto on the decrees of the Assembly, but it was evident that the first exercise of it would be the signal for his downfall. Men all-powerful, as were the members of the Assembly, and supported by the army and the people, would scarcely sanction the absurdity of allowing one individual, who only held station and authority by their sufferance, to impede or retard the progress of their wishes. At first the Girondists and Jacobins coalesced, in order to annihilate completely the party of the constitutionalists. In this they succeeded. Bailli retired into private life, and Lafayette resigned the command of the national guards and joined the army of the frontier. Pethion was mayor of Paris, Dumouriez was given the command of the army, and Roland became minister. Thus the Girondists were all powerful in the Assembly; but though brilliant leaders they never had the nation with them. The middle class citizens still inclined to a monarchy, for the splendour of a court is necessary to consume the luxuries of commerce; and the

mob, to whom the destruction of those above them always seems progress, were for the Jacobin reign of levelling and anarchy. Low intellects have but one instrument—brutal force, and they yearn to make it available.

To Louis XVI. the Girondists were particularly distasteful, although, in compliance with the popular feeling, he had been obliged to select his ministers from amongst them; but the court looked on them as ultra-democrats, and nicknamed them the *sans culotte* ministry, because Roland appeared at the palace in a round hat and without buckles in his shoes, which was a violation of all etiquette. One of their first measures had been to deprive the king of the title of majesty, and to decree him only a *fauteuil* in place of the throne when he visited the Assembly. They next proposed some very severe enactments against emigrants, to which the king acceded, although his own brothers were included in the number.

But the strong coalition against France rendered these precautions necessary, as the position of the nation was daily becoming more dangerous. The allies demanded the re-establishment of the monarchy in France in its former independence, the restoration of the property of the clergy, and also that Alsace should be given up to the German princes, and Avignon to the pope.

With these demands the Assembly would not comply, and they determined at once upon war. This resolution was received with enthusiasm by the nation; and the king went in person to the Assembly, on the 20th of April, 1792, to proclaim hostilities against the empire of Austria, amidst the applauses of all parties. Thus commenced that war of a quarter of a century, which changed for a time every dynasty of Europe, and included within its limits the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration.

The first efforts of the French troops were unsuccessful, owing, it was thought, to the influence of the clergy, who aided the party of the emigration by every means in their power, and incited their parishes to a counter revolution. This led to a decree against the priests, by which all who would not take the oath to the constitution were liable to transportation; and another by which a camp of twenty

thousand men was to be formed outside Paris, as an army of reserve for the defence of the capital.

The king refused his sanction to both these decrees: the latter he considered as a plan to surround Paris with a revolutionary army ready to support a republic when proclaimed by the Girondists, and he remained several days without holding intercourse with his ministers.

It was then that Roland addressed to him the celebrated letter, supposed to have been written by his wife, in which he lectured the king on his constitutional duties with a severity and harshness which deeply irritated the monarch.

The result was the dismissal of the Girondist ministry, who, the Assembly declared, "carried with them the regrets of the nation." Lafayette at the same time endeavoured to put down the clubs, whose terrible power was already beginning to be felt with alarm; and the king secretly negotiated with the princes of the coalition. He hoped everything from time and the success of the allies. This opposition and the menaced counter-revolution of the court, induced the Girondists and Jacobins to unite their strength and seek support from the people in order to alarm the king into submission. An insurrection was resolved on; and the 20th of June, the anniversary of the oath of the Tennis-court, was fixed upon, as affording a pretext for assembling large masses of people. The ostensible object of meeting was to present a petition to the king and the Assembly, for the sanction of the decree against the priests, and the formation of the camp at Paris. Danton, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Santerre, a brewer, and Legendre, a butcher, with others of the most violent orators of the clubs, undertook to organize the plan of the insurrection. They met the night before, and Danton traced on a map the course and gathering places of the populace. Throughout all the lowest quarters of the town crowds were first to be attracted together by seditious and exciting speeches made by itinerant orators, and when the passions of the people had been fully roused a simultaneous rush was to be made from all quarters upon the Tuileries, with the rallying cry of "Down with the Palace!" Pethion, the mayor of Paris, though aware of the projected attack, affected not to give any credence to the report, and took

no measures to prevent the gatherings of the populace, which he could easily have accomplished by calling out the national guards; while the leaders of the Assembly laughed derisively at the fears displayed by the court party, and denounced their applications for assistance and means of defence as calumnies against the innocence of the people, who were only going, they maintained, to exercise their constitutional right of presenting a petition to the king and to the Assembly.]

THE TWENTIETH OF JUNE.

It was under these auspices that the 20th of June dawned upon Paris. A second council, more secret and less numerous than the former, had been held late the night previous by the chiefs of the plot at the house of Santerre. At midnight they separated, and each of them repaired to his post, awoke his most trusted accomplices, and distributed them in little groups, with directions to stop the workmen as they left their homes, and collect them into crowds.

Santerre answered for the neutrality of the national guards. "Be tranquil," he said to the conspirators, "Pethion will be there." Pethion in reality had ordered the battalions of the national guards under arms the night before, not to oppose the columns of the people, but to fraternize with them, and serve as an escort to sedition.

This equivocal measure saved Pethion from any responsibility in the eyes of the authorities, while it showed the people that he favoured their plot. He said to one party, *I watch*; to the other, *I march with you*. At daybreak the battalions assembled and piled their arms in all the squares. Santerre harangued his troop from the ruins of the Bastille, while around him, from hour to hour, gathered crowds of an excited, agitated, impatient populace, ready to fall upon the town if he but gave the word.

Military uniforms were seen blended with the rags of poverty. Detachments of invalids, gendarmes, national guards, and volunteers, all received their orders from Santerre, and transmitted them to the multitude. An instinctive

discipline prevailed amidst the apparent disorder, and the half popular, half military aspect of this immense camp of the people, gave the assemblage rather the appearance of an expedition, than of a seditious rising. The crowd recognised its leaders, manœuvred at their orders, followed their flags, obeyed their voice, and controlled even its impatience to give the straggling and isolated files the appearance and unity of simultaneous movement. Santerre, on horseback, surrounded by a staff formed of men from the faubourgs, gave the orders, fraternized with the citizens, shook hands with the insurgents, and recommending silence and dignity to the people, slowly formed his columns into marching order.

At eleven o'clock, the people set forward in the direction of the Tuileries. It was estimated that twenty thousand men left the Place de la Bastille. They were divided into three bodies; the first, composed of battalions of the faubourgs, armed with bayonets and sabres, was commanded by Santerre; the second, formed of workmen and masses of the populace unarmed, or armed only with pikes and sticks, was under the orders of Saint Huruge, the demagogue; the third, a confused horde of men in rags, women, and children, followed with wild gestures and disordered movements, a young and beautiful woman dressed in man's attire, with a sabre in her hand, a musket on her shoulder, who was seated on a cannon drawn by workmen with naked arms.

This was Théroigne de Méricourt.

Santerre was the king of the faubourgs, and Saint Huruge had been, since 1789, the grand agitator of the Palais Royal.

The Marquis de Saint Huruge, born at Macon, of a rich and noble family, was one of those men of tumult and turbulence who seem to typify and represent in their own persons the passions of the masses. His stature was lofty, his face commanding, and his voice thundered above the roar of the multitude. He had his fits of agitation, of fury, of repentance, sometimes even of cowardly weakness; but his heart was not cruel, it was his brain only that was not quite sound. Too aristocratic to be envious, too rich to be a spoliator, and with too much levity of disposition to be a fanatic for principle, the revolution drew him on with a sort of delirious fascination, as the rush of a rapid stream draws

after it the bewildered eyes of the gazer. There was madness in his life, and he loved the revolution in motion because it resembled madness. Although still young, his name, his honour, and his fortune had been already sacrificed to gaming, vice and dissipation. At the Palais Royal, and every other place where pleasure held her disordered revels, he possessed that celebrity which is infamy. Every one knew him by reputation. His family had sufficient influence to procure his imprisonment in the Bastile; but the 14th of July had again set him free, and he swore to be revenged. He kept his oath. Every faction in turn found in him an indefatigable and voluntary accomplice. To the Duke of Orleans, to Mirabeau, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, the Girondists, Robespierre, his services were offered without salary—ever an adherent of the party that would go farthest—of the insurrection that promised the most ruins. Awake before daybreak, present at every club, prowling about through the night, he hastened at the slightest murmuring of discontent to increase it—at the least gathering of a crowd to excite it to violence. He inflamed himself with the passions of the populace before he comprehended them, and his voice, his gestures, the wild expression of his features multiplied these passions around him. He vociferated turbulence, he breathed fever, he magnetized the undecided masses, they followed where he led. He was in himself an insurrection.

After Saint Huruge marched Theroigne de Mericourt. Theroigne, or Lambertine de Mericourt, who commanded the third corps of the army of the faubourgs, was known among the people as *La Belle Liegeoise*. The revolution had attracted her to Paris as the whirlwind attracts all objects into its vortex, and she became the Jeanne d'Arc of the public streets. Outraged love had thrown her into vice, and vice, at which she still blushed, gave her the thirst for vengeance. In striking at the aristocrats she thought to restore her honour, and fancied that her shame could be washed out in blood. Theroigne was born at the village of Mericourt, near Liege. Her family belonged to the class of wealthy farmers, and she received an education suitable to her position.

At seventeen years of age her brilliant beauty attracted the notice of a young nobleman, whose chateau adjoined her father's residence. Loved, betrayed, abandoned, she fled from the paternal home, and took refuge in England. After a sojourn of some months in London she crossed over to France, where she became acquainted with Mirabeau, and through him with Sieyes, Joseph Chenier, Danton, Ronsin, Brissot, and Camille Desmoulins. Romme, a republican mystic, inspired her with the principles of the German Illuminati; thus, youth, love, revenge, and the contact with the focus of a revolution, conspired to fever her brain, and she lived in a delirium of passions, ideas, and pleasures.

From the first risings of the people she took her part with them in the streets, and consecrated her beauty as the standard of insurrection. Dressed in a riding habit of the colour of blood, with a plume floating from her hat, a sabre by her side, and two pistols in her belt, she was seen foremost in every revolt. When the gates of the Invalides was forced, and the cannon seized, she was in the front rank of the insurgents. At the attack on the Bastile, she was the first to mount the breach, and the conquerors decreed her on the spot a sabre of honour. It was she who led the women from Paris to Versailles; and on horseback, by the side of the ferocious Jourdan, surnamed "the man with the long beard," had brought back the king from thence; while the heads of the *gardes du corps*, stuck as trophies upon pikes, were carried before her, and she looked at them without changing colour. Her words, though marked by a foreign accent, had the eloquence of tumultuous feeling, and her voice was often heard above the storms of the clubs, overawing the members from her position in the galleries.

Sometimes she harangued at the Cordeliers. Camille Desmoulins speaks of the enthusiasm which one of her extempore speeches excited there. "Her images," he says, "were taken from Pindar and the Bible. It was the patriotism of a Judith." She proposed that a palace for the National Representative Assembly should be built upon the site of the Bastile. "To found and adorn this edifice," (she said one day) "let us despoil ourselves of our bracelets, our gold, and our jewels; I shall be the first to show

the example," and she flung down hers upon the tribune. Her ascendancy was so great over the populace that a sign from her condemned or absolved a victim, and the royalists trembled to meet her. About this time, by one of those chances which seem like an act of vengeance ordained by destiny, she again met in Paris the young Belgian nobleman who had betrayed and abandoned her. Her glance at once told her seducer the danger he ran. He endeavoured to appease her: he implored her pardon. "My pardon!" she exclaimed;—"and at what price could you purchase it? My innocence gone, my honour lost, the name of my family stained, my brother and my sisters pursued in their own country by the sarcasms of their relatives, the curses of my father; my exile from my native land, my enrolment in the infamous list of courtesans, the blood with which I stain and will yet stain my hands; my memory, execrated amongst men, the infamous immortality attaching itself to my name, in place of the immortality of virtue of which you taught me to doubt—is this what you would pay me for? Come—answer! Could you find upon the whole earth a sum sufficient to recompense me for all I have lost?" Her guilty lover was silent. Theroigne had not the generosity to forgive him, and he perished in the massacres of September.

In proportion as the revolution became more sanguinary, she plunged the deeper into it. The excitement of its wild progress seemed necessary to her existence; yet her early devotion to Brissot awoke again at the fall of the Girondists, and made her—even her—strive to arrest the march of revolution. But there were women even more degraded and sanguinary than herself. These wretches, called the Furies of the Guillotine, stripped the Belle Legeoise, and publicly scourged her on the terrace of the Tuileries, on the 31st of May. This punishment, more infamous than death, overturned her intellect. She was taken from the streets and flung into a common mad-house, where she lived for twenty years. These twenty years were but one long paroxysm of fury. In memory of the outrage she had endured, she would suffer no clothes to be put on her; and still sanguinary and violent in her delirium, would drag herself nearly naked along the floor of the cell, and with her white hairs hanging

in wild disorder about her, twist her lean hands in the grating of the windows, and, addressing an imaginary populace below, demand from them the blood of Suleau.

Theroigne de Mericourt was followed by other demagogues, less known to Paris but already celebrated in their own districts, such as Rossignol, a working jeweller; Brierre, a wine-seller; Gonor, one of the victims of the Bastille; Jourdan, *coupe-tete*; Lazouski, the famous Polish Jacobin, afterwards buried at the Carrousel by the people; and Henriot, afterwards the trusted general of the Convention. As the columns advanced through Paris they were increased by new groups that debouched from the populous streets opening upon the boulevards or the quays. At each fresh influx of recruits, a shout of joy was raised from the centre of the columns; the bands struck up the brutal and atrocious air of *Ca ira*, that Marseillaise of assassins. The insurgents sung it in chorus, and brandishing their weapons, menaced with gestures the windows of all those suspected of being aristocrats. But their arms bore no resemblance to the flashing weapons of a regular army, which inspire at once terror and admiration. They were of every form and material; rude instruments snatched up by the mob in the first impulse of fury or defence. Pikes, blunted lances, roasting-spits, knives without handles, carpenters' hatchets, masons' hammers, shoemakers' knives, paviors' levers, smoothing irons, poker, shovels, tongs, the meanest household utensils of poverty, the old iron of the quays—everything had been converted into weapons by the people. These strange, uncouth arms, all rusted, black, and hideous to behold, each one of which could inflict a different wound, seemed to multiply the horrors of death, by presenting it in a thousand terrible and unknown forms.

There was a mixture of all ages, sexes, and conditions in the crowd, a blending of all costumes—rags beside uniforms, old men beside the young, even children carried by their mothers, or dragged along by the hand; others clinging to their parents' clothes; courtesans, their robes of silk trailing in the mud, boldness on their brows, and insult on their lips; hundreds of the wretched women of the street, sum-

moned from the garrets of the faubourgs to swell the numbers of the mob and excite commiseration, with their faded friperies hanging in rags about them, their eyes sunk, their cheeks hollowed by misery, pale, squalid, emaciated, living images of famine—in a word, it was the people itself, in all its disorder, confusion, grossness, and brutality, suddenly summoned from its houses, workshops, garrets, and dens of infamy. Such was the aspect the leaders of the conspiracy wished it to wear, in order to inspire greater terror.

Flags floated here and there above the columns. Upon one was written, "*Sanction or death!*" on another, "*Recall of the patriot ministers!*" a third bore, "*Tremble, Tyrant, thy hour has come!*" A man with bare arms carried a gibbet, from which hung the effigy of a crowned female, with the inscription, "*Beware of the lamp-post!*" Farther on a crowd of furies held up with outstretched arms an imitation guillotine, while a placard explained its meaning—"National justice upon tyrants; death to Veto and his wife!" In the midst of all this apparent disorder, a secret organisation could easily be perceived. Men without coats, or in rags, but whose white hands and fine linen betrayed them as leaders, wore hats upon which certain signs of recognition were drawn in large characters with white chalk. The people regulated their course by these men, and followed as they led.

The principal column passed thus along the Rue St. Antoine, and through the dark narrow avenues of central Paris, until it reached the Rue St. Honoré, attracting into its vortex the population of all these quarters as it defiled along; and the more the torrent swelled, so much the more did it foam and rage. Here a band of butchers' boys rushed to mingle with it: each of these murderers of the abattoir carrying a calf's heart still bleeding on the end of a pike, with the words above—"The heart of an aristocrat." Farther on, a troop of rag-sellers lifted high up above the crowd a pike, around which floated the tattered fragments of some human vestments, with the motto—"Tremble tyrants; behold the Sans-Culottes!"

The sarcasm which pride had thrown to indigence, had

thus been snatched up, and became in its turn a weapon of the poor against the rich. For the space of three hours this army defiled along the Rue St. Honore. Sometimes a gloomy silence, broken only by the tramp of their million feet upon the pavement, oppressed the imagination as a symbol of the concentrated rage of the multitude; sometimes exclamations from solitary voices, insulting apostrophes, atrocious sarcasms, excited bursts of laughter from the mob; sometimes a sudden murmur, an immense, confused sound, rose up from these living human waves, and echoing to the roofs, left the last syllable of their prolonged acclamations alone audible: "The nation for ever!" "Long live the *sans-culotte*!" "Down with the Veto!" The tumult finally reached the hall of the Legislative Assembly, but the head of the column paused at the doors, and spread itself through the court of the Feuillants, the court of the Manège, and all the avenues leading to the hall. These courts, avenues, and passages, which then masked the terrace of the garden, occupied the open space which now extends between the garden of the Tuileries and the Rue St. Honore, that central artery of Paris.

It was now noon. Roederer, the procureur-syndic of the directory of the department, a function which in 1792 corresponded to that of prefect of Paris, was at this moment at the bar of the Assembly. He was a partisan of the constitution, of the school of Mirabeau and Talleyrand, and a courageous enemy of anarchy. In the constitution he found the ground of conciliation between his fidelity to the people and his loyalty to the king, and he was anxious to defend it with every arm of the law which sedition had not yet broken in his hand. "An armed multitude threatens to violate the constitution, the hall of Assembly, and the palace of the king," exclaimed Roederer at the bar. "The reports of last night are alarming. The minister of the interior calls upon us to march troops, without delay, to the defence of the palace. The law forbids these armed assemblages, yet they are advancing. They demand an entrance here. If you admit them, if you yourselves give the example of violating the

constitution, what becomes of the dignity of the law in your hands? The indulgence that abrogates it destroys all the public force of the magistrate. We demand permission to fulfil our duty. Let the responsibility rest on us. It is our duty to die, if necessary, for the maintenance of public peace, and nothing can lessen that obligation."

These noble words, worthy of L'Hopital or Mathieu Molé, were received coldly by the Assembly, and with laughter from the tribunes. Vergniaud acknowledged them hypocritically, and dissipated their effect. "Yes," said this orator, whom an armed mob dragged from the same tribune a year later; "Yes, doubtless, we should perhaps never have permitted armed men to enter here; for if civism leads its worthy citizens here to-day, aristocracy may bring hither its janissaries to-morrow. But our error has authorised the error of the people. Armed assemblages, hitherto, have appeared to be sanctioned by the silence of the law. The magistrates, it is true, now demand force to put them down; but, under the circumstances, what is your duty? It would surely show extreme rigour to be inflexible towards a fault which your own decrees have originated; and it would be an insult to the citizens to suspect them of evil intentions because they desire to present their homage to you. But we are told that they are likewise to present an address at the palace. I cannot think they will demand an audience of the king with arms in their hands. No doubt, they will conform to the law; they will lay down their arms, and appear only as simple petitioners. I demand, therefore, that the assembled citizens now waiting without be admitted to defile before us."

Indignant at the perfidy or the cowardice of these words, Dumolard and Ramond opposed, with equal energy, either the weakness or complicity of the Assembly. "The most fitting homage you can pay the people of Paris," exclaimed Ramond, "is to make them obey their own laws. I demand, therefore, that all citizens lay down their arms before being admitted to our presence."

"Wherefore do you talk of disobedience to the laws," retorted Guadet; "you who think so little of its violation? You would commit a revolutionary act of injustice; you would resemble that Roman emperor, who, to make more

victims, caused the laws to be framed so obscurely that no one could comprehend them."

The deputation from the insurgents entered at these last words, amidst the cheers of applause and murmurs of indignation from the two opposing parties of the Assembly.

Huguenin, the orator of the deputation, read the petition agreed on at the midnight meeting of the leaders. He then declared that the city had risen to the height of the circumstances in which it was placed, ready to employ all its great resources to avenge the majesty of the people; but he deplored, nevertheless, the necessity of steeping his hands in the blood of those who conspired against them. "The hour is arrived, however," he continued, with an apparent resignation to the combat, "blood must flow. The men of the 14th of July are not sleeping, though they appear to be so. Their awaking will be terrible. Speak, and we shall act. The people are here to judge their enemies. Let them choose between Coblenz and us. Let them purge the land of liberty, these tyrants, if they dare. The king is not with us: you know it. We need no other proof than the dismissal of the popular ministers and the inaction of our armies. What then! is the life of the people not worth that of kings? Must the blood of patriots flow without revenge, to gorge the pride and ambition of a perfidious court? If the king will not act, depose him. One man cannot stand against the will of twenty-five millions. Or if we consent to keep him in his place, let it be only on condition that he fills it constitutionally. If he fails in that, let him fall. And the high court of Orleans," pursued Huguenin, "what is it doing? Where are the heads of the traitors it should have struck off? Will they force us to sieze the sword ourselves?" These ominous words alarmed the constitutionalists, but made the Girondists smile. The president, however, replied with a firmness which was not sustained by the voices of his colleagues; and they decided that the people of the faubourgs should be admitted to defile before them, armed as they were.

Immediately after the decree had passed by vote, the doors are thrown open, and give free passage to thirty thousand petitioners. As they defile along, their bands strike up the popular airs of *La Carmagnole* and *Ca Ira*, those *pas de charge* of insurrections. Women, armed with sabres, wave them towards the tribunes, who answer with applause; they then dance around a stone table, on which the rights of man are engraved, as the Israelites around the tabernacle. The same flags, the same vulgar inscriptions that disgraced the streets, profane the sanctuary of the law; the tattered garments pendant as trophies from their pikes; the guillotine, the gibbet, with the queen's effigy suspended from it, are carried through the hall of Assembly without opposition. Some deputies applaud, others turn away their eyes, or cover them with both hands; some, more courageous than the rest, spring towards the ruffian who carries the bloody heart, and force the wretch, half by supplication, half by threats, to retire with the emblem of assassination. A portion of the people regard the hall they profane with something like respect; others address the representatives of the nation as they pass along, and seem to enjoy their humiliation. The clang of all these strange weapons amongst the crowd, the clatter of their nailed shoes and wooden sabots upon the pavement of the hall, the shrieks of the women, the cries of children, and the shouts of "Vive la nation!" blended with wild popular songs and the music of the bands, completely deafen the ear; while the rags and squalidness that filled the hall, contrasted strangely with the marbles, statues, and decorations around.

The miasma from these living dregs set in motion, taint the air and stifle respiration. It was three o'clock before the last of the columns quitted the Assembly; the president then hastened to suspend the sitting in expectation of some farther excesses on the part of the mob.

But an imposing force was already drawn up in the garden and courts of the Tuileries, to defend the palace of the king against the invasion of the faubourgs. Three regiments of the line, two squadrons of gendarmerie,

numerous battalions of the national guard, and several cannon, composed the means of defence. But these wavering troops, already infected by sedition, were only a force in appearance.

The cries of *Vive la Nation!* the friendly gestures of the insurgents, the sight of the women stretching out their arms to them through the railings, the presence of the municipal officers, who testified by their manner a contemptuous neutrality towards the king, all tended to weaken the impulse of resistance in the soldiers. They saw the uniform of the national guards on both sides; and between the people of Paris, whose sentiments they shared, and the palace, which they were told was full of treachery, they knew no longer which it was their duty to obey. In vain M. Rœderer, the firm upholder of the constitution, in vain the superior officers of the national guards, such as MM. Acloque and De Romainvilliers, displayed to them that passage of the law which authorized force to be repelled by force. The Assembly had set them the example of complicity. Pethion, the mayor, kept at a distance to avoid responsibility; the king, passive as usual, relied upon his inviolability; and the troops thus abandoned to themselves, could not long hold out against menaces or seduction.

In the interior of the palace, about two hundred gentlemen, headed by the aged Marshal de Mouchy, had assembled together at the first rumour of danger to the king. They were voluntary victims of the ancient French honour, rather than able defenders of the monarchy. Fearing to excite jealousy in the national guards and troops, these noblemen kept themselves concealed in the apartments, prepared to die rather than fight. They wore no uniform, and kept their arms concealed. Hence their name of *Chevaliers du Poignard*, by which they were pointed out to the vengeance of the people. Belonging to different provinces, and unknown to each other, they met together for the first time at the palace, whither they had secretly hastened, furnished with a ticket of entrance, to offer the devotion of despair to their unfortunate sovereign in his hour of peril. They ought to have been ten thousand, they numbered only two hundred. It was but the reserve of loyalty, yet they did

their duty without a thought for themselves, and atoned by their fidelity for the faults and the cowardice of the emigrant *noblesse*.

On quitting the Assembly the crowd marched in a compact column to the Carrousel; Santerre and Alexandre, at the head of their own battalions, directing the movement. A dense mass of insurgents followed by the Rue St. Honoré. Other detachments of the mob, cut off from the principal body, thronged the courts of the Manège and the Feuillants, and sought to find egress by rushing violently through one of the openings which led from these courts to the palace garden. A battalion of the national guards defended the gate at this point. The weakness, or complaisance of a municipal officer, causes it to be opened to the people, and the battalion falls back, taking up a new position under the palace windows; while the crowd rushing through, cross the garden, and passing in front of the national guards, salute them with cries of *Vive la Nation!* inciting them at the same time to withdraw the bayonets from their muskets. The bayonets fall, and the people, passing out by the Porte Royale, form again to attack the gates of the Carrousel which defended that square on the side adjacent to the river. The guards placed here also give way, and admit a certain number of the insurgents, then close the gate again. These men, heated and excited by the march, the songs, the acclamations of the Assembly, and by intoxication, rush with wild yells into the courts of the palace, hasten to the principal entrances, attack the soldiers who oppose them, shout to their comrades without, and shake the Porte Royale till it trembles on its hinges. The municipal officer, Panis, orders it to be opened to them. The Carrousel is forced; and for a moment the masses seem to hesitate at the sight of the cannon pointed against them, and the squadrons of gendarmerie drawn up in a line. Saint Prix, the captain of the artillery, having been separated from his guns by the rush of the populace, sends orders to the second in command to fall back upon the palace entrance. His lieutenant refuses to execute the order, and exclaims in a loud voice—"The Carrousel is forced, the palace must be forced also. Follow

me, gunners, youder is the enemy!" and he points to the king's windows, wheels round his pieces, and levels them against the palace. The troops, carried away by this desertion of the artillery, still remain in line, but fling down their cartridges before the people in token of amity, and no longer oppose the passage of the insurgents.

The commander of the national guards who witnessed this movement, immediately shouts from the court to the grenadiers who were standing at the windows of the guard-room, to take arms to defend the staircase. The grenadiers, in place of obeying, leave the Tuileries by the gallery leading to the garden, while Santerre, Theroigne, and St. Huruge, rush towards the entrance door of the palace. The boldest and strongest of their followers plunge under the archway which leads from the Carrousel to the garden, dash aside the gunners, and lifting a gun from its carriage, bear it in their arms up to the guard-room, at the very top of the grand staircase. The crowd emboldened by this prodigy of strength and daring, pour into the hall, and spread like a torrent throughout every staircase and corridor of the palace. Every door shakes or falls before the shoulders or beneath the axes of the multitude, who search for the king with furious shouts. One door alone separates him from them, and this door, already trembling on its hinges, is ready to fall beneath the pressure of the levers and the blows of the pikes of the assailants.

The king, who relied upon Pethion's promises, and the strong force by which the palace was guarded, saw the approach of the mob with little disquietude; but the sudden attack on his own residence aroused him from his fatal security. He and the queen, with Madame Elizabeth and the children, had retired to the inner apartments adjacent to the garden. Here they heard the shouts and the roar of the distant masses, but without any apprehension that the tempest was so soon to burst over them. The cries of the terrified servants flying along the corridors, the crash of broken gates and falling doors shivered upon the floor, and the howls and yells of the advancing mob, at last aroused the unfortunate family to their terrible position. They were assembled in

the king's bedchamber. Louis XVI. commending by a gesture, the queen his sister and his children to the fidelity of the officers and women of the household who surrounded them, instantly left the apartment, and hastened alone to the council-chamber. There he found the devoted Marshal de Mouchy, ready to sacrifice the remaining days of his long life to the welfare of his sovereign. There also M. de Hervilly, commander of the constitutional horse-guards disbanded a few days before; General Acloque commandant of the battalion of the Faubourg St. Marceau, at first a moderate revolutionist, then conquered by the private virtues of Louis XVI. and now ready to die for him as the most devoted of friends; and three brave grenadiers of the battalion of the Faubourg St. Martin, Lecrosnier, Bridaut, and Gossé, were all that remained at their posts in the interior amid the general defection; and they prepared to cover the king with their bayonets. Men of the people, strangers to a court, attracted to the king only by the sentiments of duty and affection, they defended the man rather than the sovereign.

At the moment when the king entered the council-chamber, the door of the adjoining apartment, called the Hall of the Nobles, shook violently beneath the blows of the assailants. The king advanced to meet the danger; already the panels of the door were falling at his feet, and sticks armed with iron spikes, lances and pikes, were pushed through the openings. Yells of fury, oaths, curses, and imprecations accompanied each blow of their hatchets. The king with a firm voice ordered the two faithful *valets de chambre* who accompanied him to unbar the doors. "What have I to fear in the midst of my people?" he exclaimed, advancing boldly to meet the assailants.

These words, this movement in advance, the serenity of his brow, the respect of so many ages for the person of the king, subdued the impetuosity of the leaders of the mob. They seemed to hesitate to cross that threshold which they had come to force by violence. During this moment of awe and doubt, the Marshal de Mouchy, Acloque, the three grenadiers, and the two valets, induced the king to retire a few paces, and ranged themselves between him and the people. The grenadiers levelled their muskets, and thus for

an instant kept the crowd at bay; but the still increasing waves of the people pushed the advanced ranks forward. The first who sprang into the room was a wretch in rags, with naked arms, bloodshot eyes, and foaming at the mouth. "Where is the *Veto*?" he shouted, levelling a stick spiked with iron at the very heart of the king; but one of the grenadiers struck down his arm with a blow of his bayonet, and the ruffian fell at the feet of the citizen. This act of courage had its effect upon his comrades; they trampled the fallen wretch beneath their feet—pikes, hatchets, knives, and lances, for a moment sunk before the majesty of royalty—and the crowd, by a sort of instinctive awe, paused at a short distance from the king, in an attitude of brutalized curiosity rather than of rage.

In the mean time several officers of the national guards, who had hastened to the council-hall on hearing of the king's danger, were endeavouring, along with the faithful grenadiers, to form some rampart around his person. The king himself had but one anxiety, and that was to remove the populace, as far as possible, from the apartments where he had left the queen. For this purpose he ordered the door of the council chamber to be barred, and induced the multitude to follow him into the vast saloon of the *Oeil de Bœuf*, under the pretence that the extent of this hall would allow a greater number of citizens to see and speak to him. He succeeded in reaching it, surrounded by an immense and turbulent crowd, and felt with pleasure that he alone was exposed to the blows of those rude weapons which a thousand arms were brandishing around his head; but, on turning round, he perceived his sister, Madame Elizabeth, stretching out her arms towards him, and making fruitless efforts to reach him.

She had succeeded in escaping from the women who endeavoured to detain her along with the queen and the children in the king's sleeping apartment, and hastened to the brother she adored, to die if necessary upon his bosom. Young, beautiful, and held in veneration by the court for her piety and passionate devotion to the king, she had renounced all love but the love of her family. Now, with her

hair disordered, eyes streaming with tears, and arms extended towards the king, her appearance was at once full of sublimity and despair.

"It is the queen!" cried several women of the faubourgs, and the title, at such a moment, was a sentence of death. A few infuriated wretches sprang forwards at the words with their arms lifted to strike; but the officers of the palace undeceived them, and at the venerated name of Madame Elizabeth the weapons sunk to the ground. "Ah! what have you done?" exclaimed the princess, mournfully; "why not let them think I was the queen? By dying in her place I might have saved her!" At these words an irresistible movement of the crowd separated Madame Elizabeth violently from her brother, and forced her into an embrasure of one of the windows, where the mob that surrounded her still contemplated her at least with respect.

The king had reached the deep recess of the centre window, while Acloque, Vannot, D'Hervilly, and about twenty volunteers and national guards, formed a rampart round him with their bodies. Some of the officers drew their swords. "Sheath your swords, gentlemen," said the king, tranquilly; "this crowd is misled rather than culpable."

A bench being placed against the window, he mounted upon it, and the grenadiers placed themselves, some beside him, others in front, and parried or struck down the pikes, sticks and scythes that waved above the heads of the people. Atrocious cries rose confusedly from the infuriated masses: "Down with the Veto!" "The camp at Paris!" "Give us back the patriot ministers!" "Where is the Austrian woman?" Some wilder and more desperate than the others, broke from their ranks to pour forth their insults and threats of death still nearer to the king; but finding that to reach him was impossible, through the hedge of bayonets that covered his person, they shook their hideous flags in his face with their sinister inscriptions, the tattered garments, the guillotine, the bloody heart, and the gibbet. One of them, with a pike in his hand, made unceasing efforts to reach the king. It was the same assassin who, two years before, had caught up the heads of Berthier and Fou-

lon when they were just cut off, washed them in a pail of water, and then, carrying them by the hair to the Quay de la Ferraille, flung them amongst the people as ensigns of carnage and incentives to fresh murders.

A fair young man, elegantly dressed, but with a terrible expression, made unceasing efforts to separate the grenadiers, and cut his fingers with their bayonets when endeavouring to part them, in order to reach the king.

"Sire! sire!" he exclaimed, "I summon you in the name of the hundred thousand souls who hear me, to sanction the decree against the priests. That, or death!"

Others of the mob, though armed with naked sabres, swords, pistols, and pikes, made no threatening gesture, but rather endeavoured to defend the king's life: some signs of respect and grief were even distinguishable on the countenances of the greater number. Throughout this review of the revolution the people were indeed terrible, but we must not confound them with assassins. Some degree of order now began to prevail on the staircases and the apartments. The crowd, pressed by other crowds, having satisfied their curiosity by the sight of the king, and flung their insults in his face, plunged into the other rooms, and circulated in triumph through this *Palace of Despotism*.

Legendre, the butcher, to make room for himself, drove before him those hordes of women and children that were accustomed to tremble at the sound of his voice, and made a sign that he wished to speak.

Silence immediately was established: and the national guards drew back to allow him to address the king. "*Sir!*" he shouted, in a thundering voice (the king made a movement of offended dignity at this appellation, which was equivalent to a denial of his kingly authority), "*Yes, sir!*" repeated Legendre, dwelling with still stronger emphasis on the word, "Listen: you are there to listen to us! You are a perfidious traitor: you have always deceived us, and you are deceiving us still. But take care—the cup is full. The people are tired of being your plaything and your victim."

Legendre, after these menacing words, read a petition couched in equally imperious terms. In it he demanded, in the name of the people, the recall of the Girondist ministry,

and the immediate sanction of the decrees. The king replied, with an air of intrepid dignity, "I shall do whatever the constitution orders me to do."

Scarcely had one wave of the populace passed away than another succeeded. Each fresh irruption was a trial of the king's strength and that of the little band that surrounded him, till both grew exhausted in the ever renewing struggle against a crowd that never wearied nor diminished. The doors no longer sufficed for the impatient curiosity of the multitude rushing to see this pillory of royalty. They thronged in by the windows, from the roof, from the lofty galleries which opened on the terraces; and the crowd below laughed at these escalades as they beheld them from the garden. Bravos, clapping of hands, and peals of laughter encouraged the assailants, while savage jests and dialogues passed between the insurgents above and the impatient mob below. "Have they struck him yet?" "Is he dead?" "Throw us down the heads!" they shouted to their comrades. At the same time members of the Assembly, Girondist journalists, and political leaders, such as Garat, Gorsas, and Marat, moved about amongst the crowd, exchanging pleasantries on this martyrdom of shame which was imposed upon the king. For an instant a rumour ran that he was assassinated.

No cry of horror arose from the multitude: they merely looked up to the balcony to see if the corpse would be shown to them. Still, in the middle of their very wildest excesses, they seemed to feel a desire for reconciliation. One of the mob handed a *bonnet rouge*, stuck on the end of a pike, to Louis. "Let him put it on! let him put it on!" cried the populace, "it is the sign of patriotism: if he wears it, we shall believe he is in earnest!" The king immediately made a signal to one of the grenadiers to hand it to him, and placed it smilingly upon his head. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" followed this action. The people had crowned its chief with the symbol of liberty. The cap of the demagogue replaced the diadem of Rheims. The people had conquered, and felt already appeased by victory!

But fresh orators, mounting on the shoulders of their

comrades, still continued to assail the king, sometimes with supplications, sometimes with threats, about the sanction of the decrees and the recall of Roland, the Girondist minister. Louis, however, invincible in his constitutional resistance, eluded their demands or refused to acquiesce in them. "I am the guardian of the prerogatives of executive power," he said, "and I shall not yield them up at the call of violence. This is not a moment for deliberation, when it is impossible to deliberate freely." "Do not fear, sire," said a grenadier of the national guards to him. "My friend," answered the king, taking his hand and placing it on his breast, "lay your hand there, and see if my heart beats quicker than usual."

This gesture, these words of intrepid confidence, spoken in the hearing of the crowd, seemed at once to turn the current of their feelings.

A man in rags, with a bottle in his hand, pushed his way near to the king, and cried out, "Here, then, if you love the people, drink to their health!" but the persons surrounding Louis, fearing poison as well as the poignard, entreated him not to drink. Louis, however, holding out his hand, took the bottle, raised it to his lips, and drank, "To the nation!" This familiarity with the populace, represented in the person of a mendicant, completed the popularity of the king. Prolonged shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" burst from every mouth and pealed along the corridors, while the groups gathered on the terrace beneath listened to these cries of loyalty with consternation. They expected a victim—they were not prepared for pity from his executioners.

Whilst the unfortunate king was thus struggling alone against an entire people, the queen, in a neighbouring apartment, was suffering similar outrages and similar fluctuations of popular caprice. Her danger was even greater, for she was far more hated than the king. Nations, when excited, are apt to personify their hatred as well as their love; and Marie Antoinette represented in the eyes of the people all the corruption of courts, all the pride of despotism, and all the base intrigues of treason. Her beauty, her love of pleasure natural to youth, the outpourings of her

tender and affectionate heart, were tortured by calumny into proofs of excess. Her imperial Austrian blood; her pride, for which she was indebted to nature even more than to rank; her intimacy with the Count d'Artois; her plots with the emigrants, and suspected league with the coalition; the scandalous and even infamous libels which for four years back had been industriously circulated to her dishonour; all made her the victim of opinion—the one upon whose head all the evils of the nation were laid. The women held her in contempt as a faithless wife; the patriots abhorred her as a conspirator; political men feared her influence with the king, and the people gave her the name of “The Austrian Woman,” as the fullest expression of their hatred and contempt. She brought unpopularity on a throne which she ought to have rendered dear to the people by her benignity and compassion.

Marie Antoinette was conscious of all this. She knew that her presence by the side of the king would have probably led to his assassination; and for this reason alone she remained shut up with her children in the royal bedchamber. The king hoped she was forgotten there, but it was the queen especially who was the object of attack and insult to the women of the mob; and they shouted for her everywhere in coarse and brutal terms, equally offensive to a woman, a wife, and a queen.

Scarcely was the king hemmed in by the masses in the *Oeil de Bœuf*, when the doors of the sleeping chamber were assailed by the same yells and blows; but the attacking party here was principally composed of women, who battered their feeble arms in vain against the hinges and oak panels. Finding this, they summoned to their aid the men who had carried the cannon from the guard-room up to the staircase. These men ran at their bidding to assist them, while the queen, standing erect, and pressing her two children to her bosom, listened with unutterable anguish to the vociferations without. M. de Lajard, minister of war, a powerless but devoted friend, was the only one with her except some ladies of her household, and the Princess de Lamballe, the friend alike of her bright and saddened days. This princess was daughter-in-law to the Duke de Penthièvre, and sister-

in-law to the Duke of Orleans. She had succeeded in the heart of the queen to that tender affection which Marie Antoinette so long entertained for the Countess de Polignac: with the queen friendship was a species of adoration.

Repelled by the passionless nature of the king, who had only the virtues but none of the graces of a husband, hated by the people, and weary of the throne, she lavished on her intimate friendships the overflowings of a heart at once yearning for sympathy and denied it. But the nation blamed this favouritism. Everything concerning the queen was calumniated, even her friendships.

The Princess de Lamballe had been left a widow at eighteen. Pure even above suspicion in her conduct, and placed beyond all ambition and self-interest by her rank and fortune, she loved in the queen only the friend. As adversities gathered around Marie Antoinette, so much the more did the young favourite rejoice to be with her that she might share them. It was not greatness but misfortune that attracted her sympathies. From her station as first lady of the household, she was entitled to apartments at the Tuileries, and accordingly selected for herself a suite of rooms close to the queen's, that she might the more readily partake her dangers and her tears. Sometimes she was obliged to absent herself in order to visit the old Duke de Penthièvre at the Chateau de Vernon, and the queen, who had a presentiment of the approaching political storms, wrote to her a few days before the 20th of June, entreating her in the most touching language not to return. This letter, *never published till now*, was found after the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, concealed in her hair. It reveals the tenderness of the one and the devotion of the other: "Do not return from Vernon, my dear Lamballe, before you are perfectly recovered. It would be a sad blow to the good Duke de Penthièvre, and we ought to show every consideration to his advanced age and many virtues; besides I have often entreated you to take more care of yourself, and if you love me you will do so. We have need of all our strength in these times in which we live. Ah! do not return; or, at least, let your return be delayed as long as possible. Your heart would be too deeply grieved, your tears would flow too

bitterly for my many misfortunes, you who love me so tenderly. How cruelly this race of tigers that rule the kingdom would rejoice if they knew how much we suffer! Adieu, my dear Lamballe: I never cease to think of you, and you know whether I am capable of change."

Madame de Lamballe, however, only made the more haste to return. She clung to the queen as if she wished the same blow might strike both. Other ladies, with equal courage, returned to their posts at the same time:—the Princess de Tarente la Tremouille, Madame de Tourzel, De Makau, and De la Roche Aymon. M. de Lajard, a cool and collected officer, who felt that he was responsible to the king for so many cherished and sacred lives, hastened by secret passages that led from the sleeping chamber to the interior of the palace, to collect together a few officers and national guards who were wandering about distractedly in the tumult. He ordered the queen's children to be brought to her, that their appearance and grace, by softening the crowd, might serve to guard the life of the mother. Then he himself proceeded to unbar the doors. The queen and her ladies had been placed in the deep embrasure of a window, and the massive council-table was wheeled before them to interpose a barrier between the weapons of the populace and the lives of the royal family, while several national guards ranged themselves on each side and a little in front. The queen remained standing, holding by the hand her daughter, who was then fourteen, of remarkable beauty and distinguished air and naturally precocious intellect. The sorrows of the family, in the midst of which the young princess had grown up, had lent a grave and serious expression to her features. Her blue eyes, lofty brow, aquiline nose, and long fair hair floating in waving tresses on her shoulders, recalled, at the decline of the monarchy, those youthful daughters of the Gauls who adorned the throne of the first race. Thus clinging to the bosom of her mother, she seemed to shield her with her innocence. Born amidst the first tumults of the revolution, dragged to Paris as a captive amidst the horrors and blood of the 6th of October, she knew nothing of the people but their rage and ferocity.

The dauphin, a child of seven years old, was seated on

the table before the queen. His innocent face, radiant with all the beauty of the Bourbons, expressed more of surprise than fear. Frequently he turned his head towards his mother and fixed his eyes on hers, as if to read through her tears whether he ought to feel confidence or alarm. It was in this position that the mob found the queen on quitting the *Oeil de Bœuf*, and proceeding to defile triumphantly before her. But the softened feeling produced by the firmness and confidence of the king was already apparent in the gestures and countenances of the insurgents.

The most ferocious men amongst them were melted at the sight of weakness, beauty, and childhood. A lovely woman, an humbled queen, a fair innocent young girl, a child smiling on the enemies of his father, must have awakened sensibility in the heart of hatred itself. The rude men of the faubourgs passed on in silence, as if ashamed of their violence before this group of fallen greatness. Some only of the most cowardly amongst them displayed their flags before the royal family, with those atrocious mottoes that dishonoured the insurrection; but their indignant comrades struck them from their hands, and hastily pushed out of the apartment the wretches who bore them. Some cast looks of intelligence and compassion at the royal group; others smiled at the dauphin, and exchanged a few familiar words with him. There was something half terrible, half respectful in these dialogues between a child and an insurgent mob.

"If you love the nation," said a volunteer to the queen, "place the red cap on the head of your son." The queen took it from the hands of the man and placed it herself upon the dauphin, while the astonished child took all these outrages as sport. The men applauded, but the women, always more implacable towards a woman, continued to pour forth their invectives; and infamous words borrowed from the vocabulary of the streets, for the first time struck the ears of the children, and were echoed by the walls of the palace. Their innocence saved them from the horror of comprehending their meaning; but the queen blushed to the eyes while she listened. But her womanly modesty lessened in no degree the lofty courage of her bearing. It

was evident that she blushed for the people and for her children, but not for herself.

A young, pleasing-looking girl, respectably attired, sprang forward to revile the *Austrian woman* with even more rancour than the others. The queen, struck by the contrast between so much fury and so young and gentle a face, said to her kindly, "Why is it that you hate me? Have I unknowingly done you any injury or wrong?" "Not to me," replied the pretty patriot; "but 'tis you who have caused all the evils of the nation." "Poor child!" answered the queen, "whoever told you so, has deceived you. What interest could I have in the misfortunes of the people? As the king's wife and the mother of the dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman by every feeling of my heart as a wife and a mother. I shall never see my own country again. I can be happy or unhappy only in France. I was happy when you loved me!"

This gentle reproach affected the heart of the young girl. Her anger melted away in tears and she implored the queen's pardon. "It was because I did not know you," she said, "but now I see that you are truly good." At this moment, Santerre forced his way through the crowd. Changeable and easily moved, he was rude and impetuous, but with all his coarse brutality, still accessible to pity. The faubourgs were accustomed to make way before him, and trembled at his voice. Making an imperious gesture to the mob to quit the apartment, and seizing men and women by the shoulder himself to push them along, he set the human current flowing towards the door facing the *Oeil de Bœuf*, opposite the place where the queen was stationed.

The heat had become suffocating, and the perspiration poured from the dauphin's forehead. "Take that cap off the child," cried Santerre: "do you not see he is stifling!" The queen thanked him with a mother's glance; and Santerre approaching, leaned his hand upon the table, and bending towards Marie Antoinette, murmured in a low voice—"You have but bad advisers, madame; I know of one who would serve you better." The queen looked down and made no answer. It was from this remark that the secret intrigues of the court with the leaders of the faubourgs took their

date. These fierce revolutionists, after having shaken the monarchy, were flattered by receiving the supplications of the queen. Their pride enjoyed the triumph of raising again the woman whom they had humbled. Mirabeau, Barnave, Danton, had each in turn sold, or offered to sell, the influence of their popularity. Santerre offered nothing but his compassion.

The Assembly had resumed its sitting on the announcement of the invasion of the palace, and a deputation of twenty-four members was sent to serve as a safeguard to the king; but arriving too late, they wandered about uselessly in the courts, the vestibules, and the crowded staircases of the palace. However repugnant to their feelings might be the idea of the king's assassination by a mob, yet in their hearts they secretly rejoiced at the terrible lesson which the court was receiving. Their presence was lost in the crowd: their words in the tumult. Vergniaud himself, mounting on the uppermost step of the grand staircase, made vain appeals to order, legality, and the constitution. Eloquence, which is all-powerful for arousing the masses, is powerless to arrest them. From time to time, some of the more loyal among the deputies returned to the Assembly, and ascending the tribune with their clothes all disordered as they were, reproached the members for their apathy. Amongst these, Vaublanc, Ramond, Becquet, and Girardin were the most energetic. Dumas, the friend of Lafayette, pointing to the windows of the palace, exclaimed, "The king is in danger. I have just come from thence. I have seen him. I call my colleagues Isnard and Vergniaud, whose efforts have been so powerless to control the people, to witness. Yes, I have seen the hereditary representative of the nation insulted, menaced, reviled. I have seen the red cotton cap placed upon his head. You are responsible to posterity for these things!"

Hootings and ironical laughter were the only response to his words.

"Do you mean to say that the cap of patriotism is a degrading symbol for the brow of a king?" asked the Girondin Lasource. "Are we to act as if the king's life were

menaced? Are we to insult the people by suspecting them of crimes which they never meditated? The people have no idea of injuring either the king or the prince royal. They will not commit any excesses or any violence. Let us adopt measures of mildness and conciliation." These were the perfidious suggestions of Pethion, and the Assembly lulled itself into indifference with them.

But even Pethion himself could not much longer feign ignorance of the march of 40,000 people through Paris since the morning, the entrance of an armed mob into the hall of Assembly, and the attack on the Tuileries. His prolonged absence was similar to Lafayette's sleep on the 6th of October; but one was an accomplice, the other was innocent. Night was approaching, and might conceal in its shadows projects of violence which would exceed even the views of the Girondists. Pethion, therefore, appeared in the court of the palace, and shouts of "Vive Pethion!" immediately greeted him from all sides. They lifted him in their arms and bore him to the steps of the grand staircase; from thence he reached the apartments where, for three hours, Louis XVI. had been enduring every outrage. "I have only just learned the situation of your majesty," said Pethion. "That is surprising," replied the king, with suppressed indignation, "for it has now lasted a long while." Pethion then mounted upon a chair and harangued the dense, compact crowd, at intervals, in the hope of inducing them to separate, but without effect. Finally, getting himself raised still higher, upon the shoulders of four grenadiers, he said, "Citizens, you have exercised your right of petition with dignity and moderation; finish this day, then, as you have commenced it. Hitherto your conduct has been conformable to the law; it is in the name of the law, therefore, that I now call upon you to follow my example and retire."

The crowd obeyed Pethion, and began slowly to move through the long suites of apartments; while the king, who was at length at liberty to quit the embrasure where the grenadiers had guarded him, rejoined his sister, who threw herself into his arms, and they both hastened through a

private door to rejoin the queen in her own apartments. The pride of Marie Antoinette had hitherto sustained her against giving way to tears, but on seeing the king she was completely overcome by her emotions and the excess of her tenderness: she fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and gave vent to her feelings, not in sobs, but cries. Madame Elizabeth clasped the children to her heart, and the king, embracing them all, wept over them in silence. They were like persons just rescued from the perils of shipwreck; and their astonishment and gratitude at their safety rose up in mute joy to heaven. The king's friends, the old Marshal de Mouchy, MM. d'Aubier, Acloque, and the national guards who had proved their fidelity, now congratulated him on the courage and presence of mind he had displayed. They mutually related the perils they had escaped, and commented on the horrible emblems, the gestures, looks, weapons, and sudden changes of feeling exhibited by the multitude. Just then the king, accidentally approaching a mirror, perceived the *bonnet rouge* upon his head, which he had forgotten to remove; colouring deeply, he flung it on the ground in disgust, and throwing himself into a chair, covered his face with his handkerchief. "Ah! madame," he exclaimed, looking at the queen, "why did I ever take you from your own country to expose you to the ignominy of such a day!"

It was now eight o'clock in the evening. The torture of the royal family had lasted for five hours. National guards from the neighbouring quarters began to drop in, man by man, to lend their tardy aid to the constitution. The tumultuous footsteps of the people, and their ominous and threatening cries, were still audible from the king's apartments, as the columns of the mob slowly defiled through the courts and garden. Constitutional deputies hastened in to vent their indignation, and pour forth imprecations upon Pethion and the Girondists; and a deputation from the Assembly traversed the palace, to take notes of the violence and disorder resulting from this expedition of the faubourgs. The queen pointed out to them the broken locks and bolts, the hinges torn off, the shattered panels, the frag-

ments of pikes and other weapons, and even the cannon, loaded with shot, pointed so as to command the very threshold of their apartment. But the disordered dress of the king, of his sister, and the children, these red caps and the cockades which they had been forced to wear, the paleness of the queen, her dishevelled hair and trembling lips, while floods of tears poured from her eyes, were evidences of suffering more striking than even the broken weapons and traces of violence which the mob had left upon the battleground of sedition. Tears filled all eyes; and the very sternest amongst the deputies could not repress their feelings of indignation and shame. The queen perceived their emotion. "You weep, sir!" she said to Merlin. "Yes, madame," replied the stoical deputy, "I weep for the misfortunes of the woman, the wife, and the mother; but my pity goes no farther. I detest kings and queens."

These words, which might have been sublime if spoken at a fitting season, were cruel at such a moment, in the presence of an humbled king, an outraged wife, and their young, innocent children. They must have struck the queen's heart even more bitterly than the blows of the people's axes as they fell upon the doors of her palace. They condensed in one phrase all the inflexibility of the revolution. Was it necessary that hatred should mingle with pity when contemplating misfortunes such as theirs? Should not the most rigid maintenance of opinion cherish a certain modesty which forbids it to speak when it can only wound hearts already bleeding? Is there not in the nature of man something more holy and more permanent than these hatreds of opinion—viz. pity for the vicissitudes of destiny, respect for fallen grandeur, and compassion for the suffering?

Such was the day of the 20th of June; in it the people displayed discipline in their disorder and forbearance in their violence; the king an heroic intrepidity of endurance; some of the Girondists a brutal coldness, that concealed ambition beneath the mask of patriotism, and flung down power beneath the insults of the mob, in order to lift it up again when broken, shattered, and degraded.

SUMMARY.

[The outrages and indignities to which the royal family had been subjected on the 20th of June, excited horror among the constitutionalists, and for a time produced a slight reaction in favour of the king. They expressed their opinions boldly in the Assembly, and overwhelmed the popular party with shame for this pretence of a petition which they had originated in order to subject the king to the insults of an armed mob. Pethion was dismissed from his functions by the municipal council for his evident complicity with the insurgents; and Lafayette came to Paris to demand punishment on the revolvers and authors of the revolt. He harangued the national guards, who now volunteered to assemble for the defence of the king's person; and he and the Duke de Liancourt made every effort to induce the king to quit Paris under their protection, and place himself in the midst of the army. But all these offers were refused by Louis XVI. He trusted more to the allies than the nation, and felt fatally secure of the speedy arrival of the Austrians to effect his deliverance. The queen hated Lafayette, and would place no confidence in him; besides, like the king, she calculated on the presence of the Duke of Brunswick, with a powerful army, in Paris, before a month.

Thus, while Louis XVI. was publicly giving his support to measures for resisting the invasion of the allies, he was privately encouraging them to advance; a step which placed him in the dangerous position of trusting for his safety to a measure which involved deep treachery towards the nation. Lafayette's endeavours to support the monarchy raised a storm of opposition on the part of the Girondists, who dreaded the failure of their republican projects. They proposed, therefore, that he should be sent to trial for having quitted the army without leave, and endeavoured to weaken his popularity and influence by insinuations that he was a partner to the intrigues of the court with the allies. Lafayette, discouraged by the bitter animosity excited against him, and finding he had neither the confidence of the king

nor the support of the Assembly, left Paris, and made no further effort for the constitutional party, which soon fell beneath the overwhelming ascendancy of the Girondists and Jacobins. The leaders of these two factions, in order to check the slight re-action in favour of royalty, made the dangers of invasion a pretext for turning all eyes upon the king as the public enemy; and their fierce denunciations succeeded so well in arousing public hatred against him more violently than ever, that his deposition was openly discussed in the clubs as the only means of saving the nation from the ignominy of having a king forced on them by foreign bayonets. Vergniaud led the attack in the Assembly; painted in eloquent and powerful oratory the dangers of France; apostrophized the king with terrible effect as the author of all; accused him of leaguings with the emigrants, and consequently of treason to France; and demanded that the Assembly should summon all Frenchmen to arm for the defence of their country. "The blow to annihilate the coalition must be struck at the Tuileries," was the language of Brissot; and in the excitement of the moment the Assembly consented to pass a decree, declaring solemnly—"The country is in danger." This served as a pretext for arming all the citizens. Pikes and guns were distributed freely, battalions of volunteers paraded the public squares with banners, on which the words of the decree were inscribed, and a camp of 20,000 men was formed at Soissons. These measures carried the revolutionary excitement to excess, and the arrival of the Federates from the departments, to celebrate the anniversary of the 14th of July, gave the multitude an opportunity of evincing it. The king appeared on that day at the Champ de Mars to renew his oath to the constitution, and was saluted with shouts of "Pethion or death!" Pethion was then the idol of the hour; and the Assembly were obliged to restore him to his functions as mayor to gratify the people.

This was the last time Louis XVI. appeared in public until he ascended the scaffold. Next day, one of the leading members of the first Assembly of 1789, Duval d'Eprenesnil, was attacked in the street and murdered by the mob, because he was suspected of favouring the court; while the national

guards, who ought to have prevented these excesses, were paralysed by the reported treason of the king, and feared to compromise themselves by openly espousing his cause.

On the 25th of the same month, the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto was published; but the insolent, ill-judged, and threatening tone it displayed, in place of aiding the throne, only decided its downfall. In it, the duke, after stating the intention of the allies to put down anarchy and restore the king to his legitimate authority, declared that all who ventured to defend themselves should be punished as rebels and their houses burned; that if the city of Paris refused to restore the king to his proper position, the members of Assembly, the municipality, and the national guards, should be tried by court martial on the arrival of the princes, and the city itself given up to plunder and total destruction. But if the inhabitants promptly obeyed the orders of the coalition, the duke promised to intercede for their pardon with the combined princes. The Duke of Brunswick had the entire command of the army of invasion, composed of 70,000 Prussians and 68,000 Austrians and emigrants, and their plan was to advance upon the capital in three lines, from the Rhine, the Moselle, and the low countries.

This violent manifesto proved to all parties that there was no way of saving themselves from the consequences of a re-action and of securing the revolution except by annihilating the monarchy. The king stood in the way of all; but the Girondists wished to depose him by a decree of the Assembly, the Jacobin leaders, as Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and Camille Desmoulins, by an insurrection. Each party desired to rise to power by means of its own instrument: the Girondists by the middle class, the Jacobins by the mob. The Assembly, however, hesitated, and the decree of the dethronement was rejected by a small majority. This defeat in the Assembly made the Girondists unite their forces with the Jacobins to promote the insurrection. "If the court gains time," said Roland, "the Austrians will be in Paris in six weeks," and Madame Roland incited Barbaroux to bring up a band of Federates from the southern provinces, under pretence of aiding in the defence of Paris against the

allies, but in reality to assist in destroying the monarchy. On the 30th of July, fifteen thousand Marseillais entered Paris, chanting as they marched the grand revolutionary hymn which since bears their name. The court was filled with terror and alarm at their approach, but the people everywhere received them with enthusiasm, and the terrible chorus of their war-song was caught up and echoed by millions, while the strange arms, foreign aspect, Phrygian head-dresses, flashing eyes, and dark southern complexion of this wild warlike horde, kindled the imagination of the multitude and inspired confidence in their leaders. Assisted by these Federates, the forty-eight sections of Paris determined on enforcing the dethronement of the king by an immediate insurrection, of which movement Madame Roland was the soul, and Danton, Santerre, and Barbaroux, the organizers. Accordingly the forty-eight sections sent a message to the Assembly, that if the decree were not passed, the tocsin should sound and the palace be attacked. The Assembly summoned the mayor, but he declared that he was powerless against the people, and the members finally broke up the sitting without having come to any conclusion. Mean time the court was occupied in preparations for the defence of the palace. One thousand Swiss soldiers occupied the interior of the Tuileries along with six hundred royalist gentlemen, and several battalions of the national guards, while a body of cavalry and ten thousand troops of the line in garrison, were concentrated around it. The ministers and several municipal officers frequently visited the palace, and remained there during the night, in order to oppose their legal authority to violence. Thus prepared, and almost certain of victory, the court awaited the contest with the people.

THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

THERE was in Paris a central committee of the Federates composed of forty-three chiefs, who represented the city and the departments. They held their meeting at the Jacobins, which was the head-quarters of the camp of the revolution,

and there concerted amongst themselves the plan of the insurrection. But this body being too numerous to ensure the mystery and unity of purpose necessary to a conspiracy, they selected five of their number, whose courage and capacity were undoubted, to act as a secret executive directory. Those five members were: Debessé, Vaugeois, Guillaume, Simon, a journalist, and Galissot de Langres; and they united with themselves as colleagues, the chief agitators of the capital, and the principal demagogues of the faubourgs, such as Carra, the Girondist writer; Fournier, Westermann, Santerre, Alexandre, the Pole Lazouski, and a few others. The first meeting of this directory was held at a little tavern in the Rue St. Antoine, near the Bastile, on the night of the 26th of July. Gorsas, a journalist, and one of the leaders of the columns who marched to Versailles to force the king back to Paris on the 6th of October, and who had since leagued with the Girondists to arrest the movement which he had accelerated, arrived there about two o'clock in the morning, and administered an oath to the conspirators to conquer or die for liberty. Fournier brought a flag with the inscription: "The Martial Law of the Sovereign People!" and Carra five hundred placards bearing the words: "Death to those who fire on the people!"

The second meeting was held at another tavern, on the Boulevard of the Bastile on the night of the 4th of August. Camille Desmoulins, the agent, as well as the pen of Danton, assisted at the debate, but the conspirators not being able to resolve on anything satisfactory, adjourned to the apartment of Antoine, ex-member of the Assembly of 1789, and one of their colleagues, who lodged in the same house with Robespierre, Rue St. Honoré, opposite the church of the Assumption, in order to ask his advice. Madame Duplay, the landlady, who was enthusiastically devoted to Robespierre, and trembled at the idea of having him compromised by a meeting which would at once make her house an object of suspicion, went up to Antoine's room about midnight, and asked him angrily if he intended to be the cause of Robespierre's death? "What has Robespierre to do in the matter?" replied Antoine; "let him hide himself if he's afraid! If there is danger of death it is for us, not him."

In this room of Antoine's, Carra wrote with his own hand the final plan of the insurrection, the march of the columns, and the attack of the palace. Simon took copies, and sent one each to Santerre and Alexander, the leaders of the faubourgs, that same night. But the insurrection was adjourned till the 10th, in order to make the preparations more perfect. On the night of the 9th of August, the members of the directory divided into three sections, and proceeded to three different points to collect the insurgent forces—Fournier and Alexandre to the Faubourg St. Marceau, Westermann and Santerre to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and Carra and Garin to the barracks of the Marseillais, where they discussed the plan of attack in the apartment of the commander himself and in the presence of his troop. Meetings of royalists were held that same night at a few yards distance from the council of the conspirators, to consult about the measures for the king's safety. A loyalist emissary on his way to one of these, with important despatches, mistook the door and entered the insurgent committee room. His papers betrayed him, and Carra proposed that they should put him to death immediately, least the secrets of their conspiracy might be revealed; but an isolated crime was not thought necessary at a moment when the tocsin was about to sound and betray the conspiracy of an entire people.

The bells, in fact, had already begun to toll in the distant quarters of Paris. The feelings of the conspirators at the sound of the first strokes, alternating between melancholy and sinister resolve, have been described in a page torn from the sad memoirs of Camille Demoulin's young wife, Lucile Duplessis, and stained with the blood of the fair young victim. There, whilst arming their hands and composing their features for combat or death, we can read the emotion of each heart at the part it had undertaken. On the 8th of August, Lucile left the country and came up to Paris, to be near Camille Desmoulins, the husband whom she adored, in the hour of danger. On the 9th they gave a dinner to Fréron, Rebecqui, Barbaroux, and the principal leaders of the Marseillais. The entertainment was gay as the thoughtlessness of youth; the inspiring presence of the beautiful

Lucile, friendship, love, wine, the sparkling wit of Camille, and the hope of liberty on the morrow, all veiled the death that might be awaiting them that night. When they parted each man went forth to meet his destiny.

Lucile, accompanied by her mother and her husband, proceeded to Danton's house. There, they found his wife in tears and her child weeping too, as if the presentiment had struck its young heart of the crimes, the fatal elevation, and the fall to which that night was leading its father. But he himself was serene, resolved, almost gay, with an occasional shadow of seriousness—excited at the prospect of a great popular movement, but indifferent to the result, provided only it carved out some path of action for his genius. As yet it was uncertain whether the people would rise in sufficient numbers to organize the insurrection that night, but Madame Desmoulins said, laughing, that it must take place, and that she knew they would be triumphant. "How can you laugh at a moment like this?" exclaimed Madame Danton. "Alas!" replied the young republican, while her countenance changed as quickly as her accent, "This wild gaiety perhaps presages that I shall shed many a tear before the morrow!"

The night was calm and clear, and the two young women went out to breathe the fresh air and take a few turns in the street. The movement seemed to have commenced; stray parties of the mob rushed past them, shouting "*Vive la Nation!*" Then came a troop of horse, and at last an immense crowd. Lucile became frightened. Let us go in, she said; but Madame Danton, accustomed to the stormy atmosphere in which her husband lived, only laughed at her. At length she too began to tremble as the tolling of the bells commenced. "Ah, there is the tocsin!" they exclaimed, and both hastily re-entered the house. They found the men arming themselves; Camille had taken his gun. His wife flew to hide herself in the alcove, and covering her face with both hands began to weep. Camille tried to re-assure her, and swore that he would not quit Danton; while his friend, the young Fréron, who adored Lucile, seemed resolved to perish: "I am wearied of life," he

exclaimed, "all I want is to die." At every patrol that passed Lucile trembled, thinking it the signal for her husband's departure; and when at last he left the house, she threw herself in a chair beside the bed, and burying her head in her hands, remained drowned in tears.

After an absence of several hours Danton came home. He seemed not to care about mixing himself up in the movement just then, but at midnight repeated knocks came to the door to summon him. He went out and ordered the toscin of the Cordeliers to sound, as also another toscin to arouse the Marseillais in their barrack. The bells were all tolling now. Madame Danton listened to their feverish pulsations as she kneeled, alone and weeping, in the window. Danton returned again, and from minute to minute trusted agents came in to report to him the progress of the rising. At one o'clock Camille returned also, embraced his wife, and lay down to sleep, but before day-break he was away again. The discharge of cannon was now heard. At this sound Madame Danton grew pale, sunk upon the floor, and fainted. The women ran together, crying and exclaiming that it was Camille Desmoulins with his pen and his ideas who had caused it all. Shouts and groans resounded from the streets. They fancied all Paris flowing with blood. Camille returned and told Lucile that the first head he had seen struck off was that of Suleau. Suleau was a writer like Camille; his crimes were his opinions and his talents. This presage made Lucile tremble and weep.

During the same night, at the same hours, and at a little distance from Danton's house, the same tolling of the bells had carried terror and anguish to the hearts of other women who were likewise watching over the dangers of a husband, a brother, and their children.

From the balconies of the Tuileries the queen and Madame Elizabeth listened to the rising and falling murmurs of agitation in the streets of Paris; and with every changing symptom their courage rose or fell, and their hearts throbbed either with hope or consternation. At midnight the tocsin gave the signal for the gathering of the people. The Swiss ranged themselves in line like

walls of men. Then the tolling of the bells began gradually to die away, and the spies came in with intelligence that the tocsin had *failed*, and the people would not assemble. Upon this, the queen and Madame Elizabeth retired to a little cabinet that looked out upon the court of the palace, and lay down to rest upon a sofa without undressing. Marie Antoinette entreated the king to put on the under coat of mail which she had got constructed for him; but he refused, nobly saying that in a day of ceremony he might wear it to save himself from the stab of an assassin, but in a day of combat, when all around him were perilling their lives for himself and throne, it would be cowardice not to peril his own life along with theirs.

The king then retired to his private apartment, and shut himself up with his confessor, the Abbe Hubert, to purify his soul, and prepare himself for offering up his life. The princesses remained alone with their attendants. On removing her handkerchief, before lying down, the Princess Elizabeth looked at the cornelian agraffe which fastened it, upon which she had caused the pious maxim to be engraved—"Forget insults, forgive wrongs," and smiling mournfully said: "I fear these words will be a truth only for us: still it is a divine precept, and we must hold it sacred through all."

The queen made some of her favourite attendants come and sit at her feet. She could not sleep, but conversed in low tones with those around her on the horrors of their position and her fears for the king's life. Every moment one or other rose to examine the courts from the window, or listen to the slightest movement. Suddenly a shot was fired, and the queen and princess sprang up and hastened to the king, determined not to part from him again; but it was only a false alarm. One short night still separated the royal family from the fatal day that was approaching, and it was occupied in military preparations against the anticipated assault of the morrow.

The palace of the Tuileries, which was intended more for the display of courtly ceremonies and pomp, than as a residence for royalty, had none of those strong defences

with which the feudal and military sovereigns of the olden times used to protect their castles. Destined not for war, but for luxury, the chisel of Philibert Delorme had made it an object to gratify the eye but not to intimidate the people. Extending its light wings from the quay of the Seine to the very centre of the most tumultuous parts of Paris, surrounded by courts and gardens, and flanked by raised terraces supported upon columns; the graceful porticos separated by only a few marble steps from the pavement, and the immense porch traversing the centre from side to side, beneath which opened the entrance to the grand staircase; decorated on every side by large and lofty windows, through which the people could see into the very interior of the apartments, this transparent palace with its galleries, suites of rooms in long perspective, theatre, chapel, statues, paintings, museum—resembled more the grand saloon of France than the fortress of royalty. It was a palace of arts for a man of liberty and peace. Some heavy, vulgar, inelegant structures, in the faulty style of Louis XIV.'s time, had been added to the two extremities of this palace of the Medici, and contrasted, by their ponderous solidity and disproportioned roofs, which seemed to crush the building, with the beautiful and scientific architecture of Italy, where the lines harmonised like the notes of a musician, and presented enduring and visible music to the eye. These two massive edifices were united to the central palace by arched structures, one called the Pavilion of Flora, the other the Pavilion Marsan. The Pavilion of Flora rose from the banks of the Seine, while the Pavilion Marsan bordered on the narrow and winding streets which connect the Tuileries with the Palais Royal.

An immense garden filled with marble statues, fountains, beds of flowers and rows of stately trees, extended from the banks of the Seine to this latter pavilion, and from the palace to the Champs Elysees. The broad and noble alleys, vast as the thoughts of royalty itself, which subdivided this garden, seemed intended not for the promenade of a family or a court but for the columns of an entire people. A whole army might have encamped on the space alone between the palace and the trees. Two terraces flanked this garden. One close

to the river, reserved for the royal family, and the other called the Terrace of the Feuillants, which extended from the Pavillion Marsan to the terrace of the Orangerie, and descended by a gentle slope to the turning bridge. This turning bridge was the entrance from the Champs Elysees to the garden of the Tuileries. It revolved over a deep fosse and was guarded by soldiers. The terrace of the Feuillants was crossed by two flights of steps at a little distance from the the Pavillion Marsan: one led to a *café*, and in former times this communication with the garden had been left open, but since the commencement of the popular tumults the practice had been discontinued. The *café* Hottot, as it was called, was the rendezvous of the orators of the people, attracted thither by its vicinity to the Assembly. The other flight led to a narrow, obscure passage, communicating from the garden to the hall of Assembly, and which the king had to traverse on foot whenever he attended the sitting of the legislators.

On the side of the Carrousel the palace was defended by four courts, and all the out offices and detached buildings. These courts communicated with each other by doors which were defended by guards. The first, nearest the river, was called the Cour des Princes; the second, the Cour Royale, faced the centre of the palace and led to the grand staircase; the third was the Cour des Suisses, where these troops had their barrack; the fourth was opposite to the Pavillion Marsan, and bore its name. A door on the first floor of the Pavillion of Flora led from the Tuileries to the long gallery of the Louvre, which extended all along the Seine from this Pavillion to the colonnade. This gallery was intended for the museum of France, and destined to contain those sublime works of sculpture and painting which ages transmit to posterity as the witnesses of their civilization, and the intellectual patrimony of genius. Foreseeing that in the approaching invasion of the people the Louvre might be sealed, the floor of the gallery was cut away for a distance of sixty yards from the Tuileries, thus rendering aggression impossible from that quarter, and thirty Swiss watched day and night between the breach and the Pavillion of Flora.

Such was the disposition of the place where the king was doomed to receive the battle of the people. Shut up in this palace he had neither an arsenal nor ramparts, neither liberty of movement nor power of retreat. The Tuileries was only made for a sovereign to reign in or to die.

The imminence of the attack was now averred by all parties. For some days previously, Pethion had been in constant attendance at the palace, conferring with the ministers and with the king himself on the means necessary to defend the Tuileries and the constitution. Did he go in all sincerity to fulfil the duties which his functions imposed on him, or merely to enjoy the sight of the anguish of the royal family and the weakness of their defences? His complicity with the conspirators, his personal resentments against the king, and relations with Roland, make his motives as liable to suspicion as his character was unstable and insecure.

On the evening of the 9th, Pethion had gone to the Assembly to announce that the tocsin would sound at midnight, and wrote with his own hand an order to M. de Mandat to double the guards, and repel force by force.

M. de Mandat was one of the three chiefs of division who took the command of the national guards by turns, and by right of this had now the general command of the Tuileries. Before the revolution he had been captain in the French guards, then entered the national guards under Lafayette, whose opinions he adopted. Devoted in his heart to the king, and in his principles to the constitution, he thought to fulfil his duty to both by defending the king of his ancestors and the legal chiefs of the nation. A man of courage, but of few mental resources, he was more fitted to die well than command well: the king, nevertheless, confided fearlessly in his devotion. On the 9th, Mandat ordered six battalions of the national guards to hold themselves in readiness to march, and placed triple guards round the palace at six o'clock in the evening. The regiment of Swiss guards, amounting to nine hundred men, had already arrived, under the command of Maillardo, and were stationed in

the Hotel de Brionne and in the stables of the Cour Marsan. At eleven o'clock they were under arms, and placed as the advanced guard at all the entrances.

Thirty national guards were stationed with the Swiss in the Cour Royale at the foot of the grand staircase, and all received from Mandat the order to repel force by force which he had himself received from Pethion. Paris was almost destitute of troops. The generals Wittenkoff and Boissieu, who commanded the seventeenth military division, in which Paris is comprised, had only a few horse and foot gendarmerie under their orders, and these were confined to barracks, with the exception of one hundred and fifty men placed at the Hotel de Toulouse to guard the royal treasury, and thirty more who were posted at the foot of the king's staircase in the Cour des Princes. The horse gendarmerie amounted to five hundred men; they were commanded by MM. de Rulhiere and de Verdiere, who marched them at eleven o'clock at night to take up a position in the Court of the Louvre; a small troop also arrived from the departments during the night, and occupied the Carrousel. Three pieces of artillery were placed in the Cour Royale before the grand entrance, and others in the different courts and leading entrances: in all twelve pieces of cannon. The gunners were voluntaries from the national guards, proud of their superiority in arms, but little disciplined to obedience.

The sixteen battalions of the national guards arrived by detachments from hour to hour; but when with difficulty collected together they only amounted to about two thousand combatants. As they arrived the Swiss officers fraternised with theirs, declaring that, full of deference to the nation, their soldiers would follow the example of the national guard, and do neither more nor less than the citizens of Paris. The Swiss were assembled in the vestibule around their flag, and seated upon the benches or on the steps with their muskets in their hands, passed the first hours of the night in a profound and orderly silence. The reflection of the flambeaux on their arms, the clashing of their muskets as they crossed each other from time to time, and the hoarse *qui vive* of the sentinels, gave the palace the

aspect of a camp in presence of an enemy; while the red uniforms of these eight hundred Swiss, as they sat or lay upon the steps and floor, made the Princes' staircase seem already a torrent of blood. Indifferent to all political questions, republicans ready to fight against a republic, these men had no soul but a habit of discipline, and no opinion but a regard to honour: they were ready to die for duty, but not for an idea or for their country. Fidelity, however, is a virtue in itself; and this indifference of the Swiss to the cause of the king or the people, made their heroism if not holy at least military. They were incapable of the devotion of patriots, but in its place they evinced that of soldiers.

With the exception of these Swiss, commanded by their intrepid officers, Bachmann, D'Affry, and D'Erlach, the troops dispersed through the courts and garden—gendarmerie, gunners, and national guards—presented neither numbers, nor unity, nor devotion. The volunteer did not know his officer; the officer could not reckon upon his men; no one confided in the other; and their courage, like their opinions, was merely individual. The *esprit de corps*, which is the soul of an army, was wanting, and replaced only by the spirit of party.

But a variety of opinions, in place of giving strength to any army, dissipates it completely. Every one held his own and tried to make it prevail by arguments which generally ended in quarrels. Some wished to forestal the attack, and march directly on the Hotel de Ville and on the columns of the people, before they had time to increase their numbers; others proposed to besiege the Marseillais in their barracks, disarm them, and thus stifle the principal focus of the insurrection. The greater number, however, feared the responsibility of the morrow if they took the first step in aggression, and, shut up in legality as in a fortress, desired only to remain impassible till the attack of the people, and then repel force by force according to the letter of the constitution. Puritans of legality, they fancied the constitution would defend itself.

Many gave vent to their feelings in deep imprecations

against the king, whose weakness, if not treasons, had brought the country to such extremity and the citizens into such danger. They pointed to the windows of the palace, and cursed the perfidious court that had led an amiable but weak-minded king into measures which plunged the nation into such calamities, and the gunners declared loudly that they would point their pieces upon the palace sooner than upon the people. Confusion reigned everywhere—in the courts, the garden, and the posts. The battalions deployed without unity of purpose, and the orders of their commanders clashed with and neutralised each other. No uniform military idea regulated these disordered movements. The battalions moved or changed places according to the caprice or ambition of their officers; and some companies, detaching themselves completely from the battalions, proceeded, with reversed arms, to take up a position on the quays or the Carrousel, uncertain to the last moment whether they should side with the defenders or the assailants of the monarchy.

Each fresh battalion of the national guards that arrived changed the current of opinion. The rich citizens from the centre of the capital came animated by the spirit of Lafayette, whose pretorian guards they had been for three years. Conquerors at the Champ de Mars, at Vincennes, and in twenty risings, they despised the populace, and desired to avenge the king and the constitution for the outrages of the 20th of June; while the battalions from the Faubourg St. German, the deserted quarter of the nobility, and those from the poorer parts of the city, which were composed principally of workmen, among whom pikes were more plentiful than muskets, arrived full of the calumnies against the queen, and suspicions of the king, which had been so industriously circulated, and wondering why they should be called on to defend a court whose machinations the constitution had taught them to look on with abhorrence. Assembling mechanically round their standard at the beat of drum, they entered the Tuileries shouting "*Vive Pethion!*" "*Vive la Nation!*" while cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" re-echoed in turn from the windows of the palace and the ranks of the loyal battalions. Then insults, menaces, and gestures of defiance were interchanged between the two parties assem-

bled to combat for a common cause; the gunners swearing devotion to the people, and pressing the hands of their comrades who held the pikes. The battalion of the Filles Saint Thomas, alarmed at this disposition evinced by the artillery, sent forty of their best grenadiers to watch their movements and prevent them carrying away their pieces.

Such was the force and moral disposition of these exterior defenders of the Tuileries—four or five thousand men, some devoted, many indifferent, and the most part hostile, influenced by the impression of the moment, and whose numbers varied from hour to hour, according as fidelity or desertion increased or weakened their ranks. Outside the courts, in the adjoining streets, and in the Carronsel, an angry and inquisitive crowd blocked up all the approaches to the palace. The men of the 20th of June, the idle wandering Federates about Paris, and the Marseillais whom Danton's voice had not yet summoned to their posts at the Cordeliers, were all grouped around the gates, and at every opening of the court or garden, cheering the battalion of pikes as they passed: "We are your brothers: there is the enemy!" they shouted, pointing to the king's windows. "Bring us his head, and the heads of his wife and children at the end of your pikes!" Roars of laughter and signs of intelligence responded to their imprecations.

The doors which separated the Cour Royale from the Tuileries were not closed, and the advancing tide of people threatened every moment to overflow the threshold. Two of the Swiss were placed as sentries on each side. "Wretches," exclaimed a Marseillaise, rushing on them with his drawn sabre in his hand, and brandishing it over their heads. "Wretches, remember this is the last time you mount guard! A few hours more and we shall exterminate you!" Men, women, and children, mounting on each other's shoulders, clambered up to the roofs and on the walls that extended between the Carrousel and the courts of the palace, and from thence hurled their insults upon the Swiss and the national guards, till the roar of the populace, increasing in strength hour by hour, was heard distinctly by those assembled in the apartments of the king.

In the interior of the palace, the forces, although more uniform, were not more imposing. There was resolution and courage, but not unity of purpose. The commanders of the loyal battalions had placed their most trusted men there, and volunteers from other battalions had sought admission of themselves. Their numbers amounted to about seven or eight hundred, and these were dispersed without any regularity through the corridors, galleries, and ante-chambers of the royal apartments. These apartments, which were situated between the Pavilion of Flora and the centre of the palace, occupied an immense space. In the Pavilion of Flora, Madame Elizabeth passed her life amongst her flowers and birds, and in the pious exercises to which she had devoted herself; whilst the queen's apartments, which were on the ground-floor, were comprised in that massive portion of the edifice which lay between the staircase of the Princes and the grand staircase. It was in this suite of rooms, which were raised only a few feet above the level of the court and gardens, and in the apartments immediately above them, that the queen received the secret counsellors of the monarchy whom she hoped to win over to the royal cause. Private stairs led from these rooms up to the king's apartments, situated on the first floor behind the gallery of the Carracci, so called from the number of paintings by that artist with which it was decorated.

The king, who had all the simple industrious habits of a man of the people, had constructed small recesses in these splendid rooms, where he loved to retire and give himself up either to study, or his favourite employment of lock-making.

In the same proportion as other spirits aspire to rise, his loved to descend; and in these little chambers, from which he could catch only a glimpse of the tops of the trees, he delighted to deceive himself as to his condition, forget that he was a king, and imagine for the moment that he was enjoying the commonplace happiness of a humble workman, surrounded by his wife, his children, and the instruments of his trade. He stole those hours of obscurity and peace from the cares of a throne, abdicated his rank for a time, and fancied that destiny had forgotten him because he had forgotten destiny.

The whole of this portion of the palace, as well as the gallery of the Carracci, the council chamber, guard-rooms, theatre, throne-room, and chapel, had been turned into a fortress, and was filled with military posts, piles of muskets, and groups of armed men.

Some of these last lay half asleep upon the benches, with their muskets beside them. Others threw themselves on the floor enveloped in their cloaks; but the greater number were collected in the embrasures of the windows, or in the large balconies of the palace, conversing in the clear moonlight on the preparations for defence and the prospect of attack. At short intervals, Mandat, or one of his aides-de-camp, visited the garden and the courts, and reported the state of affairs to the king. The ministers, the generals, Rœderer, with the members of the department of Paris, D'Ermigny, commander of the gendarmerie, and even Péthion himself, circulated incessantly through the apartments, and disseminated hope or fear amongst the defenders, according as their countenances expressed apprehension or serenity. The brief directions which they gave in passing to the captains of the guard were repeated from mouth to mouth. So the hours rolled on, tedious as uncertainty, and agitated as expectation, could make them.

Whilst these regular troops pressed around the constitutional chief of the kingdom at the bidding of the law, other defenders, summoned from their chateaus and remote provinces by tidings of the dangers of the day, pressed around the king as volunteers to shield him from violence with their persons. Without any claim for admission into the Tuileries but their courage, and looked on with suspicion by the national guards, they glided in one by one, with drooping heads and concealed arms, and wearing no uniform, as if ashamed of coming to offer up their blood and their lives.

First came the officers of the constitutional guards, recently disbanded by the Assembly, but who still retained arms in their hands, and kept alive the oath of loyalty in their hearts; after them followed the young royalists of Paris, who, at that age when generous emotion is the groundwork

of opinion, touched by the sufferings of royalty and the tears of a queen, thought it glorious to range themselves on the side of the oppressed. André Chenier, Suleau, and the other royalist writers, who by turns quitted the sword for the pen, and the pen for the sword, were there too. There were also numerous retainers and servants of the palace, who, inheriting their places from father to son, looked upon the royal hearth as the hearth of their home—old men who had hastened from Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Compiègne, on the tidings of the danger which threatened their master. Many of them brought with them their sons, who were enrolled among the pages, although scarcely yet able to carry arms; but in these devoted families old age and youth were alike offered up freely and gladly to support that throne from which they derived all. And lastly, there were assembled there about two hundred gentlemen of Paris and the provinces; most of them brave retired officers, who would not betray their order by marching against their emigrant brothers, nor betray the nation by emigrating; but who hastened to offer their swords to Louis on the first rumour of his danger. They were the sole representatives that remained to France of that military *noblesse* who had gone to set up their camp with the stranger. Placed between a people who viewed them with distrust, and a court that reproached them for those scruples of conscience which would not permit them to join the army of the allies, these gentlemen came to fulfil their duty without hope or illusion—certain of the ingratitude of the court if royalty triumphed, and of death if the people were conquerors.

Devotion without recompense, and death without glory, this was the obscure fate that awaited them. It was the misfortune of the period which left no other choice to such of the *noblesse* as wished to be at once faithful as chevaliers, and national as citizens! The old and brave Marshal de Mailly, then eighty years of age, but filled with youthful ardour in the cause of his royal master and friend, passed the night in arms and erect at the head of his troop of gentlemen, while M. d'Hervilly, De Villers, De Lamartine, and other officers of different ranks and degree, commanded small bodies of these chosen soldiers under the marshal.

This *corps de reserve* was divided into two companies; but unfortunately having expected to be furnished with weapons at the chateau, in which expectation they were disappointed, they were very imperfectly armed; some having only pistols and sword, while others were fain to assume such rude implements as chanced to be within their reach. Having been ranged in compact lines in the hall by M. d'Hervilly, they were passed in review before the king and queen, who, more struck with the devotion of this remnant of the *noblesse*, than dejected at the smallness of their numbers, addressed them in words of gratitude and acknowledgment. The dignity of Marie Antoinette's deportment, her energetic language, and the courage she evinced, had such an effect upon this handful of brave men, that by a sudden impulse of enthusiasm, they drew their swords and presented arms without word of command. The action was of itself an oath of loyalty. Several grenadiers of the guard mingled in their ranks in order to evince the mutual confidence and devotion which animated all the friends of the king without distinction of rank.

But the mass of the national guards dispersed through the apartments, murmured at these royalist manifestations; and, affecting to see a conspiracy hidden beneath them, demanded the dismissal of the corps of gentlemen. The queen, however, placing herself between these last and the national guards, firmly resisted this attempt to repel the king's last and truest friends. "See, gentlemen," she said to the national guards, pointing to the royalist group, "these are our friends and yours! They have come to share your dangers, and only demand the honour of combating beside you. Place them where you will. They will obey you. They will follow your example. They will give an example, if necessary, how to die for the king." These words succeeded in calming those around her; but, repeated and distorted by others at a distance, they excited only increased jealousy and resentment amongst the battalions.

One of these nobles, when passing a corps of national guards, ranged in order of battle in the Cour Royale, was imprudent enough to approach the officers commanding it: "Come," said he, addressing them, "gentlemen of the

national guards, now is the time to show your courage." "Make your mind easy as to our courage," replied one of the officers; "we shall not be found wanting, but it is not in your company we shall display it." Then leaving the ranks he crossed the courts, and proceeded to join the body of the people in the Carrousel, followed by half his battalion. Everything presaged defeat. No where could a permanent enthusiasm be excited.

The king, mean while, more devoted to his duties as a christian than a sovereign, was closeted with the Père Hebert, his confessor. There are decisive moments even in the most desperate circumstances, when the energy of a great mind can still retrieve fortune; but these were passed by Louis in merely resigning himself to his fate. A garrison of four or five thousand fighting men strongly positioned, having the palace of kings for their battle ground, supplied with cannon, cavalry, and disciplined bayonets, a monarch at their head, a queen with her innocent children amidst them, an undecided Assembly at their doors, legality and the constitution on their side, and the nation at least divided in opinion—these were forces that might perhaps have repulsed the confused and disordered masses which insurrection gathered slowly round the palace; broken the columns of the populace who were swelled only by the waverers whom they dragged along with them; crushed the Marseillais, already odious in the eyes of the Parisians; swept the faubourgs, rallied the hesitating battalions of the civic force by the *prestige* of victory, imposed terms on the Assembly, recovered the ascendant by legality and force, appealed to Lafayette and Luckner, effected a junction with the troops at Compiègne, placed the king in the centre of the army, between the foreigner and the nation, and made both the revolution and the coalition recoil for a time. But to accomplish this a hero was necessary, and the monarchy supplied only a victim.

During the long hours of this night and the early dawn, the queen and Madame Elizabeth wandered tearfully from the king's apartment to that in which the children lay sleeping,

and from thence to the council-hall where the ministers were sitting in permanence. They traversed the saloons filled with their armed defenders, and, hiding their tears, inspired, by their words and their smiles of apparent serenity, that confidence and hope of success which as yet had not quite abandoned themselves. The presence of these two princesses, wandering by night through their palace filled with armed men, one a queen and a mother trembling for her husband and her children, the other a devoted sister trembling for her brother, but both insensible to their own danger, was the most eloquent and irresistible appeal to the compassion, heroism, and generosity of the defenders of royalty.

Marie Antoinette, who has been represented in the pamphlets of her enemies, on this momentous night, as a crowned fury, carrying her vehemence to the pitch of delirium, and her dejection to tears—now declaring that she would be nailed to the walls of her palace, now presenting pistols to the king and counselling him to suicide—exhibited neither these excesses of rage nor these paroxysms of weakness. Her bearing was dignified and natural, without either affected heroism or timid despondency. All that her sex, her rank, her position as a queen, a wife, and a mother demanded of her on that fatal night, when the emotions proper to each were excited within her bosom, she evinced in her countenance and demeanour.

Equal to all the heroism of tenderness, to all the greatness of her situation, and to all the catastrophes which threatened her, her soul, her features, her words and actions reflected faithfully every phase, from the throne to a prison, which she had to traverse during the coming hours. Menaced as a queen, wounded in her sensibilities as a woman, a wife, and a mother, she feared, hoped, despaired by turns, and again strove to regain her courage; but in her heroism there was no rage, in her weakness no abasement. If she trembled, it was from love; if she wept, it was for her children. Her own dangers she heeded not; her royalty, the blood of her mother Maria Theresa, and respect for herself in presence of the people who surrounded her, sustained her. Neither her courage nor her tenderness failed her beneath the blows of destiny. After weeping

over the cradle of her son, or at the feet of the king, she would dry her eyes, efface the traces of tears from her cheek, and re-appear before the crowd, serious yet calm, softened but still courageous, having a woman's heart, doubtless, but knowing how to control it.

Such was Marie Antoinette during this crisis of four-and-twenty hours, succeeding so many other scenes of violence that might well have exhausted all her strength. A woman, like all women, she was inspired more by nature than by policy, more fitted to endure heroically than direct wisely, more at home in action than in council.

The king had sent to summon to his presence Rœderer, the procureur-syndic of the department, as Pethion was not in the palace. The latter, however, arrived soon after, and reported the state of Paris to the king, but refused powder to the commandant Mandat, who complained that he had only three rounds for every man. On the pretext that he found himself incommoded by the heat of the king's cabinet, Pethion left it, taking Rœderer with him, and they descended together to the garden, where Pethion was immediately surrounded by a party of municipal officers and young national guards, who welcomed him with jests and smiles. This group of magistrates and national guards, chatting together on indifferent subjects, strolled along the terrace by the river in the bright moonlight, as if they were at an evening *fete*. When at the extremity of the terrace they heard the roll of the drums recalling them to the palace, and retraced their steps; at the same moment the tocsin of the faubourgs sounded distinctly through the clear serene air. Pethion, who affected a stoical impassibility, and refused to acknowledge the approaching danger, allowed Rœderer to ascend alone to the king, while he himself remained below on the terrace near the grand staircase. He was afraid to trust his life within the palace.

Although the night was not dark, the Tuileries cast so broad a shadow on the garden that lamps had been placed along the terrace. Some grenadiers of the battalion Des Filles Saint Thomas, who abhorred Pethion as the secret instigator of the insurrection, extinguished the lamps, and

gathered round him as if to take him prisoner. Pethion comprehended the movement, observed their threatening gestures, and heard the words, "His head shall answer for the events of the night." Concealing his fears, however, beneath an easy, careless demeanour, he seated himself on the margin of the terrace, and remained chatting with the municipal officers until audible murmurs rose around him, to the effect that, since Pethion had come there to brave the vengeance of the royalists, they should keep him as an hostage, and expose him in person to the dangers which he had prepared for the monarchy.

A municipal officer, named Mouchet, seeing Pethion entrapped in this snare, and having received a sign from the mayor, ran to the Assembly, and exclaimed to several members, "If you do not summon the mayor of Paris immediately to your bar, he will be assassinated."

Louis XVI. on his knees before God, with his heart more full of pardon than vengeance, little dreamed of an assassination. The Assembly, however, feigned to believe in the criminal intentions of the court, and sent an order for the mayor. Two hussars, preceded by guards and flambeaux, carried the decree which liberated him. At the same moment the minister of justice sent a message to request that Pethion would come to the king. "If I go," said he, "I shall never return;" and he instantly proceeded to the Assembly, and from thence to the Hotel de Ville, where he was detained by his accomplices in the insurrection, and appeared no more at the palace.

It was now past midnight. All the windows of the Tuileries were open and filled with crowds listening to the tocsin, and naming the particular quarter, church, or bell, which successively tolled forth the summons to revolution.

In the town the citizens issued from their houses at the sound, and stood upon the threshold ready to follow the torrent wherever it led them. The sections, convoked in insurrection since ten o'clock, had each sent a commissioner to the Hotel de Ville to replace the municipal council by a revolutionary committee, with orders to take every measure to secure the safety of the country and the conquest of

liberty. These commissioners, to the number of 192, assembled without opposition at the Hotel de Ville, and constituted themselves a municipality, retaining Pethion, Danton, and Manuel with them, and naming for their president Huguenin, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the orator of the 20th of June, and as secretary, Tallien, a young patriot of about five and twenty, editor of a journal entitled the *Citizen's Friend*. The municipality became, from the hour of eleven o'clock at night, the directing committee of the movements of the people, and the organised government of insurrection. Pethion, detained under a simulated arrest, took no farther part in the proceedings of the night.

Mandat, the commandant of the Tuileries, who always acted with bravery and honesty, whether for king or people, according as duty directed him, had arranged his measures of defence on the faith of the order which Pethion signed for with him as mayor of Paris. He despatched five hundred men with cannon to the Hotel de Ville, to guard the passage by which the columns of the people were expected to deploy from the Rue St. Antoine, and another battalion with two pieces of cannon to stop the progress of the Marseillais at the Pont Neuf, throw them back upon the Faubourg St. Germain and the Pont Royale, where the guns from the Pavilion of Flora would open on them. These arrangements were excellent. Nothing was wanting but steady troops to execute them. Scarcely had Mandat given these orders when a decree from the municipality summoned him to the Hotel de Ville to give an account of the state of the palace and the measures he had taken for the safety of Paris.

On receiving this order Mandat hesitated for a moment between his legal duty and his presentiment of danger. Legally the municipality had authority over the national guards and was entitled to summon the commandant before them; but Mandat was ignorant that this municipality, changed forcibly by the sections, was now nothing more than a revolutionary committee. He consulted Rœderer, who, equally ignorant with himself respecting the occurrences at the Hotel de Ville, advised him to obey the decree. Still Mandat, as if from some inward foreboding,

invented excuses and sought pretexts for delay. At length he resolved on setting out. His son, a boy of twelve years old, insisted on accompanying him, and, followed by a single aide-de-camp, he rode down the quay to the Hotel de Ville. On mounting the steps his mind misgave him when he beheld the strange and austere faces that surrounded him, and comprehended at last that he was summoned before conspirators to answer for the measures he had taken to put down conspiracy. "By whose order," said Huguenin, "did you double the guard of the palace?" "By the order of Pethion," replied the unfortunate Mandat. "Show this order." "I have left it at the Tuileries." "When was it given?" "Three days ago. I can produce it." "Why did you plant cannon in the street?" "When a battalion marches the guns accompany it." "Do not the national guards retain Pethion at the palace by force?" "That is false. The national guards treat the mayor of Paris with every deference and respect. I myself saluted him on leaving." During these interrogations a letter of Mandat's to the officer commanding at the Hotel de Ville was placed on the table. It was opened and read aloud. In it Mandat gave orders to the battalion stationed at the Hotel de Ville, to disperse the insurgents marching on the palace by attacking them in flank and rear. This letter was his death-warrant. The council ordered him to be removed to the Abbaye, and the president, as he pronounced the words, made a horizontal movement with his hand, which explained their meaning. A pistol shot prostrated the unfortunate commandant on the steps of the Hotel de Ville, and pikes and sabres completed the murder. His son, who had been awaiting him on the steps, threw himself on the corpse of his father and vainly endeavoured to rescue it from the assassins. Mandat's body was flung into the Seine, and with it disappeared the order of Pethion. Santerre was immediately named commandant of the national guards in place of Mandat; and when Pethion returned to his house after quitting the Assembly, he found six hundred men stationed there by order of Santerre, to guard his residence and defend his life against the vengeance of the court.

The intelligence of Mandat's death, which was brought to the Tuileries by his aide-de-camp, filled the minds of the king and queen with consternation, and spread hesitation through the ranks of the national guards. Lachesnayé, one of the chiefs of battalion, assumed the command; but the occupation of the Hotel de Ville by the sections, the establishment of a revolutionary municipality, and the appointment of Santerre as commandant, annihilated all the moral force with which he could controul them, and the fate of Mandat seemed to be a presage of his own. The two advanced posts of the Hotel de Ville and the Pont Neuf had been forced, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, to the number of fifteen thousand men, poured forth without opposition by the Arcade St. Jean; while the Marseillais and the Faubourg St. Marceau, amounting to six thousand men, carried the passage of the Pont Neuf. The crowd of idlers and spectators following in the wake of this army of the people, lent an apparent increase to their numbers, and it was reported that a hundred thousand men were marching on the palace. The two bodies effected a junction on the quay of the Louvre, and from thence advanced without impediment to the Carrousel. From the Champs Elysees, the Place Vendome, and the Rue St. Honoré, no obstacle arrested the progress of the insurgents, and the garden was soon blocked up by immense crowds.

Rœderer, on learning the death of Mandat, and the installation of an insurrectional council, wrote to the council of the department summoning them to the Tuileries in order to take measures against the new municipality, or to ratify its orders. The department, which had no other empire over the people than the law, now broken in their hands, sent two commissioners to confer with Rœderer, who requested the king to sign an order authorising them to change their place of meeting. "My ministers are not here," replied Louis: "I shall give the order when they return."

Day had not yet quite dawned, and the shutters of the king's cabinet were closed. At that moment a carriage was heard rolling out of the court-yard, and some one opened the window to ascertain whom it contained. It was Pethion's carriage driving away empty. The day was now breaking.

Madame Elizabeth approached the window and contemplated the sky; it was brilliant as the fiery reflection of a conflagration. "My sister," she said to the queen, "come and see the sun rise!" The queen rose, looked at the sky and sighed. It was the last day that she was destined to behold the sun except through the grated windows of a prison. All etiquette had disappeared. Danger and agitation confounded all ranks; and at every fresh piece of intelligence brought to the king or queen, friends, domestics, and soldiers pressed around them offering their opinions and advice. The king was often obliged to seek another apartment when his ministers had something particular to communicate.

About three o'clock he returned again to his chamber, leaving the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Roederer in the council hall. It is believed, that overcome by fatigue, and re-assured by the last intelligence which had reached him, he retired in order to recruit his strength for the ensuing conflict by a few moment's sleep. The queen and his sister had with them the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarente la Tremonille, two ladies in waiting, Madame de Tourzel and three under-governesses, in all of whom the dangers and reverses of the royal family had produced that night the complete forgetfulness of self which is the instinctive heroism of women. The Duchess de Maillé, one of the queen's ladies, who had not been in attendance at the chateau the evening before, and who had excited the distrust of the court during the commencement of the revolution in consequence of her popular opinions, hearing now of the meditated attack on the palace, left her residence on foot, and throwing herself alone into the midst of the excited mass of people that blocked up all the avenues to the Tuileries, endeavoured to effect an entrance, telling them her name and avowing her attachment to the queen. "Let me go," she exclaimed, "where friendship and duty call me. Women have their honour too as well as men. Your patriotism is to hate her—mine to die at her feet!" The women of the mob, touched by this madness of fidelity, repulsed her gently, and led her back to her hotel by force, but without insult.

About four o'clock the king left his bed-chamber and re-appeared in the council hall. One could see by his dress and the disorder of his hair that he had been lying down; for the curls, stiff and powdered on one side, were flattened and without powder on the other. His pallid face, swollen eyes, and the involuntary tremulous motion of his lips, showed that he had been weeping in secret; but the same serene calmness and benignity of expression was visible on his countenance. No human events seemed to have the power of leaving a trace of resentment in the mind or in the features of this prince. The only quality which his friends loved in him, the only one for which his enemies despised him, was this unvarying goodness. It was at once his virtue and his defect. The queen and Madame Elizabeth embraced him with smiles of happiness, and led him over to the recess of a window, where they conversed together in low tones, each of the princesses holding one of his hands, while he looked from one to another with tender sadness, as if asking pardon of the anguish they had to endure for his sake.

After a short interval the royal family proceeded to the windows which overlooked the courts, in order, doubtless, to judge of the number and disposition of the troops that defended the palace. On their return the queen summoned Roederer. He found her alone in a little apartment adjoining the king's workshop, and visibly agitated by all she had seen—the increasing number of the assailants, the masses already assembled, and the small body of troops that could be relied on for the defence. Hope at last was changing into the prostration of despair. It was the moment when reality begins to loom confusedly before the sight, though the spirit still revolts against acknowledging its presence.

Marie Antoinette asked Roederer what could be done under the terrible circumstances which were now but too evident, and though at the risk of wounding her heart he gave his opinion freely: it was, that she and the king, with their family, should place themselves under the protection of the National Assembly, and thus render themselves sacred and inviolable as the constitution itself. "If the king falls

then, madame," said Rœderer, "it must be by the same blow that annihilates the government. But the people will recoil before such a step. The Assembly will be forced to defend a king whose existence is blended with its own; and insurrection, which is only criminal before a palace, will be deemed parricide before the sanctuary of the nation." Such were the counsels of Rœderer. Marie Antoinette's colour heightened as she listened to them, and it was evident that the pride of a queen was struggling in her soul with the tenderness of a wife and mother.

The minister of marine, who was present, a brave and loyal sailor, came to her succour. "So," said he to Rœderer, "your plan is to deliver the king to his enemies?" "The Assembly is not so inimical to the king as you suppose," answered Rœderer, "since as yet monarchy has had the majority on every question; but, at all events, let us choose the least evil. What other path has destiny left open for the safety of the king?"

"Sir," exclaimed the queen, in an accent of excited resolution, as if she wished to reassure herself by the sound of her own voice, "we have forces here, and it is time to decide who is to be ruler, the king or the factions." Rœderer then proposed to summon Lachesnay, successor to the unfortunate Mandat. He came, and was questioned as to whether the measures of defence were sufficient for the safety of the chateau, and whether he had caused the progress of the columns of the mob to be arrested. He replied in the affirmative, and added that the Carrousel was guarded; then addressing the queen in a tone between anger and reproach, "Madame," said he, "I must inform you that the apartments are crowded with strangers who surround the king, and whose presence here is an offence to the national guards." "The national guards need not be offended," replied the queen. "We know these men and can rely upon them." The demeanour and language of Marie Antoinette convinced Rœderer that the court desired to risk a battle next day, in hopes of imposing terms on the Assembly if victorious; and he insinuated that the king should at least write to the legislative body and demand its co-operation: but this being objected to, "Well, then," said Rœderer,

“let two of the ministers proceed to the Assembly, and desire that commissioners be sent from their body to the palace.” This plan was finally adopted, and M. de Joly and M. Champion set out on the mission.

The Assembly were deliberating calmly on the emancipation of the negroes when the two ministers presented themselves. M. de Joly, minister of justice, described the perilous position of the palace, the urgent necessity for immediate measures of defence, and declared the king's wish that a deputation from the members of the national representation should proceed forthwith to combine their efforts with his for the preservation of the constitution, and to assure the safety of his family by their presence. The Assembly, however, passed disdainfully to the order of the day. The members were few in number, careless, inattentive, and apparently fatigued. They seemed waiting listlessly for the result of some expected downfall, but determined to keep aside till the event was over.

The two ministers retired in discouragement. Meanwhile Rœderer held a conference at the palace. The members of the department arrived there and brought the news of the formation of the new municipality. That body had just distributed cartridges to the Marseillais, who must be already on their way to the palace with the battalion of the Cordeliers. The law was everywhere dethroned, and the ministers insisted that the king should proceed at once to demand the protection of the Assembly. “No!” exclaimed the minister of marine, M. Dubouchage, who had just been listening at the window to the imprecations poured forth on the king by the battalions of pikes: “No! there is no place of safety for him but here: here he must triumph or perish!”

Rœderer and his colleagues then resolved on proceeding themselves to the Assembly, and forcing the members to pass some resolution which would save all; but on their way they met the two ministers returning from their fruitless mission. “It is of no use,” they said, “appealing to the Assembly: they would hardly listen to us. There are only a handful of members present: not sufficient to pass

a decree." They all returned discouraged to the Tuileries. On entering the vestibule they were stopped by the gunners stationed with their pieces at the foot of the grand staircase. "Gentlemen," said these anxiously, "is it true that we shall be obliged to fire on our brothers?" "You are only placed there," answered Røederer, "to guard the king's palace and prevent forcible entry. If you are attacked, those who fire on you are no longer your brothers."

These words appearing to satisfy the gunners, Røederer and his colleagues were entreated to proceed to repeat them to the troops stationed in the courts, who were agitated by the same scruples. They therefore crossed the vestibule and entered the *Cour Royale*. It presented a formidable aspect of defence. On the right was drawn up in line a battalion of grenadiers of the national guards, which extended from the windows of the chateau to the wall of the Carrousel, while opposite to them was ranged a battalion of the Swiss guards. These two lines, by crossing their fire, could utterly annihilate the columns of the people who might make their way from the Carrousel into the court. In the centre of these lines were planted five pieces of cannon, drawn up before the grand entrance and pointed towards the Carrousel, and five more defended the approach to the garden. The defence seemed formidable, and fully adequate to repel, or even utterly annihilate the columns of the people. The deputation went straight to the battalion of national guards, and Røederer placing himself in the centre, harangued them in a few brief, moderate words, as befitted an impartial organ of the law. "Soldiers," said he, "no attack; a steady front, and stand firmly on the defensive!"

The battalion evinced neither enthusiasm nor hesitation, and Røederer advanced to the gunners, but they retreated out of hearing, as if to avoid an appeal which they were determined not to obey. One of them, however, a man of striking aspect and martial bearing, advanced to the magistrate and asked him, "But if they fire on us will you be there?" "I will be there," replied Røederer; "not behind your pieces, but before them, that if any are to die

this day we may perish the first in the defence of the laws." "We shall all be there," exclaimed the ministers who accompanied him. At these words the gunner, with a gesture more expressive than words, unloaded his piece, scattered the charge upon the ground, and stamping on the lighted match extinguished it. The law fell disarmed before the people, and the gunner was greeted with shouts of applause from the walls of the Carrousel.

Whilst the deputation made these unsuccessful attempts, some emissaries from the Marseillais who had penetrated to the garden, were haranguing the Swiss soldiers, and inciting them not to fire upon the people, who only wanted to be free and republican like themselves. Suddenly, repeated blows were heard at the royal gate. Roederer ran to the wicket himself. A young artillery officer presented himself, pale and haggard, and in a state of great excitement. He said that his troop demanded a clear passage across the garden in order to blockade the Assembly until they should pass a decree for the king's dethronement "Liberty is stifled by the machinations of the court!" he exclaimed. "Let us pass. We wish to do no harm. We are all citizens like yourselves." After a hasty and excited dialogue between the young officer and the magistrates, during which the blows redoubled, the gates shook, and the roars of the multitude without increased in violence, the magistrates retired, and the hour of the catastrophe approached.

The queen foreseeing that the combat would commence with the morning, and that it would be sanguinary, was unwilling that the assault of the palace and the daggers of the Marseillais should surprize her children in their beds. She had them dressed therefore and conducted to her before five o'clock. The king and queen embraced them and each other with that redoubled tenderness with which we clasp what is about to be torn from us for ever. The dauphin, gay and thoughtless as infancy, was amused with the military display in the apartments, garden, and courts, and unconscious that death lurked beneath the glitter of the flashing weapons; but his sister, who was older and of a more thoughtful nature, already read their fate in the

eyes of her mother and the prayers of her aunt. The presence of these two beautiful children between the queen and princess, excited the deepest emotion in the national guards around them; and the volunteers stationed in the gallery of the Carracci were even moved to tears on beholding them. Seeing these favourable feelings in behalf of royalty, the Marshal de Mouchy entreated the king to strengthen them by reviewing the troops of the palace and courts in person. Were they even less numerous and less devoted, how often had the words of a prince excited an enthusiasm in a handful of defenders which changed the whole fortune of a day!

But in order to spread this moral electricity amongst masses of men, the exciting source of energy must be within. Heroes alone can awaken heroism; and Louis XVI. had neither the soul nor the tongue that kindles fire in the hearts of a multitude. The very exterior of the man was deprived of the *prestige* of royalty. Had the palace gates opened at dawn, and the wavering battalions beheld a proud young prince ride forth, fiery with ardour, hazarding his life to achieve that fortune which always favours the young; or if an aged man had appeared before the people baring his disrowned head and white locks in a silent appeal to their pity, that last eloquence of helpless misfortune; if a few words springing from the heart had found an entrance to the hearts of the soldiers, and echoed from rank to rank till the current of emotion which carries men irresistibly along with it to action was aroused; if a banner, a gesture, a sword unsheathed at the proper moment, could but have fascinated the gaze, and made this forest of bayonets tremble beneath the lightest impulse of enthusiasm, the troops would have fought, would have conquered, and preserved the constitution inviolable, for at least some months longer.

But Louis XVI. had neither the seductive grace of youth, nor the venerable majesty of age; neither the martial bearing of a military chief, nor the dignity suited to the father of a people. In place of mounting his charger and appearing in uniform amongst the troops, he came forth on foot, dressed in a violet-coloured suit (the mourning colour of

kings), without boots or spurs, but wearing the white silk stockings and buckled shoes prescribed by court etiquette, a chapeau under his arm, his hair curled and powdered as it had been over night, but which no attentive hand had re-arranged after the disorder of a brief and agitated slumber. His gaze was dull, and roamed timidly around, not from fear of danger but from uncertainty and indecision. The usual smile of courteous *banalite* habitual to princes, played on his lips, and he balanced and swayed his figure from one foot to the other with measured slowness, as if holding one of the frigid receptions of a court. His whole appearance wanted character: he awaited everything but inspired nothing. One must feel vividly to excite others, and during this review he seemed to have sunk resignedly to the level of his approaching degradation.

Nevertheless, the mere presence of a king, aroused from sleep by insurrection, this silent procession of a princess, a queen and her children, through the halls of their palace, seeking to inspire fidelity in their friends, courage in the the soldiers, and pity in their enemies, had an eloquence in itself that little needed the aid of words. The king, however, stammered out a few of those commonplaces which people hear without attending to. "So, gentlemen, they are approaching, I hear; I know not what may be their object: we shall see. My cause is that of the constitution and of all good citizens. You will do your duty, gentlemen, is it not so?"

These words, repeated as he passed down the lines amid the clang of presented arms, and the few cheers that greeted him, were just sufficient for form, but not for the gravity of the occasion. The queen, who followed him, retrieved the weakness of his address by the nobleness of her demeanour, the proud yet courteous movement of her head, and the expression of her countenance. Unable to inspire the king with her soul of energy, her movements and the flush of mute emotion on her cheek showed how the feelings of a queen, a wife, and a mother, which her sex obliged her to repress, were struggling in her bosom for utterance. One could see that her heart bled inwardly, although pride and

courage repelled the tears that rose to her eyes. Her breathing was hurried and irregular, her breast heaved with indignation. Her features, languid from sleeplessness and watching, but lighted up with the heroism of her soul; her eyes which flashed back lightning to the eyes of those which rested on her; her look, by turns imploring, spirit-stirring, or defiant, according as it met the gaze of those indifferent, friendly, or hostile; the anxiety with which she endeavoured to note on the features of those around the effect produced on them by the king's words; the aquiline nose, the dilated nostrils, and the full lip trembling with emotion; the attitude of her head, thrown back at the sense of coming danger; the sadness, the haughtiness and the languor of her bearing all combined; the traces, still evident, of that once unrivalled beauty, now fading from the first touch of age, like her glory beneath the shadow of misfortune; the memory of that incense of adoration which she had breathed in these very halls where she was now imploring, perhaps in vain, the aid of a few arms to defend her; the golden rays of the morning sun which beamed into the apartments and played around her hair like a crown trembling upon her head; the clashing of weapons, the crowd, the acclamations, the silence in the midst of which she advanced—all diffused a majesty of heroism around her, a dignity and a sadness that rivalled the solemnity of the scene, and the greatness of the events that were impending. She was the Niobe of monarchy—the statue of royalty fallen from the throne, but neither sullied nor degraded by its fall. Never did she seem more a queen than on that day.

She was a queen in spite of the people and in spite of destiny. Her aspect softened the most wavering of the national guards, and made every sword fly from its scabbard in her defence. Swiss guards, gendarmerie, volunteers, gentlemen, citizens, people—all the posts, the halls, and the staircases became fired with the same enthusiasm at her appearance. Every look, every word, every gesture, promised a thousand lives for her life. The paleness of deep emotion was visible upon every countenance, and tears fell

from the eyes of the most hardened amongst the soldiers. Full of graceful gentleness towards the national guards, of courteous dignity towards the Swiss regiments, and of unreserved trust and confidence towards her friends, she passed down the line of officers assembled in the grand gallery as if she were an object of chivalrous adoration. Some entreated leave to kiss her hand, others prayed her merely to touch their weapons. The young threw their mantles beneath her feet, and those of the dauphin and princess; while the elder lifted the children in their arms as a living banner underneath which they swore to die!

At these transports of enthusiasm the queen, herself excited, seized two pistols from the belt of M. d'Affry, captain of the Swiss guards, and presenting them to the king exclaimed: "Now is the moment to show yourself a king, or to perish with glory at the head of your defenders!" The king returned the pistols to M. d'Affry. He felt that the sight of these arms would compromise him, and that his best defence in the eyes of the citizens was his inviolability and the law.

After visiting the interior posts, the king descended to the vestibule by the grand staircase, but made the queen and his family return to their apartments. He feared to expose Marie Antoinette, whose life had been so much calumniated, to the danger of insult or outrage from the people while passing in front of the battalions in the exterior, and therefore proceeded to review them alone.

The king advanced through the Cour Royale, followed by a numerous suite of officers. The roll of the drums beating to arms, the word of command of the officers, the shouts and cheers from the royalists who thronged the doors, the windows, and the balconies, waving their hats, and crying "*Vive le Roi!*" carried away for the moment the battalions under arms, and a few last cheers for royalty arose from their ranks. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, and their attendants, who beheld the scene from a balcony, wept with joy at these evidences of attachment; but their joy was soon dashed with bitterness. Two doubtful battalions entered the court during the review; but silent and grave, they pre-

sented a striking contrast to the others. The gunners, who had hitherto stood neuter, immediately fraternised with them; and M. de Boissieu, seeing their disposition, thought it prudent to remove them to a greater distance from the palace along the terrace near the Seine. As they defiled before the king to take up their new position, they raised the shout of "*Vive la Nation!*"

From the courts the king passed to the garden, where the royalist battalions of the quarter Des Filles Saint Thomas, drawn up on each side of the grand entrance, covered him with their bayonets and overwhelmed him with their enthusiastic promises of devotion. Several grenadiers surrounded him, and prayed him to review their comrades at the Turning Bridge, in order to strengthen by his presence that post so important for the defence. The king ventured thither despite the representations of his suite, who feared that he might be attacked on the way by the battalions of pikes which were drawn up in line on the terrace facing the river.

The feeble *cortége*, however, passed safely through the garden, and the grenadiers at the Turning Bridge evinced the highest resolution and courage; but two dispositions pervaded the national guards, as well as France, and scarcely had the king left it to return to the palace than the battalion of pikes, those of the Faubourg St. Marceau, and the two who had been removed by M. de Boissieu, united in the most violent vociferations, insults, and menaces against the court. The uproar reached the Tuileries, and the queen, who was reposing for a little in the king's apartment, surrounded by her children and the ministers, sprang to the window in alarm; one of the ministers, however, gently drew her back, and closed the window to spare her the sight of the gestures and outrages to which her husband was exposed. "Great God!" she exclaimed, "it is the king they are hooting! We are lost!" And she fell back almost crushed beneath those sudden alternations of life and death.

The king entered, pale, exhausted, and covered with perspiration: despair in his soul, and shame upon his brow. During all the long passage from the Turning Bridge to the Tuileries, he had to bear insult and ignominy. He had seen the pikes, sabres, and bayonets assembled to defend him, bran-

dished against his person. Clenched fists, savage gestures, and insulting sarcasms, had followed him to the very gate. Some of the fiercest of his assailants, with difficulty restrained by their comrades, and revenging themselves for their impotence by the violence of their imprecations, had even endeavoured to force their way from the terrace into the garden, that they might fall upon his escort. Not even his own life was safe. A man in the uniform of a national guard, was observed following the king, step by step, with the most sinister aspect, and frequently putting his hand in his bosom as if to draw forth some concealed weapon; a grenadier, however, watched his motions, and succeeded in always keeping between him and the king. After returning to his post, when the king was once more in safety within the palace, this grenadier fainted from the horrors of the scene which he had witnessed.

Scarcely had the king entered the Tuileries when two of the disaffected battalions, stationed on the margin of the river, marched off with all their cannon, through the gate of the Pont Royal, and ranged themselves in order of battle on the quay, between the garden and the Pont Royal, to await the Marseillais and the columns of the people; while two others quitted the Cour Royale and proceeded to the Carrousel to intercept any fresh reinforcement of troops for the palace, and induce them to imitate their defection. An immense number of the populace, the Federates of Brest, and the insurgents of the faubourgs, took up their place on the square around these battalions.

It was seven o'clock. The tocsin had never ceased tolling during the whole night. Towards morning, about the hour when the working population go forth to their daily tasks, the streets began to fill with groups of people waiting the arrival of the battalions of their own district to follow them. There was a scarcely perceptible current moving, in the direction of the Louvre and the Pont Royal, in the narrow streets that lead towards the centre of Paris from the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Faubourg St. Marceau. The two points from whence the insurrectionary impulse was given were now the Hotel de Ville, the head-quarters of

Santerre and Westermann, and the club of the Cordeliers, where the Marseillais had taken up their quarters.

The Cordeliers, with its clubs and barracks, was to the left bank of the Seine and the Quarter St. Marceau, what the Hotel de Ville was to the right bank and the Faubourg St. Antoine—the heart and arm of the insurrection. At midnight, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Carra, Rebecqui, Barbaroux, and the principal leaders of the clubs, had constituted themselves into a permanent directory. Danton, the orator of the Cordeliers and the statesman of the people, ordered the hall to be thrown open to admit the Marseillais. “To arms!” he cried, addressing them; “you hear the tocsin: it is the voice of the people summoning you to the succour of your brothers of Paris. You have come from the extremities of the kingdom to defend the head of the nation, the capital of France, from the conspiracies of despotism! Let the tocsin sound the last hour of kings, and the first of vengeance and liberty for the people! To arms! and *Ca ira!*”

Scarcely had Danton concluded these hurried words when the air of “*Ca ira!*” shook the vaulted roof of the Cordeliers. Carra, Barbaroux, and others passed the night in forming the column of the Marseillais and the federate battalions of Brest into line ready for action. A large number of federates from other departments joined them, and the courts around the Cordeliers presented the appearance of a regular revolutionary camp. The gunners from Brest and Marseilles lay down, match in hand, beside their pieces, and the whole line was under arms. Danton in the mean time had retired, still uncertain of the issue of the night; and whilst the people thought he was engaged in holding some mysterious council which was to fire the train of the conspiracy, he had gone home to his house and thrown himself down to sleep upon the bed, while his wife watched and wept beside him. After having conceived the plan and given the impulse by his genius, he abandoned the action to the men of blows and violence, and left the fate of his schemes to the chance cowardice or energy of a mob. Yet there was no timidity in this, but merely a profound knowledge of the theory of revolutions. Danton knew this resem-

bled the philosophy of tempests. He was aware that the impulse once given, it is impossible to check or direct them, and that in all great convulsions of the people, as in the most organised battles, there are moments when success depends on a series of chances, and man can do nothing but sit down helplessly and await them.

No sooner had Santerre concocted the final measures at the Hotel de Ville with the new commissaries of the sections, than he marched his column down the quays, sending orders to the Marseillais to effect a junction with him at the Pont Neuf. The two columns met with beat of drums and chants of *Ca Ira* on the square of the Louvre, and spread themselves in disorder over the Carrousel without meeting any opposition. A man mounted on a black horse preceded them. When they reached the gate of the Carrousel he assumed the entire command, by the mere right of his uniform, and the authority of Danton, and the crowd obeyed him from that instinctive feeling of the necessity of guidance and unity which always leads great masses of people to submit to the will of a leader in the moment of danger. He made the troops defile in good order, ranged them in line upon the Carrousel, placed the cannon in the centre, and extended the two wings so as to inclose the wavering battalions that seemed waiting for the turn of fortune before they decided. These dispositions having been made with the tact and coolness of a consummate general, he rode forward, accompanied by a few of the Marseillais, and knocking at the gate with the hilt of his sabre, demanded entrance in the name of the people.

This man was Westermann, a young expatriated Prussian, who had entered the French service a few years previous to the revolution. The vacancies left in the army by the emigration had raised him to the grade of officer. Intelligent, adventurous, and intrepid, he anticipated instinctively the career of fortune which civil war or revolution opens to a successful soldier, and on the approach of the 10th of August hastened to Paris to watch his opportunity, and conquer or die.

At once he gave himself to the people. Danton noticed,

appreciated, and enrolled him, and delivered up to his command the multitude he had raised; and even Santerre, though general-in-chief, left the vanguard and the direction of the expedition to the young German whose superiority he at once acknowledged.

Westermann finding that the Swiss guards refused to open the gates, ordered five pieces of cannon forward, and threatened to force them. The gates were of wood, and so decayed that resistance was impossible. Røederer and the other ministers, who had witnessed the advance of Westermann and the hesitation of the troops, seeing that the danger was imminent, returned precipitately to the palace, crossed the hall rapidly and entered the king's apartment, consternation depicted on their countenances. The king was seated before a table at the entrance of his cabinet, his hands dropped languidly on his knees like a man who listens and waits; the queen and princesses along with some of the ministers surrounded him.

"Sire," exclaimed Røederer, "we must speak to your majesty without any other witnesses than the members of your family." The king made a sign, and the ministers withdrew.

"Sire," continued the magistrate, "you have not five minutes to lose. The troops assembled here for the defence are not sufficient in number to guarantee the safety of your life or those of your family, neither can their fidelity be relied on. The artillery refuse to fire on the people, and defection is universal in the garden and the courts. The Marseillais occupy the Carrousel. There is no longer any hope of safety for you but under the protection of the Assembly. This is the opinion of the department, the only body on which rests at this moment the responsibility of your life, and the safety of the constitution."

"But," rejoined the king, "I did not see any very great crowd in the Carrousel." "Sire," returned Røederer, "there are twelve pieces of cannon there; and an innumerable army from the faubourgs are advancing upon the heels of the Marseillais." M. Gerdret, administrator of the department, who was present, having supported Røederer's statement by a few words, the queen exclaimed—"Silence, M. Gerdret; it is not your province to give an opinion here.

Let the procureur-syndic speak." Then turning to Røederer: "But, sir," she said proudly, "we have forces here." "Madame, all Paris is marching on the palace," replied he; then turning to the king with an air of still greater decision—"Sire," said he, "time presses, we can no longer entreat, or advise; there is but one resource left, you must permit us to use violence, and conduct you by force to the Assembly."

The king raised his head, looked fixedly at Røederer for some seconds, as if to read whether his importunity betokened a refuge or a snare; then turning to the queen, and interrogating her with a rapid glance: "Let us go!" he said, rising. "But sir," exclaimed Madame Elizabeth, advancing to Røederer, "will you answer for the safety of the king?"

"Yes, madame, as for my own," was the doubtful answer of Røederer. He advised the king not to suffer any of his household to accompany him, but merely an escort of national guards, and the members of the department. The ministers, however, claimed their right of attending the executive chief of the government. The queen demanded a like favour for the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, the governess of her children. The department consented, and Røederer then advancing to the door of the king's cabinet, exclaimed in a loud voice: "The king and his family are going to the Assembly alone, without any other escort than the department and the ministers. Make way for their passage!"

When the news of the king's departure spread through the palace, the last hour of monarchy seemed to have sounded on the ears of the astonished and indignant defenders. Respect alone prevented an outburst of grief and rage from the nobles and Swiss guards who had come to offer their services and lives to prevent such a catastrophe. Tears of shame filled their eyes, and some tore the cross of St. Louis from their breast, while others broke their swords beneath their feet.

While M. de Lachesnaye was engaged in forming the king's escort, Louis paused for some moments in his cabinet,

and slowly passed round the circle formed by his intimate and devoted friends, informing them of the resolution he had taken. The queen, seated and motionless, hid her face upon the bosom of the Princess de Lamballe. The guard arrived—the *cortege* defiled in silence through a crowd of anxious and alarmed spectators. Consternation was depicted on every countenance and each seemed to fear to meet the gaze of his neighbour. On crossing the hall called *l’Oeil de Bœuf*, the king, without saying a word, took the hat of the national guard who marched at his side, put it on his head, and placed his own, adorned with a white plume, upon the head of the grenadier. The astonished soldier respectfully removed the royal *chapeau* from his brow, put it under his arm and walked bare headed beside the king. No one knew what the king meant by the change. Did he remember the *bonnet rouge* placed upon his head in that very hall on the 20th of June, which had gained him a few moments’ popularity with the people, and did he hope now to produce a like effect by appearing in a part of the uniform of the national guard? No one dared to interrogate him, but the action could scarcely be attributed to fear in a prince who showed himself so unmoved and serene in the presence of outrage and death.

At the moment of leaving the peristyle, and taking the last step across the threshold of his palace, the king, addressing Rœderer, who walked before him, asked: “But what is to become of our friends who remain behind us?” Rœderer replied that no obstacle existed to their quitting the palace provided they were unarmed. An assertion which death was soon but too fatally to contradict. Again, on the last steps of the vestibule leading to the garden, the king paused, as if warned by a last presentiment of his fate—a last remorse for his voluntary abdication, and looking towards the courts, over the heads of those who followed him, said to the members of the department: “But gentlemen, I see no such great crowd after all in the Carrousel.” Rœderer repeated his assertions, and the king seemed to listen without believing, descended the last step, and entered the garden like a man who is fatigued with argument, and who yields rather to lassitude or fatality than to conviction.

The king crossed the garden without any opposition, between two files of bayonets which marched step by step beside him. The department and municipal officers walked in advance; the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children closed the procession. The vast extent which reaches from the one terrace to the other was quite deserted. No one was to be seen even on the terrace of the Feuillants, generally crowded with people. The early hour, and the strict military surveillance, had combined to keep the space quite free. The parterres, the flowers, the statues, and the bright green sward glittered in the splendour of a summer's dawn. The sky was clear, the air motionless. The flight seemed only a royal promenade. No sound broke the silence but the measured tramp of the soldiers and the songs of the birds in the branches. Nature seemed to know nothing of what was passing in the hearts of men on that day, and flung her smiles over their mourning and their crimes as if on a joyous *fete*. Some fallen leaves of the early autumn alone suggested an image of decay: the king perceived them, and as if in sad allusion to his own fate, remarked: "The leaves are falling early this year." Manuel had written a few days before in the journal he edited, "Royalty will fall with the fall of the leaves." The dauphin amused himself by gathering up the withered leaves with his feet and tossing them to his sister. Childhood playing on the path to death!

The president of the department quitted the *cortege* at this place, and proceeded to inform the Assembly of the arrival of the king and the motives of his retreat. They immediately sent a deputation to meet him. "Sire," said the spokesman, "the Assembly, anxious to insure your safety, hastens to offer you and your family an asylum in its bosom." The members then joined the *cortege* and surrounded the king.

The advance of the procession across the garden having been perceived from the Café Hottot and the windows of the Manege, a rumour spread that the king was advancing, and groups immediately began to collect on that portion of the Feuillant terrace which it was necessary to cross before reaching the Assembly. On arriving at the first step leading up to this terrace, a dense mass of men and women,

shrieking and gesticulating with rage, refused to allow the royal family to pass. "No, no, no!" they cried, "he shall not come to deceive the nation any more. There must be an end of all this. They are the cause of all our misfortunes! Down with the veto! Down with the Austrian woman! Abdication or death!" Hostile threatenings, and insulting gestures accompanied these words. A man of colossal size, named Rocher, who generally headed the riots of the populace, particularly signalised himself amongst the crowd by the ferocity of his demeanour and his wild vociferations. He carried a long stick in his hand, and made violent efforts either to push back the king or to strike him with it. The deputies harangued the mob. The storm of imprecations began to abate. Rocher allowed himself to be disarmed by the procureur-syndic, who flung the stick away into the garden, and the decree of the Assembly was read authorizing the king's removal; at last the *cortege* was allowed to proceed, and the king, guarded by a double file of soldiers, reached the entrance of the passage which led to the hall of Assembly.

Several guards of the legislative body received him there and marched beside him. "Do not fear, sire," said one of them, in a southern accent; "the people are well disposed, but they won't bear to be deceived much longer. Be a good citizen, sire, and send away your priests and your wife from the palace!" The king replied without evincing any anger. The crowd now blocked up the dark narrow entrance, and for an instant the queen and her children were separated from the king. Rocher, the same man who had uttered such threats and invectives a little while before, was now suddenly melted by the anguish she exhibited, and taking the dauphin up in his arms, held him high above the crowd while he walked before the queen, making way for her, and pushing aside the people with his elbows till he cleared a path, and, entering the Assembly along with the king, placed the royal child safe and sound on the table of the president amidst loud acclamations from the tribunes.

The king and his family proceeded to the benches set apart for the ministers beside the president. Vergniaud

presided. "I have come," said the king, "in order to avoid giving occasion for a great crime. Here at least, I am certain of being in safety." "Sire," replied Vergniaud, "you may rely on the firmness of the National Assembly. They have sworn to die in defence of the laws and the constituted authorities." The king then took his seat. There were but few members present, and the silence of stupor reigned in the hall. Every countenance was grave and sad, and directed with earnest though respectful curiosity towards the king, the queen, the princess, and the royal child (round whom the queen threw her arm, while she dried the perspiration on his brow with her handkerchief,) and the young princess who stood beside her in all the first brilliancy of girlish beauty. Hate expired in every heart at the contemplation of the terrible vicissitudes of fate which had torn this father, these children, these royal ladies from their palace, never, perhaps, to return. Never before had fate exhibited such a tragedy to the public gaze. The deepest anguish of human hearts was lying there exposed to every eye, although the king veiled his feelings beneath an appearance of impassibility, the queen of dignity, and the princesses with their tears. The public traced nothing in their demeanour unbecoming their rank, sex, age, or the solemnity of the moment. Fortune seemed to have found hearts equal to the blows she inflicted on them.

The deliberation began. A member rose and observed that the constitution forbade them to deliberate in presence of the king. "It is true," said Louis, inclining his head. Accordingly, in obedience to this ironical scruple, at a moment when the constitution was no longer in existence, it was decreed that the king and his family should be placed in the reporter's gallery, which was a box of about ten feet square, behind the president's chair, on a level with the highest benches of the Assembly, and separated only from the hall by an iron railing secured in the wall. Thither the king was conducted, and the young reporters, who were taking notes of the debate, made room as far as they were able for the royal family. The king sat in front, the queen in a corner, endeavouring to conceal her face in the shadow,

Madame Elizabeth, the children, and the governess, on a bench placed against the bare wall. The two ministers, some officers of the king's household, the Duke de Choiseul, Carl, commander of the horse gendarmerie, the Prince de Poix, and five or six gentlemen of the court, loyal to the last, remained standing at the door. A guard of grenadiers filled up the passage and intercepted the air; the heat became stifling, and the drops of perspiration streamed from the king's brow. The Assembly now began to fill, and from the crowded benches the heated air rose up like the breath of a furnace. The agitation in the hall, the movements of the orators, the petitions of the sections, the noise of conversation, mingled together in a confused din inside; while the efforts of the people endeavouring to break open the doors and force the military posts, the yells of the wretches who had begun their work of murder already in the court of the Manège, the shrieks of the victims, the blows which announced their death, the fall of the lifeless bodies—all these ghastly and ominous sounds penetrated from without, and were heard distinctly by the royal sufferers.

Scarcely had the king taken his place in this asylum when the increasing violence of the mob made the members apprehensive that the doors would be forced and the king murdered in his retreat; Vergniaud therefore ordered the iron railing which separated the reporters' box from the hall to be taken down, in order that the king might take refuge amidst the deputies, if the people succeeded in forcing the entrance. In default of workmen and tools, some of the deputies nearest the box, assisted by the Duke de Choiseul, the Prince de Poix, the ministers, and even by the king himself, accustomed to the rude handicraft of a smith, succeeded by their united efforts in tearing away the railing from its fastenings. Thanks to this precaution, a last chance of escape was presented to the king from the daggers of the people. But at the same time the fallen majesty of royalty was exposed to its enemies in the hall. The debates of which they were the subject, the hostile glances directed towards them, reached the king and queen without any interposing obstacle. At once spectators and

victims, they witnessed during fourteen hours the spectacle of their own degradation.

A young man who sat in the reporters' box beside them, and who afterwards distinguished himself by his valuable services, M. David, consul-general and deputy, noted down respectfully, for the aid of history, the attitudes, gestures, tears, and even the workings of the countenance which, during three long hours of suffering, betrayed the emotion of the royal family.

The king was calm and serene as if witnessing a drama of which another was the subject. His strong physical nature felt the usual craving for nourishment, even during this absorbing crisis of his destiny; nothing could weaken his powerful vital organization, and the agitation of his soul seemed even to strengthen his appetites. They brought him bread, wine, and cold meat. He eat and drank, and separated the wings of the fowl with as much calmness as if he had been taking refreshment after a hunt in the woods of Versailles. The physical nature predominated over the sensitive in his organization.

The queen, who knew that popular calumny accused the king of gross excesses at the table, and even of drunkenness, suffered severely in her mind at seeing him eat at such a moment. She refused to taste anything, and the rest of the family followed her example. She never spoke, her lips were compressed, her eyes dry and burning, her cheek glowing with the vivid red of anger and humiliation, her arms hung down recklessly and heavily, as if they were bound. Mournful, but still proud and unsubdued, she seemed like a disarmed hero, who can no longer combat, but whose soul still revolts against the blows of fate.

Madame Elizabeth, who stood behind her brother, seemed to suffer only for those she loved, not for herself. She often raised her eyes upwards, and one could see that her heart was praying.

The princess royal wept, but the heat dried the large tears on her cheek before they fell; the dauphin gazed about him in wonder at the novel scene, and asked his father the names of certain of the deputies. Louis pointed them out calmly and named them to his son, without betraying by

the slightest change in his voice whether he was naming friend or foe. Occasionally he spoke to the deputies as they passed before the box on their way to the benches. Some bowed with an expression of respectful pity, others turned away their heads and affected not to hear, but no one insulted him. The catastrophe appeased even the most obdurate. One alone was implacable: the painter David. The king having recognized him amongst the number of those who pressed around the box to contemplate the royal family, addressed him, asking him when he would have his portrait finished. "I shall never finish the portrait of a tyrant," replied David, "until his head lies before me on the scaffold." The king lowered his eyes and was silent. David was mistaken in choosing such a moment for his words; addressed to a despot in his pride of power they would have been courageous: they were only cowardly before the fallen victim.

Whilst the crowded Assembly was swayed to and fro with that agitation which precedes some momentous change, the people, who were no longer restrained by any military force on the side of the Rue St. Honoré, rushed tumultuously into the court of the Feuillants and up to the very threshold of the Assembly, demanding with loud cries that the twenty-two royalists who had been taken prisoners the night before in the Champs Elysees by the national guards should be given up to them.

These prisoners were accused of having formed secret patrols and disseminated themselves amongst the army of the people, in order to learn their intentions, and thus direct the fire of the satellites of the chateau. Their uniform, their arms, and the cards of admission to the Tuileries found on their persons, proved in fact that they were national guards devoted to the king, who had been sent to examine the environs of the palace in order to assist the measures for defence. As they were arrested, they were flung into the national guard-house of the court of the Feuillants. At eight o'clock a young man of about thirty years of age was brought in. He was dressed as a national guard, and his proud, excited countenance, the martial elegance of his

costume, the brilliancy of his weapons, and the name of Suleau, murmured as he passed along, that name so hated by the people, attracted all eyes upon him.

It was indeed Suleau, one of those young royalist writers who, like André Chenier and others, had embraced the dogma of monarchy at the moment when it seemed to be repudiated by every one else, and who, seduced by the very danger of the preference, mistook the excitement of their own generous feelings for conviction. The liberty of the press was the defensive weapon which they had received from the constitution, and of which they availed themselves courageously to defend it against the excesses of liberty. But revolutions desire to see arms in the hands of none except their friends, and Suleau exasperated the popular party sometimes by violent pamphlets against the Duke of Orleans, sometimes by brilliant sarcasms on the Jacobins; thus exciting against himself the feelings of the populace which knows no pity in its vengeance.

Suleau was hated by them as every tyranny hates its Tacitus. In vain the young writer displayed the order from the municipal commissioners which summoned him to the palace; he was thrown with the others into the guard-house. But his name had stirred up the passions of the mob and they now gathered in crowds demanding his head. A commissioner, mounted on some planks, harangued them, and endeavoured to avert the crime by promising justice; but Theroigne de Mericourt, dressed in her riding habit, and with a drawn sword in her hand, sprang on the platform, hurled down the commissioner and installed herself in his place. Then addressing the people, she excited their thirst for blood by her fiery words, and made them name by acclamation a set of commissioners who proceeded with her to the committee of the section to drag the victims by force from the slow forms of the law. Bonjour, the president of the section, who was ambitious of popular favour in the hope of becoming minister, forbade the national guards to resist the wishes of the people, and two hundred armed men stood by motionless while the prisoners were seized by the mob. Eleven of them had escaped by a back window, the remaining eleven were blocked up in the guard-house,

and were summoned out one by one to be murdered in the court. Some of the national guards, more humane or less cowardly than Bonjeur, wished to make an effort to resist the assassins, but Suleau exclaimed: "No, no; let me go and meet my murderers. I see that the people thirst for blood to-day, perhaps one victim will suffice them: I may yet save the others!" and he was about to leap from the window into the court-yard, if they had not restrained him.

The Abbe Bougon was seized before him. He was a dramatic writer; a man of colossal strength and arms of iron. With the energy of despair he struggled with his murderers, hurling numbers of them to the earth; but at length exhausted and overpowered, he fell, literally hewn to pieces. M. de Solminiac, one of the old guards, perished next; two others followed. Those who remained shut up in the guard-house heard the shrieks and struggles of their companions, and endured a tenfold torture. At length Suleau was summoned. He had been deprived of his grenadier's cap, his sabre and cartouch box, but his arms were free. A woman pointed him out to Theroigne de Mericourt, to whom he was not personally known, but who hated him for his celebrity, and burned to revenge herself for the cutting sarcasms of his pen which had so often held her up to public scorn. She rushes on him, seizes him by the collar, and endeavours to drag him down. But, disengaging himself, he snatches a sword from one of the assailants, clears a passage with it towards the street, and had almost escaped; but the populace rush on him again, seize him, throw him down, disarm him, and plunge the points of twenty sabres into his body. He expires at the feet of Theroigne. His murderers cut off his head and carry it as a trophy through the Rue St. Honoré.

In the evening a faithful servant of Suleau's purchased his head from the murderers, and restored the disfigured remains to his young wife, the daughter of the painter Hall, and celebrated for her beauty, to whom he had been married only two months.

During the struggle of Suleau with his assassins, two of the victims within had found means to escape. One alone

remained—the young Du Vigier, formerly a *garde-du-corps*. Nature seemed to have formed him as a perfect type of manly beauty. He arrested the attention of painters and statuaries, and even of the crowd in public places of resort. As brave as he was beautiful, he employed all the advantages derived from his height, the flexibility of his muscles, and the force and vigour of his frame, in battling against his murderers with all the power and energy of an antique wrestler. Alone and unarmed against sixty assailants, surrounded, thrown down, up again, marking the track of the struggle with his blood, till he almost wearied out the assassins, so he fought the defence of despair for a full quarter of an hour. Twice saved and twice retaken, he fell at last only from exhaustion and the pressure of numbers. His head was the trophy of the combat; and even when fixed on the point of a pike its beauty-excited general admiration. Such was the first scene of the day, and the blood spilt seemed only to excite still further the passions of the people.

The departure of the king had left the palace in a state of uncertainty and doubt. A tacit truce seemed suddenly established between assailants and defenders, and the field of battle was removed from the Tuileries to the Assembly. It was there that monarchy was doomed to rise or fall. The conquest or defence of an empty palace would have caused only a useless effusion of blood. The leaders on both sides comprehended this; nevertheless, it was difficult by the mere announcement that the king had gone to the Assembly, to turn back an immense excited mass of people, nor could the troops of the defence abandon the Tuileries to the chances of invasion without an express order from the king. He might, by a clear and precise order to capitulate, have avoided all risk of the struggle; but it was evident on leaving the palace that he had not lost all hope of returning. “We shall return soon,” were the words of the queen to the attendants she left behind her. The royal family saw in the events of the night only the preparations for a second 20th of June, and contemplated nothing more in removing to the Assembly than to force the

legislative body to undertake their defence, and assume the responsibility of the combat, while they themselves might escape the anxiety and anguish which a sight of it would cause; and the Marshal de Mailly, who had been entrusted with the command of the palace troops, had orders from the king to resist by force the violation of the royal residence.

Two sources of hope, therefore, still sustained the king and queen during the early part of the day: one, that the Assembly, touched by the abasement of royalty, and proud of affording it an asylum, would have sufficient generosity and sufficient empire over the people to bring the king back to his palace, and thus secure the triumph of the executive power: the other, that the people and the Marseillais would be defeated at the Tuileries by the Swiss and the battalions of national guards, and that the victory thus gained at the palace, would release the king from the Assembly. If such were not the hopes of the king and his ministers, is it credible that he would have allowed so much time to elapse—from seven o'clock till ten—without sending orders to the defenders to capitulate, and retire, after having received guarantees for the safety of all those whom he was now compromising by his silence? He was therefore awaiting some event, either from within or from without; his only fault was that he did not direct it. Even after he had placed the queen and his family under the protection of the Assembly, he might have returned to the palace with his escort, rallied his defenders and awaited the assault. If conqueror he would have gained the *prestige* of victory; if conquered, he could not have fallen lower in misfortune, and he would have fallen as a king.

The palace, deprived of a great portion of its military strength, and of all its moral force, by the departure of the king, seemed filled with a confused crowd of people rather than with a disciplined garrison. No one commanded, no one obeyed. Everything was left to chance or individual caprice. Some talked of joining the king at the Assembly, and dying if necessary in his defence; others of forming a column of attack to clear the Carrousel, release the royal family, and conduct them under the protection of two or

three thousand bayonets to Rambouillet, and from thence to Lafayette's army. This last plan offered the best chance of success. But every one proposed, no one executed. The hours passed away and the forces diminished. Finally, two hundred Swiss, and three hundred of the most resolute of the national guards, followed the king to the Assembly, and awaited his orders at the gates of the Manege, under the command of M. Bachmann; leaving only seven hundred Swiss, one hundred gentlemen badly armed, and about one hundred national guards, in all not more than a thousand combatants, disseminated through the numerous posts of the interior; while outside, in the courts and garden, remained but a few broken battalions, with their cannon ready to be turned against the palace. But the intrepid attitude of the Swiss, and the very aspect of the Tuileries, so often described as the focus of conspiracies and the arsenal of despotism, filled the people with a terror that made them hesitate before they attempted an attack.

At nine o'clock the gates of the Cour Royale were forced, without the national guard making any resistance. Several groups of people entered, but did not advance on the palace. They merely kept on the watch and conversed together, as if awaiting by common consent the decision of the Assembly respecting the king. The columns of the Faubourg St. Antoine had not yet arrived at the Carrousel. The moment they appeared upon the quay, Westermann ordered the Marseillais to follow them, and he himself rode first into the court, pistol in hand, and formed his troops with military precision in front of the palace. The artillery instantly sided with Westermann, and wheeled round the cannon so as to cover the gate of the Tuileries with their fire. This manœuvre was hailed with loud acclamations by the people, who embraced the gunners, shouting "Down with the Swiss! The Swiss must yield to the people!" But the Swiss heard these shouts and beheld these gestures unmoved. Discipline and honour seemed to have turned them to stone. The sentinels on duty under the arch of the peristyle, passed and repassed with the same measured step as if they had been on guard in the silent

and deserted courts of Versailles; and each time that in their alternating promenade they advanced near the crowd, the people fell back intimidated upon the Marseillais; but when they disappeared under the vestibule they rushed forward again towards the palace. Gradually, however, the multitude gained courage and advanced by degrees, until fifty of the boldest men of the faubourgs at last made good their entrance as far as the foot of the grand staircase. Upon this the Swiss fell back upon the landing place and the steps, which were separated from the peristyle by a wooden barricade, leaving only one sentinel outside, with orders not to fire, no matter what provocation he received. Blood was not to be spilled lightly, and he must endure all patiently.

This forbearance of the Swiss guard encouraged the assailants, and the combat at last commenced in jest: laughter was the prelude to death. Some of the populace, who were armed with long pikes terminated by a curved blade, hooked these into the belt or some part of the uniform of the sentinel, and drew him over to them by force, amid the loud laughter of the mob, who immediately disarmed their prisoner. Five times the Swiss replaced their sentinel, and five times did the people effect his capture; until, encouraged by the sight of these disarmed soldiers and the loud acclamations of the conquerors, the mob rushed furiously through the arch, and seizing the Swiss prisoners from the hands of their first captors, beat out their brains with clubs in presence of their comrades. A shot was fired at the same moment, either from the court or from a window. Some say it was the musket of a Swiss soldier, others, the pistol of a Marseillais; but this shot was the signal for the engagement.

Immediately the Swiss commanders, M. Turler, and M. Castelberg, formed their soldiers in fighting order behind the barrier: some on the staircase, others on the steps of the chapel alone, and the remainder on the double staircase which leads from the chapel to the guard-room—a formidable position, which enabled them to sweep the vestibule with a cross fire from the five positions. The first volley covered the floor of the peristyle with dead and wounded, for the crowd, pressed on by those without, were unable to

retreat. One soldier selected for his aim a man of gigantic height and enormous size, who had just murdered with his own hands four of the disarmed sentinels, and the assassin fell dead upon the body of his victims. The terrified crowd now fled in disorder to the Carrousel, and a volley was fired on them from the windows, which was returned by the cannon of the people; but the balls were ill-directed, and only struck the roof. The Cour Royale was evacuated and remained strewn with muskets, pikes, and grenadier's caps. The fugitives glided and crept along the walls under shelter of the sentry-boxes of the mounted sentinels, or threw themselves on the ground feigning death, while the artillery abandoned their pieces, and were borne along in the general panic.

At this sight the Swiss descended the grand staircase in a body, and divided into two columns; one commanded by M. de Salis, sallied forth by the garden gate to capture three pieces of cannon which were at the door of the Manege, and bring them to the Tuileries. The other, to the number of one hundred and twenty men, under the orders of Captain Turler, passing over the dead bodies of their comrades, entered the Cour Royale. The mere appearance of the soldiers cleared the court, and they took possession of the six pieces of cannon it contained, and brought them safely under the arch of the vestibule; but neither matches nor ammunition were to be had.

Captain Turler seeing the court cleared, entered the Carrousel by the Porte Royale, formed his battalion into a square, and opened a running fire upon the three sides where the people were congregated. The mob, the Federates, and the Marseillais, fell back upon the quays and the streets in terror, giving a reflux movement to the entire mass of the people, which was communicated as far as the Hotel de Ville, and the Boulevards.

While these two columns retreated from the Carrousel, eighty Swiss, and about a hundred gentlemen volunteers, formed themselves spontaneously into columns in another wing of the palace, descended by the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora, and flew to the succour of their comrades. In crossing the Cour des Princes to reach the Cour Royale,

from whence proceeded the noise of the fusillade, a discharge of cannon opened on them from the Porte des Princes, killed several, and shattered the walls and windows of the queen's apartments. Though reduced to one hundred and fifty combatants, the column faced round, charged up to the cannons, took them, entered the Carrousel, silenced the fire of the Marseillais, and returned to the Tuileries by the Porte Royale. Then the two corps uniting their forces, took possession of the cannon, and carrying their wounded with them, they entered the palace.

Here they placed their wounded under the vestibule of the chateau, upon chairs and sofas, having first removed the dead bodies of the insurgents which choked up the pavement of the peristyle and deluged the steps and columns with blood. M. de Salis, on his side, had also succeeded in capturing two pieces of cannon in the garden; but his troop, exposed to a cross fire from the battalions of the national guards that occupied the terrace next the river, and also that of the Feuillants, had left thirty men out of a hundred, dead or dying on the ground. Not a single shot had been fired by them in answer to the unexpected attack of the national guard. Discipline overcame even the instinct of self-preservation; their orders were to die for the king, and they died without firing upon a French uniform.

Had the Swiss been supported by a few cavalry at the time that they cleared the Carrousel by their sudden sortie from the Tuileries, the insurrection could have been easily and completely quelled. The nine hundred mounted gendarmerie, posted at the Louvre since the previous night, would have been more than sufficient to spread disorder and dismay amongst the confused and ill-armed masses of the people; but this corps was already wavering in its obedience to its officers, and from the moment the Marseillais reached the Carrousel, displayed every symptom of insubordination.

As the armed bands passed along the quays and invited them to follow, they cheered, and waved their caps with shouts of *Vive la Nation!* and when the cannonnade resounded from the Carrousel they sprang to their horses, declaring

they would not remain shut up there to be massacred. The Marshal de Mailly having sent orders for them to make a sortie by squadrons, and charge Santerre's army on the quay, while another troop should drive back the people to the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Champs Elysees, M. de Rulbieres, who commanded the gendarmerie, assembled the officers and communicated the orders. They all declared that the troops could not be relied on, and in order to avoid the evil example of a public defection, it would be better, they thought, to remove them entirely from the scene of action. "Cowards that you are," exclaimed one of the officers to his troop, "if you only want to run, go to the Champs Elysees, there is room enough there." During this general indecision the crowd of fugitives, driven from the Carrousel by the fire of the Swiss, rushed into the court of the Louvre, threw themselves between the ranks, and amongst the horses, exclaiming, "They are massacring our brothers!" At these cries a panic seized the gendarmerie, who dashed through the gate leading to the Rue du Coq, and fled precipitately on all sides through the streets adjoining the Palais Royal.

The Swiss were conquerors, the courts empty, the cannons retaken, and silence reigned around the Tuileries. The Swiss reloaded their pieces, and formed into rank again at the command of their officers. The gentlemen surrounding the Marshal de Mailly, conjured him to unite all the disposable forces at the palace into a column of attack, march them to the Manège with cannon, rally the five hundred men of the king's escort, still in line upon the terrace of the Feuillants, summon the two hundred Swiss remaining in barracks at Courbevoie, and gaining possession of the royal family, lead them in safety from Paris under the protection of this powerful column. The Princess de Lamballe, the queen's ladies, the servants of the palace, all pressed eagerly to the windows with their eyes fixed upon the door of the Manège, expecting every moment to see the royal party issue from it, saved, liberated, and restored to the Tuileries by the victory of the Swiss.

Vain hope! This victory without result was only one of those short intervals granted to victims not for triumph, but as a breathing space before the inevitable catastrophe.

The cannon of the Marseillais, and the responsive fire of the Swiss troops, which shook the vaulted roof of the Manège, filled with varied and tumultuous feelings the hearts of those whose life, throne, opinions, and destiny were thus at issue but a few paces distant from the hall in which they were prisoners. The king, queen, and Madame Elizabeth, along with the few devoted friends shut up with them in the reporters' gallery, could not surely prevent an involuntary prayer arising from the depths of their souls, for the triumph of the defenders whose victory would not only restore them to safety but to a crown. If, however, this secret joy was in their hearts, their countenances expressed only a mournful alarm. They controlled their feelings before their enemies, even before God himself, lest there might be sin in a joy which was connected with the shedding of blood. Their features were still, their hearts closed, their souls suspended on the events of the combat outside: pale, and in silence, they listened to the struggle that was deciding the destiny of a king.

But the roar of the cannon and fire of musketry approached nearer and nearer. The windows shook with the vibration of the passing balls, cries of horror and alarm resounded from the tribunes. Then an expression of anger and solemn intrepidity diffused itself over the faces of the deputies, who, while listening to the cannon, glanced with indignation at the king; and Vergniaud, stern and calm as patriotism, covered his face in silence as a sign of mourning. At this movement, which interpreted by a sign the feelings of the Assembly, all the members rose by an electrical impulse, and with one voice cried "*Vive la Nation!*" The king rose in his turn, and announced that he had sent orders to the Swiss to cease firing and return to their barracks. M. d'Hervilly immediately departed to carry this order to the palace. The deputies re-seated themselves, and awaited for some minutes in silence the effect of the king's orders.

All at once a volley of musketry was heard close to the hall. This was the fire from the battalion of national guards on the terrace of the Feuillants upon the troops of M. de Salis; but shouts arose from the tribunes that the Swiss were at the gates, coming to massacre the representatives of the nation. Hasty footsteps, and the clash of arms were heard in the passages, and several armed men tried to force an entrance into the hall. Some of the bravest of the deputies threw themselves in front of the door and repulsed them. Every one believed that the victorious Swiss had come to sacrifice the Assembly to their vengeance, but no movement of terror disgraced the nation as represented in their persons. The enthusiasm of liberty seemed to kindle in their breasts a sort of funereal joy. "Now is the moment," exclaimed Vergniaud, "to show ourselves worthy of the people who have placed us here, by dying at our posts: at this extreme crisis of our fate, let us all swear to live or die free!"

At these words the entire Assembly rose; every hand was uplifted, every lip uttered the oath. The tribunes, excited by the heroism of the deputies, rose also, exclaiming, "And we, too, swear to die with you!" The spectators, and even the journalists and reporters beside the king, started up and waved their hats, thus associating themselves by an irresistible impulse with this noble acceptance of death for the cause of liberty. It was no vain defiance flung in the teeth of danger; the result of the combat was uncertain; death thundered over their heads and stormed at their gates. Had it entered then, it would have struck them in the pride and joy of their noble resolve; but the Swiss officers retired, the firing slackened and died away. Still every arm was extended, every glance was defiant, the danger was passed, but the attitude of resistance remained. The fire of enthusiasm seemed to have transfixed them as they stood, as if petrified! History will repeat this scene whenever she would make the cradle of liberty respected, or recall the idea of a nation's heroism.

The Swiss who had occasioned this commotion were officers of the king's escort, seeking a refuge in the hall of

Assembly from the fire of the battalions posted on the terrace of the Feuillants. They were admitted to the court of the Manege, and disarmed there by order of the king.

During this scene M. d'Hervilly succeeded in reaching the palace through all the firing, just as M. de Salis entered with the captured cannon. "Gentlemen!" he shouted, from the top of the garden terrace, as soon as he was near enough for his voice to be heard, "the king commands you all to proceed to the National Assembly immediately;" and then added of himself, thinking it would serve the king, "along with your cannon." At this order Captain Turler collected about two hundred of his soldiers, wheeled a gun from the vestibule into the garden, but endeavoured in vain to charge it; then commenced his march to the Assembly, without the other exterior posts being informed of his retreat in time to allow them to follow him. Exposed to the fire of the national guards during the transit, the column reached the court of the Manege broken and in disorder; from thence they were admitted into the hall of Assembly, where they laid down their arms. Mean while the Marseillais, who had been informed of the retreat of the Swiss and the defection of the gendarmerie, returned a second time to the charge; while the masses from the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau filled the courts, Westermann and Santerre at their head, who, pointing with their sabres to the grand staircase, incited the mob to the assault with the chant of "*Ca ira.*" The sight of their dead comrades lying in the Carrousel had maddened them with a desire for vengeance. They looked upon the Swiss only as hired assassins, and swore to deluge the courts and the palace with the blood of the foreigners. Pikes and bayonets poured in like a torrent under the lofty arches of the peristyle; other columns wheeling round the Tuileries entered the garden by the Port Royale and the Manege, and gathered beneath the walls. Six pieces of cannon brought from the Hotel de Ville, and placed at the angles of the adjacent streets, poured their volleys of grape and ball upon the palace. The few feeble detachments within, scattered through the different apartments, endeavoured to rally and take up the most effective position. Eighty men grouped themselves on the steps of

the grand staircase, and from thence opened a cross fire upon the vestibule, which laid prostrate four hundred Marseillais.

But the bodies of their comrades served the assailants as steps whereby to scale the position of the Swiss. Step by step they ascended, the Swiss slowly retreating, and leaving a line of their brave soldiers upon every stair. Gradually their fire diminished with their numbers, but all fired till they fell, and the last musket-shot announced the death of the last man.

Eighty corpses blocked up the staircase. From that moment the combat became a massacre. The Marseillais and Federates rushed into the apartments, immolating every Swiss they met to their vengeance. Some attempted to defend themselves, but only increased thereby the fury of their murderers and the horrible tortures of their death; the greater number laid down their arms before the people, and throwing themselves on their knees, extended their heads for the blow, or begged for their life, but they were seized by the legs and arms and flung alive out of the window. A small band of seventeen took refuge in the sacristy of the chapel. They were discovered. In vain they showed their muskets to the people to prove that they had not been fired during the day. They were disarmed, stripped, and massacred amid shouts of "*Vive la Nation!*" Not one escaped.

Those who occupied the pavilion of Flora, and the queen's apartments at the time of the attack, now formed into column: two hundred gentlemen and a few national guards, under the command of the Marshal de Mailly, making in all a body of about five hundred combatants, attempted to obey the king's commands by evacuating the palace in military order, and proceeding to surrender their arms to the Assembly; but the adjacent court was blocked up by masses of people and swept by cannon. A sortie by the garden was however still practicable, although exposed to the fire of the battalions of the faubourgs who occupied the Port Royale and the terrace by the river. The column, therefore, took this direction, but on reaching the queen's gate opening into the garden they found it locked. In vain

they tried to force it; it resisted their most desperate efforts. At length they succeeded in removing one of the massive iron bars, using their bayonets as levers, and thus effected an opening, but one so small that the column could only pass through man by man. It was by this aperture that five hundred soldiers, gentlemen, and national guards were to make good their retreat, picked out singly and at their leisure by the muskets of the two battalions of the people. Nevertheless they did not hesitate: the shrieks of their comrades in the rear whom the mob were murdering, made them prefer the chance of speedy death from a musket ball, to the slow and horrible tortures of such a massacre. The first seven who crossed the opening fell dead, the others jumped over their bodies and rushed into the garden, but the red uniform of the Swiss made them an easy mark for the fire of the battalions. The gentlemen escaped better. The balls struck the foreigner but spared the Frenchman. All the Swiss were either killed or wounded during the flight; but of the gentlemen volunteers only two fell, M. Clermont d'Amboise, and M. de Casteja. The others reached the trees, which partially protected them, received a close volley from the post of national guards in the centre of the garden, left thirty dead in the grand avenue, and arrived at last at the gate of the Manège. There the Duke de Choiseul in the name of the king, bravely put himself at their head, rallied them, and sword in hand led them into the hall of the Assembly to be placed under the safeguard of the nation.

The remainder of the fugitive troops of the palace hoped to effect their escape by the Pont Tournant; and succeeded in reaching it under cover of the trees, the trunks of which were torn by the showers of balls; but a volley from the bridge threw them back upon the Orangery. Sixty Swiss and fifteen gentlemen choked up with their dead bodies the edge of the grand basin beneath the statue of Cæsar. A great number of others, wounded by the balls, or struck by the falling branches of the chestnut trees, escaped down the grand avenue, marking their track with blood. MM. de Virieu and de Lamartine were of this number. Having reached the foot of the terrace of the Orangery they

deliberated, still under the fire of their assailants, and divided into two companies, each guided by a different resolve. One determined to obey the king and proceed to the Assembly; the other, to brave the cannon of the Pont Tournant, gain the Champs Elysées and unite with the squadron of gendarmerie drawn up there in line. Those who proceeded to the Assembly were received, disarmed, sent afterwards to the prisons of Paris, and there massacred on the 2d of September. The others perished in the Champs Elysees and the Place Louis XV. by the sabres of the gendarmerie, who joined the people in the work of murder. A few found shelter in the cellars of the Rue St. Florentin, and Rue Royale, and especially in the Hotel of the Venetian ambassador Pisani, who braved death in order to save the lives of these unknown fugitives. Some others seized a piece of cannon, guarded only by a feeble detachment, near the Bridge of Louis XV. and attempted to protect their retreat by it; but a charge of gendarmerie retook the gun and drove the royalists into the Seine. M. de Villiers, who had recently been major in this corps, thinking the gendarmerie were advancing to their assistance, sprang forward, crying—"Help, comrades!" but one of the officers recognising him, instantly presented his pistol and shot him through the head. The others were finished with sabre-thrusts.

The retreat of the feeble remnant of the defenders was merely a series of individual escapes. Some flung away their arms and uniform, and mingled with the masses of the people; others, with pistol in hand, forced a passage down to the river's edge, seized some empty boats, and crossing the Seine, plunged into the woods of Issy and Meudon. There they owed their lives to the hospitality of the poor villagers who knew nothing of civil discords. Hospitality is the charity of the poor. Some of the fugitives concealed themselves in the small by-streets off the Champs Elysees, or scaled the palisade and garden walls.

One of these detachments of Swiss, to the number of thirty, headed by a young page of Marie Antoinette's, threw themselves into the court of the Hotel de la Marine, at the corner of the Rue Royale. In vain the page represented that, if attacked in the narrow enclosure, they must all perish.

His companions were obstinate, and trusted to the generosity of the people. A group of eight Federates appeared at the gate. The Swiss passed out one by one, throwing down their muskets in the hope of softening their enemies by this token of submission from the vanquished to the conquerors. "Cowards!" cried one of the Federates, "you have only surrendered from fear; you shall have no quarter!" and as he spoke, he plunged his pike into the breast of one of the Swiss, while he shot down another with his pistol; then cutting off their heads with his sabre, flung them to his comrades to be borne as trophies.

This sight restored to the indignant Swiss the energy of despair. Cheered on by the voice of the page, they made another sortie, seized their muskets again, and poured a volley on the Federates, killing seven out of the eight; but a fresh party of Federates advanced with cannon, which they pointed at the gate, fired, and twenty-three out of the twenty-seven soldiers fell dead. The four others, along with the page, glided under cover of the smoke into a cellar belonging to the hotel. There they buried themselves in the wet sand, and so escaped the vigilant search of the enemy. Night fell. The porter of the hotel, who alone knew the secret of their hiding-place, brought them food and covering, chafed their frozen limbs, which were numbed and swollen by the cold and humidity of the vault, procured them other garments less liable to detection, and cut off their hair and mustachios. Thus disguised, they passed out one by one, and effected their escape.

Sixty others, who had marched off in good order towards the barracks at Courbevoie, under command of their officers, were surrounded by gendarmerie and brought back to the Hotel de Ville. On reaching the Place de Greve they were murdered by their escort to the last man, amid the acclamations of the people, and in the sight of the council of the commune. Thirty men, commanded by M. Forestier de Saint Venant, a mere youth, were surrounded in like manner at the Place Louis XV. but seeing death was inevitable, they determined at least to have vengeance, and dashing furiously with fixed bayonets at the post of gendarmerie and artillery, near the statue of Louis XV. suc-

ceeded in putting them to rout. Three times they carried this position, three times reinforcements arrived and closed nearer and nearer round these thirty men. One by one they fell, slowly decimated by the fire that encircled them. At last but ten remained; they forced a passage to the Champs Elysees, fought from tree to tree, and so died. Their young commander, St. Venant, left alone and unwounded, rushed to scale a garden wall, but a mounted gendarme leaped the fosse that separated the promenade from the road, and shot him dead with his carbine.

The young Charles d'Autichamp, while escaping alone from the palace by the Rue de l'Echelle, is arrested by two Federates of Brest. With each hand he fires a pistol at their heads and kills both. But the mob surround him, seize him, and drag him to the Place de Gréve to be murdered there. It was the moment when the massacre of the sixty Swiss was taking place. A movement of the crowd separates him from his guards, but they endeavour to recapture him. He snatches up a bayonet lying near, stabs the national guard who is holding him by the collar, wounds or threatens every one who approaches, rushes into a house the door of which happened to be lying open, mounts the stairs, leaps out on the roof, from thence descends by another house to the street lying at the back, flings away his weapon, composes his features, and finally escapes from the vengeance of ten thousand arms. The old Viscount de Breuve, a man of eighty years, and who had been a member of the first Assembly, was not so fortunate. Wounded at the palace, he fled, endeavouring to hide the wound, but was betrayed by the blood trickling down his cheek, and murdered on the steps of the church of St. Roch.

While the remnant of the royalist force was thus scattered or perishing outside, the implacable populace mounted to the assault of the apartments over the mingled corpses of the Swiss and Marseillais to satiate their vengeance in the interior. Nobles, pages, priests, librarians, valets, servants, every one they met, seemed in their eyes an accomplice in the crimes of royalty. The very walls inspired emotions of horror and revenge, mute witnesses as they were of all

the plots of the clergy, the aristocracy, and the court, from the massacres of St. Bartholomew to the treasons of the Austrian committee, and the perfidious volleys of the foreign satellites who had dared to assassinate the people. They longed to wash out blood with blood. It flowed every where. They trod only upon corpses; but even death did not satisfy their ferocious rage. It survived the life of the victim; degrading them below the level of brutes, who kill but do not mangle their prey. Scarcely had the victims fallen beneath the steel of the Marseillais, when a band of wretches rushed on the corpses, which were thrown to them out of the windows, stripped them of their garments and cut off the head or tore out the heart, to carry as a trophy amid the laughter and derision of their comrades. No one defended himself: the field of battle had become a slaughter-house. Another set of ruffians, brandishing pikes and knives, spread through the apartments, up the private staircases, through all the obscure chambers, winding along every stage of the immense palace, bursting in the doors, breaking up the flooring, destroying the furniture and flinging all the exquisite objects of art and luxury from the windows, destroying for the sake of destroying, mutilating from hatred; seeking not plunder, but ruin; devastation not pillage. Even in their ferocity the people would have blushed to seek aught but the lives of their enemies; they thirsted for blood not for gold, and displayed their hands with pride, streaming indeed with gore, but empty. Some vulgar thieves, detected in the very act of appropriating some of the spoil, were hung upon the spot by the people. The enthusiasm which fired them made them punish as a crime every thought which was not directed to vengeance or liberty. Amidst all their fury and brutality they still remembered the dignity of their cause. Steeped in murders, revelling in the aspect of tortures, the masses still respected in themselves the combatants of freedom. Pictures, statues, vases, books, porcelain, mirrors, the *chefs d'œuvre* of every art, lay torn, crushed, stamped upon, shivered to fragments or burned to cinders; all that remained was a heap of dust and ashes. Nothing escaped entire except one picture in the king's bedchamber, a representation of Melancholy, by Fetti, as if the emblem

of the sadness and vanity of all human things, was the only monument fated to survive the destiny of palaces and dynasties.

The queen's ladies and attendants, along with the Princess de Tarente, the young Pauline de Tourzel, daughter of the Marchioness de Tourzel, governess to the royal children, with Mesdames de Laroche-Aymon and de Ginestous, had been assembled since the commencement of the combat in the queen's apartments. From thence they had listened in breathless terror to the roar of the cannon, the assault of the people, the sortie of the Swiss, the shouts of momentary victory followed by the second yet more terrible assault; the cries, the silence, the flight of the victims over their heads as the mob pursued them through the gallery of the Carracci, the falling bodies as they were flung over the balconies into the court below, and the yells of the crowd beneath their windows. During those three hours they seemed to die a thousand times. But the mob had not yet discovered the place of their retreat; it could be reached only by the private staircase leading from the king's apartment, or from the Princes' staircase, now completely blocked up by the corpses of the Marseillais.

One of the roaming bands of assassins, however, lighted by chance on the opening to the private staircase, and instantly darted down it. On each landing-place were rooms appropriated to the servants, male and female, belonging to the domestic service of their majesties. Every door is shattered by axes and hatchets as they pass along. The queen's heiduques are murdered. Madame Campan, her favourite waiting woman, with two others, throw themselves at the feet of the assassins, and clasp their hands wildly round the sabres lifted to strike them. "What are you doing?" cried a Marseillais, from the top of the stairs. "We are not come to kill women!" "Rise, poor wretches; the nation grants you life," responded a man with a long beard, who had just finished murdering a heiduque. He placed the three women upon a high bench in the embrasure of a window, from whence all the people could see

and hear them, telling them to cry, *Vive la Nation!* The mob replied with shouts and clapping of hands.

Two grooms of the king's chamber, MM. Sallas and Marchais, could have escaped by yielding their post to the assailants, but preferred death to violating their oath. Drawing their swords and pressing their hats firmly over their brows, "Here is our post," said they to the Marseillais, "and we shall fall upon the threshold we have sworn to defend." A groom of the queen's chamber, named Diet, with inflexible honour, though left the last at the door of the apartment where the ladies were sheltered, fought defending it till he died. His corpse, prostrate on the threshold, still served it as a rampart. The Princess de Tarente, hearing the fall of this last faithful guardian, then advanced and opened the door herself to the Marseillais. Their leader, struck by her courage and dignity in the presence of death, restrained his troop for an instant, while the princess leading forward the young and beautiful Pauline de Tourzel, who had been confided to her care by the marchioness, said to the Marseillais, "Strike me, but save the honour and life of this young girl. She is a sacred trust I have sworn to restore to her mother. Give her back her daughter and take my blood."

The Marseillais, softened, saved all the women, and respectfully assisted them over the piles of dead bodies that choked up the ante-chamber and the corridors. Some of the mob, in sacking the apartment, had broken the cistern which supplied the queen's marble baths, and the water mixed with blood now inundated the floors, and stained the feet and the long garments of the fugitives; but they traversed the palace in safety, and being confided to the care of some of the men of the people, were led by them secretly along the river as far as the bridge of Louis XVI. from whence they reached their families in safety.

The pursuit of the victims who endeavoured to escape death by concealment lasted for three hours. Cellars, kitchens, vaults, and subterranean passages flowed with blood. Even the roofs dripped gore. Several Swiss, who had hidden themselves in the stables under a heap of forage, were

suffocated or burned alive. The mob wished to make one immense bonfire of the Tuileries; and already the stables, guard-house, and out-offices that surrounded the court, were in flames. Piles of pictures, furniture, books, and whatever else they could lay their hands on, flamed in the Carrousel. Deputations from the Assembly and the commune with difficulty preserved the Louvre and the Tuileries. It seemed to the people as if tyranny would return sooner or later as long as this palace was left standing. It was a memorial of their servitude, and they would have cast it down, so that no trace of it should exist in the city of the free. Not being able to consume the stones, they satiated their vengeance upon men. All the citizens who were notorious for loyalty, or who were even suspected of pitying the king in his fall, were sought out and murdered. The most innocent and most illustrious of these victims was M. Clermont Tonnerre.

One of the earliest apostles of political reform, a popular aristocrat, an eloquent orator of the first Assembly, he had only paused in the revolution at the limits of the monarchy. The equilibrium of three powers in the state was his ideal of perfection, and he thought he beheld this chimera realised in the British constitution. The revolution, however, which only thought of displacing, not of balancing powers, repudiated him, as it had outstripped Mounier, Malouet, and Mirabeau himself. The revolutionists hated him even more than others, because they had trusted him farther. When principles rise to the pitch of fury moderation becomes treason. M. Clermont Tonnerre was accused, on the morning of the 10th of August, of having a depot of arms in his hotel; and a troop of the insurgents having arrested him, he was conducted to the section of the Croix Rouge, to give an account of the snares he was laying for the people. An examination of his house, however, proved the falsity of the accusation, and he was carried back in triumph to his dwelling by the populace. But the assassins, still raging for blood, trembled to see even one victim escape them. Led on by a dismissed servant to the murder of his former master, they surrounded him while returning home. In vain he addressed them with the most perfect coolness and

self-possession; a shot fired at his face choked his words with blood. He rushed for shelter into the door of an hotel in the Rue Vaugirard, which was lying open, and succeeded in reaching the fourth story. The murderers followed and despatched him upon the staircase, and then dragged the bleeding body to the street, where it was finally abandoned to the pity of his friends. Hacked and mutilated by the ignoble weapons of a mob, which disfigure what they kill, the young wife of the victim recognised the corpse of her husband only by his dress.

Scarcely had the victory of the people been decided, when Westermann, covered with dust and blood, hastened to Danton's house, accompanied by some of the heroes of the day, to receive the congratulations due to his triumph. Danton embraced him. Camille Desmoulins, Marat, and Fabre d'Eglantine followed, hailing him as their chief, and receiving his instructions for the coming night. The women wept with joy at seeing their husbands return victorious and in safety from the murderous cannon of the Swiss. Danton alone seemed thoughtful, and lost in reverie, as if, confounded and half repentant at the victory, he now hesitated what course to pursue. Danton, however, was one of those men who let events decide for them. His fortune dated from that day: the next he was minister.

Robespierre, always careful, not of his person but of his fortunes, had kept himself concealed during the conspiracy and the combat, but appeared in the evening at the council of the commune, where he was greeted by his disciples Huguenin, Sergent, and Panis, as the statesman of the crisis and the organiser of victory. Marat too, quitted the cellar where he had lain buried for the last few eventful days, and promenaded the streets of Paris with a drawn sabre in his hand, and a crown of laurel upon his head, surrounded by a group of fanatics and a column of the Federates of Brest, who proclaimed him commissary of his section, in the name of his rags, his dungeon, and his fury.

Tallien, Callot d'Herbois, Billant-Varennes, Camille Desmoulins, all the chiefs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, in

short all the heads, the voices, and the hands of the people, rushed to the commune, and changed it from a municipal council into the provisional government of a nation. Fabre d'Eglantine, Legendre, and others of equal note for extreme opinions, were added to their number, and the council thus formed was the germ of *The Convention*. Henceforth, they gave orders but received none. They assumed at once the functions and the power of a dictatorial government.

The Assembly, meanwhile, was engaged in passing the important decrees by which the king's power was suspended, the ministers replaced by Danton, Lebrun, and Monge the mathematician, and a National Convention resolved on to decide the question of the king's dethronement.

The sitting was not suspended until two o'clock in the morning, and during all that time, the royal family had remained in the reporter's box. God alone can measure the duration of those sixteen hours as they appeared to the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children. The suddenness of their fall, the prolonged uncertainty, the vicissitudes of fear and hope, the battle, of which they were the objects, raging at the very doors, though they were unable to see the combatants; the cannon and pealing musquetry vibrating through their hearts as the sounds approached or died away again, like hope which mocks the dying; thoughts of their friends abandoned to the dangers of the palace; the sombre future which each minute deepened before them like an abyss that none could fathom; the impossibility of acting at a moment when every feeling rose tumultuously in agitation; the impassible attitude which at the same time they were obliged to preserve; fear, joy, despair, and hope, mingled together, and, as the climax of their suffering, the implacable eyes of their enemies fixed constantly upon them, seeking to detect a crime in their emotion or to gloat over their anguish—all conspired to make these long hours the real death-struggle of royalty. The fall was long, profound, and terrible, from the throne to the scaffold, but its bitterness was never so much felt as then. It is the first blow which agonizes; the rest deaden while they kill.

To these tortures of the soul were added those of the body. Flung into this narrow prison after a night of sleepless watching, inhaling for sixteen hours the burning breath of three or four thousand people, crowded and pressed upon in the box and from the passages, suffocating, fainting, exhausted with heat and thirst, and suffering for each other as well as for themselves, who can doubt but that the unhappy royal family drained on that one day the cup of the people's long hoarded vengeance to the very dregs.

With the exception of the mechanical and almost spasmodic appetite which the king had satisfied at the commencement of the day, no nourishment passed their lips during this long interval. Even the children seemed to have forgotten hunger. Occasionally some commiserating deputy sent them fruit or glasses of iced water; but the queen and Madame Elizabeth scarcely touched them with their lips. The king alone absorbed all their faculties and thoughts. Leaning on the front of the box, he seemed already familiarized with his position, and calmly contemplated the proceedings as if gazing on a drama. He criticised the motions and the votes with a clear judgment and a perfect disinterestedness, which showed how little his thoughts were occupied with himself; and spoke of his own acts as of those of some king who had lived a thousand years before, or as he would have discussed the disputes between Charles I. Cromwell, and the Long Parliament. Occasionally he addressed the deputies nearest him in a low voice, among others Calon, Coustard, and Vergniaud, and listened without even changing colour to the invectives launched against him, and to the decree of his suspension. The fall of his crown did not cause him a single movement of the head; a secret joy even seemed to light up his features amid the gravity and solemnity of the moment. He breathed freely, as if a weight had been lifted from his mind. Empire had been to him a task more than a pride, and in his degradation he at least anticipated rest.

Madame Elizabeth, insensible to the political catastrophe, sought only to diffuse a beam of serenity through the gloom. With the queen's hand in hers, condolence in her smile, and

affection glistening through her tears, she seemed to the king and queen like some bright ray of heaven on which their eyes might rest in peace and confidence, after scenes of so much hatred and horror. One soul that loves, one voice that pities, can compensate for the hate and outrages of an entire people. She was Pity visible and incarnate by the side of agony and torture.

The queen had been sustained at first by her hopes of the defeat of the insurgents. Excited like a hero at the first peal of the cannon, intrepid during the vociferations of the tribunes, her glance braved them, and her haughty lip curled with disdain. Incessantly she turned inquiring glances towards the officers of their guard, minutely questioning them respecting the issue of the fight, the prospects of the Swiss, the fate of the Tuileries and the friends she had left there, above all the Princess de Lamballe. Trembling with indignation, but without changing colour, she had listened to the massacre of Suleau in the court of the Feuillants, to the yells of the assassins, the fusillade of the battalions at the very door of the Assembly, and the tumultuous rush of the mob to gain access to the passages that they might murder her where she sat. Still no trace of fear was visible on her countenance.

While the combat lasted she seemed only to feel its excitement and agitation. But at the last peal of cannon that announced the victory of the people, at the sight of her jewels and portfolios carried in from the wreck of the Tuileries, and laid upon the table of the hall, thus profaning before her very eyes the adornments of her person and the secrets of her heart, she sunk into a proud, silent, motionless despondency; crushing the agony of defeat in her heart, not accepting it calmly and resignedly like the king. Her rank was part of herself: to fall from it was death. The decree of suspension pronounced by Vergniaud fell like a blow of the axe upon her head. She closed her eyes for a moment and seemed endeavouring to gather strength to meet her humiliation; then pride shone on her brow like another diadem, and she rose haughtily above the level of the assaults of her enemies by the immoveable dignity with which she received them.

Fifty chosen and devoted men had formed themselves into a guard immediately around the royal family. The Prince de Poix, the Duke de Choiseul, MM. Aubier, D'Affry, D'Aubigny, De Viomenil, and Carl, commander of the gendarmerie, along with a few personal servants of the king, stood beside him, attentive to his slightest orders, ever ready to serve him, and willing even to die, so that their bodies might form a last rampart to protect him from the outrages of the people. These generous sympathizers in the dangers and sufferings of the royal family, communicated to them in a low voice all that passed without; for their uniform as national guards, or officers of the army, gave them the privilege of mixing with the members of the Assembly, and the information thus obtained was brought back privately to the king.

Towards six o'clock, the ministers who had been dismissed by a decree of the Assembly, took a mournful leave of the king, and withdrew to resign the seals of office and prepare themselves for appearing next day before the high court of Orleans. Shortly afterwards D'Affry, commandant of the Swiss, was summoned by the council of the commune, and from thence dragged to the Abbey.

D'Aubigny, happening to be in the midst of the crowd who were destroying the statues of the kings in the Place Louis XV. and having expressed his indignation by his countenance, was killed upon the very monument whose profanation he deplored. The Duke de Choiseul twice risked his life in attempting to rally the Swiss, and then effect his return in order to protect the king with his sword. A moment afterwards a great uproar was heard at the door of the Assembly, and the king turning round, anxiously demanded the cause of the tumult. Carl, commander of the gendarmerie of Paris, immediately hastened out to ascertain, but did not return. The king had just turned again to receive his answer when he heard with horror of his death. The queen covered her face with both hands. Every order they gave was fatal to their friends; already there was a void around them. Massacre was steadily decimating their defenders, and death each time struck nearer and nearer to their hearts.

How many hearts that had throbbed with devotion to them in the morning were hushed in death at night! The obscurity of the hall, lighted up at intervals by the reflection of the burning pyres in the court of the Tuileries, lent an additional sombre colouring to their thoughts. Night and gloom reigned around them, and the silence of the grave, broken only by the rapid movements of the reporter's pens as they noted down, minute by minute, the words, gestures, and emotions of the Assembly. By the flaring light of the candles placed upon their table, the members could see the young dauphin sleeping on the bosom of the queen, while they were passing the decrees which deprived him of empire, liberty, and life.

An hour after midnight the inspectors of the hall arrived to conduct the king and his family to the apartments which had been hastily prepared for their reception, as soon as the decree of dethronement had been promulgated.

Several members of the Assembly, and the detachment of the national guards who had watched over them since the morning, formed this escort, while an officer of the king's household took the young dauphin in his arms and carried him, still fast asleep, behind the queen.

The place thus selected for their temporary residence was the upper floor of the old monastery of the Feuillants, above the bureaux and committee-rooms of the Assembly, and had much more the appearance of a cloister or a prison than of a palace. The suite of rooms, four in number, opened upon a gloomy corridor which gave access to the monks' cells, and not having been dwelt in since the destruction of the monastic orders, they were completely unfurnished, and as desolate in appearance as a house long since deserted by its inhabitants. The architect of the Assembly, on receiving orders to prepare them for the king's reception, had hastily removed there some few articles of furniture from his own house, consisting merely of four wooden bedsteads, without tops, for the king and queen and their children, one or two chairs and a dining-table. A few mattresses laid upon the brick floor, served as beds for the Princess Elizabeth and the Marchioness de Tourzel. Thus prisoned by the conquer-

ing people on the very field of battle, at the gates of their own sacked and devastated palace, the royal family saw in the naked walls of their abode a foretaste of their future dungeon! The Prince de Poix, the Duke de Choiseul, and some other gentlemen occupied the outer room, which served as an ante-chamber. Wrapping themselves in their cloaks, they lay down at the door of the king's apartment, and watched the last over his slumbers.

The king threw himself, half dressed, upon the bed in the second room, but unprovided with any articles necessary for his toilette, he was obliged to fold a napkin around his head, which was unsheltered by any curtain. The queen slept along with her children in the adjoining apartment, and Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Tourzel, and the Princess de Lamballe, who had rejoined the royal family that evening, occupied the remaining apartment which opened off the queen's, and passed the night in watching, weeping, and praying at her door.

The vast and lofty corridor upon which these chambers opened served as a guard-room for the officers and men of the escort, and the king's two servants, Hue and Chamilly. A supper had been prepared for the royal family, but no one touched it. After a private conversation between the king and queen and Madame Elizabeth, they separated to seek a few moments' repose after a vigil of thirty-six hours, exhausting alike to mind and body. The slumber was short, the awaking terrible.

When the queen opened her eyes in the morning to the rays of a burning sun glaring in upon her uncurtained bed, and beheld the naked walls and windows, and the mean and sordid articles of furniture upon which her clothes lay scattered in disorder, she closed them again as if trying to persuade herself that the horrors of the present and the past had been only a dream; but the voices and caresses of her children aroused her to reality. Madame Elizabeth led them to the foot of the bed, and the queen was reminded that the hour approached when the royal family must take their places again in the Assembly by command of the members. Some of her women, who had obtained leave to wait

upon their mistress, were introduced at the same time into the apartment. In passing through the king's cell, they had found him seated near his bed, while an attendant endeavoured to arrange his disordered hair. Cutting off a few locks, he presented them to these faithful followers of the queen—a touching proof that the munificence of the heart was all that was henceforth left to him; and when they attempted to kiss his hand in return, he withdrew it, and affectionately embraced them. Misfortune had cast down the barriers between royalty and its servants. On entering the queen's room, and beholding her lying on a camp-bed, attended only by the portress of a deserted cloister, the women burst into tears. Marie Antoinette held out her arms to them as friends, and sobbed aloud, but could not utter a word. The sense of her abasement and degradation choked her voice and made her cast down her eyes, confused and ashamed before those who had beheld her but the day before in all her luxury and splendour. "Come, my unhappy friends," she said, at last, "come and see a woman still more unhappy than yourselves, for she has been the cause of all your misfortunes." Then embracing her daughter and the dauphin, whom Madame de Tourzel presented to her, "Poor children," she added, "how cruel to have promised them so fair a heritage, and now to say all is lost with us for ever!" She next inquired for the fate of her friends whom she had left at the Tuileries, and asked minutely respecting Pauline de Tourzel, Madame de Roche-Aymon, and the other ladies of her suite.

The death of her faithful attendants, killed at the very threshold of her apartment, caused her the most poignant sorrow, and her tears flowed fast as a tribute to their memory. Then, while her women dressed her, she related her own impressions during the sitting of the Assembly the day before, and gently complained that the king's natural want of dignity had prevented him from assuming that attitude of majesty in the presence of the Assembly which was necessary to impress them with the sense of his authority. She regretted that he had been tempted to eat in public, as it gave the people an idea of his insensibility to passing

events, which was far from his heart. Some deputies, attached to her party, had privately warned her of the bad effect such conduct might produce; but knowing, she said, how useless such warnings would be to one of the king's habits, she did not wish to add suffering to his humiliation. Having lost her purse and watch during their hasty flight to the Assembly, she borrowed a watch from one of her ladies, and begged Madame Augie, first lady of the bed-chamber, to lend her twenty-five louis to provide for any chance expenses of her captivity.

At ten o'clock, the royal family returned to the Assembly and remained till night. The triumph of the preceding day had only made the people more sanguinary, and they besieged the bar with petitions that the Swiss, who had taken refuge there the day before, should be given up to them. The Assembly, however, still disputed the blood of these three hundred victims with the assassins, although Santerre, who had been sent by Vergniaud to protect the prisoners, announced that it was impossible to prevent the massacre of those captured in the Bois de Boulogne. Ferocious voices yelled at the doors demanding their prey. "Great God!" exclaimed Vergniaud, "what cannibals!"

Yet some traits of human feeling mixed with these brutal roars for carnage, and the conquered in some cases owed their safety to the conquerors. Mailhe and Chabot, who endeavoured to harangue the mob, were received with shouts of "Down with the orators!" and the outer doors being forced, terror for a moment took possession of the Assembly itself. At this crisis Vergniaud, fearless for himself, but trembling for the royal family, gave orders for them to be removed to the passage, in order that if the armed populace entered the hall they should not find their victims ready to their hand. The king, who thought the last moment of his life and that of his family had now indeed arrived, conjured his attendants to abandon him and save themselves; but not one amongst them valued his life above duty, and all remained where honour and loyalty commanded them to live or die. At this instant Danton rushed to the spot, dashed aside the crowd by the authority of his name and the terror inspired by his gestures, and requested the assassins

to have patience, if not generosity. At his powerful voice the men with the pikes consented to defer for a moment their draught of blood; and Danton entering the Assembly, exclaimed: "Legislators! the French nation, weary of despotism, has made a revolution; but too generous in its triumph (and here he cast a meaning glance towards the king), it has entered into treaty with tyrants. Experience shows that nothing is to be hoped from the ancient oppressors of the people, and the nation resumes its full rights. But where the reign of justice begins that of popular vengeance should stop; I, therefore, in presence of this National Assembly, undertake to protect the men who are now within its walls. I myself will march at their head and be answerable for their safety!"

While uttering the last words he threw a proud and rapid glance at the queen, as if a secret understanding with the court, or a haughty compassion for their sufferings, had been concealed under his rude language and disdainful bearing.

The Assembly and the tribunes applauded. The people outside ratified the promise of their favourite by loud acclamations, and the Swiss were saved until the massacres of September. Pethion succeeded Danton. Released from his mock arrest, he had endeavoured to regain his authority at the commune, but the fierce organisers of the plot now flung him aside as a useless tool. The work was done, and they crushed the instrument. In vain he tried to moderate their violence and induce the revolutionary council of the commune to submit to the Assembly in which he still held power. The imperious commune no longer sent petitions but commands to the legislative body, and the Girondists, like Pethion, were but the honorary sovereigns of a revolution that had passed beyond their control.

It had been decreed the night before that Louis XVI. should inhabit the Palace of the Luxembourg during his suspension, but the commune feared that a palace might still keep alive the sentiment of royalty which they wished to crush in the hearts of the people, and they represented to the Assembly that so vast a dwelling, with its large sub-

terranean vaults and passages, would afford too much facility for the execution of any plots or projects of flight which the king's party might form. The Assembly, then, in order to preserve an appearance of independence in its decrees, empowered a commission to decide upon the king's residence. This commission named the Hotel of the Minister of Justice, in the Place Vendome; but this hotel, placed in the centre of Paris, and in the very square where the troops were reviewed, was considered dangerous by the Commune, as liable to attract the thoughts of the military to their former chief, and they refused to execute the decree, proposing in place of it, by their envoy Manuel, that the residence of the royal hostages should be fixed at the Temple, far from the eyes, the emotions, and the memory of the people. To this the Assembly consented. The choice of the Temple indicated the spirit in which the commune interpreted the events which had occurred. In place of a dwelling, the abode they selected was a prison.

The Girondists had only suspended royalty; the commune degraded and overthrew it. Roland and his friends, finding that the Hotel de Ville threatened to become omnipotent, endeavoured to establish a protection for themselves against its power by organising the council of the department, and giving it that ascendancy over the municipal body which was permitted by the constitution. They caused the motion to be brought forward by one of their most obscure adherents, in order to conceal the hand that directed the blow; but the commune recognized at once the promoters and the object of the motion. Three times during one day they demanded, first humbly, then firmly, and at last insolently, that this decree which interfered with the supremacy of their power should be withdrawn. The last message was brief and menacing as a royal command, and the Assembly yielded and obeyed.

Other deputations arrived from the commune to demand the creation of a military tribunal to avenge the blood of the people. The Assembly having hesitated to reply, the orator of the commune coolly proceeded: "If the decree is not passed instantly, our mission is to await it!" Robes-

pierre then appeared at the bar in the name of the section of the Place Vendome. "People!" said he, alluding to the statues of the kings cast down in all the public squares, "when tyranny has fallen to earth, beware how you give it time to rise. We have seen the statue of a despot prostrate; let our first thought be to elevate on its pedestal a monument to liberty. Citizens who die defending their country against foreign enemies hold but the second rank; they who hold the first are those who die to give her freedom from within!"

Finally, Anacharsis Clootz, the Prussian, a philosopher wandering through the world to disseminate his doctrines, and uphold them with his life and his fortune, appeared in the Assembly as the representative of the human race, and expressed boldly and forcibly the feelings which had caused the oppressed people to rise against despotism on the 10th of August.

Clootz carried his enthusiasm in the cause of humanity to the pitch of insanity; but it was the delirium of hope and regeneration. Sceptics thought him merely ridiculous, patriots absurd, while politicians called him an Utopiast; but Clootz only mistook the proper hour for his theories of progress. Utopias are often nothing more than truths in advance of the age. However, the philosopher was listened to with complaisance, for when souls are shaken by the excitement of revolution and the fanaticism of hope, there is no ideal too vague, no perspective too distant for their faculties of faith and trust; and the consoling ideas which he flung like a rainbow over the horizon of blood, suspended for a brief period the struggle of parties and the axe of the assassin.

After this second day the king was reconducted to the Feuillants; but the pity and attachment manifested for him by the soldiers of his escort alarmed the commune and the Jacobins, and Santerre replaced the guard by men whose hearts were steeled against commiseration for the misfortunes of a dethroned tyrant. The rudeness of their gestures and the rigour of the new regulations, soon made the king sensible of the change; but the devoted affection of his faithful friends and servants still sustained him. Grangeneuve the

Girondist, however, a member of the committee of surveillance, whose office was near the king's apartments, observing the respect paid to the fallen monarch by these gentlemen, complained of it to his colleagues, and affected to believe that they were plotting the king's escape. The most suspicious of tyrannies is always the most recent. The committee gave ready credence to the insinuations of Grangeneuve, and immediately took advantage of them to order all persons not connected with the domestic service of the royal family, to quit the Feuillants that evening. This order was received with the utmost consternation by the captives. The king sent for the inspectors of the hall, and demanded with bitterness if he were indeed a prisoner? "Gentlemen," said he, "Charles I. was more fortunate than I am. His friends were allowed to remain with him to the scaffold." The inspectors looked down, but made no reply. Their silence, however, was a sufficient answer.

When supper was announced and the royal family passed into the apartment where it was laid, their friends were allowed to follow them, and for the last time the king and queen were waited on with court etiquette by these five gentlemen standing behind them—an observance of ceremony which was the more touching on this day since it was voluntary. Misfortune only made their respect more profound. But a silent sadness prevailed during the repast: master and attendants felt that they were about to separate for ever. The king scarcely tasted anything, though he purposely prolonged the moments at table, in order to delay the hour of parting. At length the officers of the guard grew impatient, and abruptly terminated the adieus. The king, who feared that the five gentlemen would be arrested at the foot of the staircase, could not repress his tears; he attempted to speak, but emotion choked his voice. "It is now," said the queen, "that we feel indeed the bitterness of our situation; your respect and attentions have hitherto veiled it from our eyes. May God recompense you!—" sobs prevented her uttering more.

She made them all embrace her children before the inflexible guard hurried them away; and the five gentlemen then descended the back staircase, and went out one

by one, disguised in borrowed clothes, in order to escape the popular vengeance by mixing unnoticed in the crowd.

One of their number, M. de Rohan Chabot, aid-de-camp to Lafayette, had passed two days and nights at the door of the king's apartment, disguised as a soldier of the national guard.

On quitting the Feuillants, he was recognised, arrested, and thrown into the prison of the Abbaye, which was only opened by the assassins of September. The queen, her sister, and the children of France, who were deprived of everything by the pillage of the Tuileries, were indebted to the English ambassadress for the linen and articles of dress necessary for their present position. Again they were forced to appear for a day and a half in the reporters' box. The people seemed still unsatiated with gazing on their victims, and exulted with cruel triumph over the tortures and ignominy of the royalty they had conquered. Deprived of the consolations or pity of their friends, alone in their grief and shame during these two last days, the unhappy prisoners saw nothing around them but terror, and met nothing in each other's eyes but tears. On Monday, at three o'clock, Pethion and Manuel came in two carriages to conduct them to the Temple. The commune, who could easily have removed the prisoners at night, preferred that the transit from the Tuileries to the prison should be made in broad day-light, and at a slow pace through the most populous quarters of Paris, in order to give the degradation of royalty the appearance and authenticity of an exposure before execution. Pethion and Manuel took their places in the king's carriage, and the *cortege* moved on slowly through the entire distance from the door of the Feuillants to the gates of the Temple, between a double line formed of masses of the populace, whose threats, insults, rude jests, and derisive laughs, that most cowardly of all outrages, rose up in a fierce and ever-renewing chorus at every turn of the wheel. A few softened glances were directed occasionally towards the helpless queen and her innocent children; but pity then was treason, and they were hastily withdrawn. Pethion was in the habit of presiding

at these triumphs over royalty. It was he who had brought back the king from Varennes amidst the insults of his capital. It was he who beheld the king forced to wear the red cap of the mob on the 20th of June, when his palace was invaded, and then turned to congratulate the people on their moderation; and it was he who now led him to his last resting-place before ascending the scaffold. No ominous presage of his approaching fate did he permit the king to pass unnoticed. The statue of Louis XIV. lay prostrate in the Place Vendome, broken by the mob in the very capital where he had reigned, worshipped like a deity. Pethion pointed it out. The people hated even the memory of kings. Everywhere the symbols of royalty were defaced or mutilated along the route of the *cortege*. The people had made their decision while the Assembly were hesitating, and the institution of royalty was no more. The 10th of August was the rude decree of the masses, which the commune quickly interpreted by the imprisonment of the king. From the prison to a throne the return was impossible. The commune wished to point this out; Louis XVI. felt it; and when, after two hours of this slow progress, the carriages rolled under the vaulted archway of the Temple, he had mentally abdicated the throne and accepted the scaffold.

SUMMARY.

[After the removal of the king to the Temple, the Assembly issued a decree for a general election, in order to take the sense of the nation on the question of the abolition of royalty, and fixed the 20th of September for the opening of the new Assembly, which met afterwards under the title of the National Convention. But from the 10th of August up to that period the revolutionary commune of Paris reigned with despotic power. While the Assembly hesitated to pronounce for a republic, they had accomplished it, and retained afterwards the ascendant which the events of the 10th of August had given them. Danton, whose audacity and violence rendered him the idol of the people, was

omnipotent in the commune, and consequently ruled the Assembly as a dictator. His power was too much dreaded to be resisted, either at the bar or in the ministry. One of his first measures was to divide the municipal council into separate committees, of which the principal, styled the committee of surveillance, was governed by himself and Marat. This committee was the model of the one which afterwards ruled France during the Reign of Terror, under the name of "The Committee of Public Safety." Danton and his colleagues assumed the power of arresting and imprisoning all suspected persons, and the prisons of Paris were soon crowded with all whom wealth, rank, talent, or aristocratic connexions had made obnoxious to the people, by exciting their jealousy. The rapid advance of the Prussian troops, who had already crossed the frontier, and openly avowed their intention of marching on the capital to the succour of the king, excited still more the furious passions of the mob against all those who, from birth or position, were supposed to sympathize with monarchy and the party of the emigration.

The total destruction of the royalists seemed the only means of saving the republic. "Were they thirty thousand," said Danton, at the bar of the Assembly, "they must be destroyed. An army of traitors cannot be suffered within Paris, to coalesce with the foreign princes on their arrival, and restore monarchy and despotism."

On the 29th of August he demanded power from the Assembly to organize a system of domiciliary visits, in order to arrest those persons suspected of leaguings with the foreign army. At the committee of the commune he said they must strike terror into the royalists, making at the same time a horizontal motion with his hand which explained his meaning. The idea of this organized assassination, afterwards known as "The Massacres of September," originated entirely with Danton and Marat. They wished to extinguish all chance of a royalist reaction, to commit the people irretrievably to the revolution, and to intimidate the Girondists, who were still hesitating between monarchy and a republic. The leaders of the Assembly, who had not the terrible audacity to commit great crimes, though they were willing

to profit by them, were perfectly aware of Danton's intentions respecting the victims who, since the domiciliary visits, filled all the prisons of Paris; but they affected not to understand his object, and took no measures to prevent the massacre. Maillard, chief of the ferocious assassin bands of Paris, received orders to hold his men in readiness for action, and trenches were dug beforehand for the dead bodies, under direction of the members of the commune. All Paris knew of the terrible event that was approaching, but no authority was exercised to prevent the crime.

Danton, however, had no personal animosity to gratify in the projected massacre. It was an act he considered necessary to save the republic: an organized state massacre in which one portion of the nation was to be immolated for the public good; and his policy becomes intelligible when we consider that to his gigantic revolutionary mind the murder of thousands of victims was no more than the fall of one. He was capable of pity for individuals, but in the mass he used them recklessly as instruments, or crushed them as mere machines. The royalists stood between him and a republic, and he trampled them down as he would any inanimate obstacle that obstructed his passage. On the night previous to the massacre he released many individuals whose friends applied to him, amongst whom were Barnave and Lameth, his political antagonists. Manuel, his colleague, released Beaumarchais the celebrated tragedian, Lally Tolendal, and others at the interposition of Madame de Stäel, and was also the means of saving the great authoress herself from the hands of the murderers who had seized and brought her to the Hotel de Ville, as she was attempting to make her escape from Paris.

On Sunday, the 20th of September, the tocsin sounded for the massacre. A secret council of the commune, consisting of Marat, Collot D'Herbois, Billaud Varennes, Tallien, and others, with Danton at their head, had arranged all the measures. Tribunals were formed at each prison of men chosen from the dregs of the populace, who, with their leather aprons and tucked-up sleeves, assisted at the work of butchery, or pronounced sentence as judges. As the victims were condemned, they passed out into the

courtyard, where they were murdered by the ferocious hordes hired by the commune, with circumstances of aggravated and atrocious cruelty too horrible for detail.

Eight thousand prisoners it was supposed were confined in the different prisons of Paris at the time, in consequence of the numerous arrests that had taken place during the domiciliary visits, and of these but few escaped.

The carts provided by the commune to clear away the dead, not being sufficient, the corpses were piled up in heaps on each side of the courtyards of the prisons to make room for the murder of fresh victims; and when night came torches were lighted, and the assassins sat down around them on piles made of the clothes of their victims, to a repast provided by the commune, at which they sang and danced to the chorus of the revolutionary Carmagnole, and drank wine mixed with gunpowder to stimulate their courage for the morrow. The same scenes were repeated at every one of the prisons of Paris: at La Force, the beautiful and unfortunate Princess de Lamballe was one of the victims, and her head, stuck on a pike, was carried to the Temple to be exhibited before the eyes of the king and queen. For four days the work of massacre continued without interruption, and only ceased when there were no more to kill. The provinces emulated the capital, and throughout all the principal cities the same revolting scenes of murder were enacted.

But the infamy with which the September massacres covered the revolution was soon avenged upon the leaders and organizers. Within twenty months from that date they all perished miserably, some upon the scaffold amid the execrations of the people, Marat by the hands of a woman.

The Third Assembly of the revolution, called the National Convention, met on the 21st of September, 1792, and continued in power for three years. The first Assembly had represented the aristocracy both of wealth and talent: the rank, wisdom, enthusiasm, enlightenment, and philosophy of France. The Second, or Legislative Assembly, represented the middle classes; without either the *prestige* of rank, or the reckless daring of the people. They were orators, not

statesmen: they permitted everything to be destroyed but effected nothing, and trembled before the results they wished for. Mirabeau was the type of the First Assembly, Vergniaud of the Second, and Robespierre of the National Convention, which represented the masses. It was the terrible expression of the unrestrained passions of the populace, with but one object or aim—destruction of everything above them.

The National Assembly and the Convention became thus the extreme representatives—one of the sublime purpose, the other of the insane excesses of the revolution. The Legislative Assembly was but the pause between the two. The first act of the Convention was to proclaim a republic; and, baptized in the blood of September, every page of its subsequent history bears the stain of its origin. Amongst the new members were Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, who were accused by the Girondists of aspiring to form a triumvirate; and fierce and incessant war was immediately waged between these two leading parties. Vergniaud and his friends had the majority in the Assembly; but “the Mountain,” as the Jacobin clique was termed, had the support of the commune, and Robespierre was at that time the idol of the people. The Girondists shrank with horror from the instigators of massacre; and when Marat first attempted to gain a hearing in the Assembly, he was received with exclamations of disgust, and cries of “Down! down!” “It appears that I have some enemies in this Assembly,” said Marat, in a momentary pause. “All! all!” exclaimed the Convention almost unanimously, rising from their benches. Danton, who it is said repented of the blood he had spilled, attempted to unite his strength with the Girondists, but they repelled his advances. In their eyes death was preferable to a league with assassins. Danton was therefore thrown back upon the ultra-violent section of the Assembly, and the Girondists gradually felt their power decline before the despotism of the commune; the fierce attacks of the Mountain, and the virulence of the people, who had been excited against them by reports that they were not sincere in their professions towards the republic, and still hesitated in favour of the imprisoned king.

Finally, the Jacobins determined on a *coup d'état*, which

might at once rally the passions of the people around their party, and force the Girondists into a decision that would either ruin them with the multitude, or commit them for ever to a republic. This measure was the trial of the king.]

THE PRISONERS OF THE TEMPLE.

WHILST the dawning republic, thus torn by intestine factions, and menaced from without by the coalition of thrones, advanced its battalions upon every frontier, and writhed in convulsive efforts at Paris, not knowing upon whom to turn its fury, but fiercely demanding a head to be flung as a sacrifice to the excited passions of the people, the king and his family, shut up within the Temple, heard from the depths of their prison the sullen roar of these convulsions day by day advancing nearer, and menacing them more audibly. Amidst the conflicting shock of ideas and events produced by revolutions, there are always to be found some families or individuals upon whom the common misfortune is laid, as upon the head of an expiatory victim. Set apart for the sad destiny of sacrifice, the blows, the hatreds, the terror, or the fury of every party and every faction fall on them. The calamities, the blood, the tears of a whole empire seem concentrated on a single heart, and it must bleed, suffer, and die for all! It is the moment when even the holiest and most necessary revolution takes the full cup of suffering and anguish from a people, and pours it on the head of the victim who personifies immolated institutions. It is then that history, forgetting for a moment her theories of freedom, and her sympathies with the liberties of nations, feels that her sole glory and her sole duty is to pity. For history, that interpreter of the human heart, has also her tears; but these tears only soften, they do not blind.

We left Louis XVI. upon the threshold of the Temple, whither he had been conducted by Pethion, without his being able to ascertain whether he entered it as merely suspended

from his functions of royalty, or as a prisoner; and this uncertainty lasted for some days.

The Temple was a gloomy and antique fortress, built by the monastic order of the Templars at a time when these sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting against princes and tyrannising over the people, built strong castles for their monasteries, and marched to dominion with the double power of the sword and the cross. After their fall, the fortified dwelling they had constructed remained standing as a relic of the olden time, neglected and forgotten by the present. The chateau of the Temple, which was situated near the Faubourg St. Antoine and not far from the Bastille, covered a vast space with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and gardens, where silence and solitude reigned in the midst of a densely populated quarter. The principal building was the priory or palace of the order, a dilapidated residence which the Count d'Artois occasionally occupied when he came to Paris from Versailles. The apartments contained nothing but a few articles of old fashioned furniture, with some beds and linen for the service of the prince's retinue. No one resided there permanently except the porter and his family; and the surrounding garden was as empty and desolate as the interior. A few paces from this dwelling rose the abrupt dark mass of the ancient fortified prison of the Temple, consisting of two square towers, one larger than the other, but bound together like a bundle of walls. These were flanked by small turrets, and the whole had in former times been crowned by battlements. A few lower and more modern buildings were grouped around, but they were lost in the shadow of the central mass, and only served by contrast to heighten its apparent altitude. This gloomy prison was built of large cut Paris stone excoriated and cicatrised on the surface, so that the walls seemed marbled with livid yellow spots upon that black ground produced by smoke and rain which disfigures the public buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as lofty as that of a cathedral, rose to the height of sixty feet from the base to the summit, and enclosed between its four walls a space of thirty feet square. The interior was divided into four different stories, each consisting of large vaulted

chambers used as guardrooms, which communicated with smaller apartments niched in the turrets at the angles.

The ascent to the top was by a spiral staircase, and every apartment to which it led was defended by double oaken doors: one studded with large nails, the other sheathed with iron and fortified by bars of the same metal. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick, pierced at rare intervals with windows opening wide to the interior, but leaving scarcely sufficient orifice outside for the transmission of air and light, which was further impeded by massive iron gratings. Seven successive wickets, or seven massive doors closed with locks and bolts, defended the spiral staircase from story to story, and a sentinel and jailor stood guard at each. An exterior gallery, extending ten paces on each side, ran round the summit of the fortress, where the wind howled constantly like a tempest, and drowned the tumultuous echoes of the city beneath. From this gallery the view, ranging over the low roofs of the Quartier St. Antoine and the Rue du Temple, commanded the dome of the Pantheon, the towers of the cathedral, and the roofs of the Pavilion of the Tuileries, or rested on the green hills of Issy and Choisy le Roi, sloping down with their villages, parks, and meadows, towards the banks of the Seine.

The little tower, which immediately adjoined the larger, was divided in the same way, from stage to stage, with locked and guarded doors, and had like it two turrets at each angle; but no interior communication existed between these two contiguous buildings: each was entered by a separate staircase. On the summit of the little tower, as on that of the donjon, was a platform open to the sky. The first story contained an ante-chamber, a dining-room, and a library of old and musty books belonging to the ancient priors of the Temple, to which were added those which the Count d'Artois had discarded from his own. The second, third, and fourth stories presented the same arrangement of apartments, the same bare walls, desolate aspect, and dilapidated furniture. The wind whistled and the rain penetrated through the broken window-panes; the swallows flew in and out with the perfect security of long and undisturbed possession. There were neither beds nor tables, couches

nor curtains; one or two benches for the assistant jailors, a few rush-bottomed chairs, and some earthenware in a deserted kitchen, formed the entire furniture of this place. Two low arched doors, surmounted by a broken escutcheon of the Templars, gave admittance to the vestibules of these two towers.

Large paved alleys, separated by wooden barriers, surrounded the fortress. The garden was overrun with rank weeds, and blocked up here and there by masses of rubbish, the accumulated deposit of ages of ruin; while the high gloomy wall, like that of a cloister, which surrounded it, only opening through a long bare avenue to the Rue du Temple, added to the aspect of sombre desolation.

Such was the exterior and interior of this residence, at which the royal owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. No guests had entered these deserted halls since the Templars quitted them to attend the funereal pile of Jacques Molay. And these lofty towers, silent, cold, and empty for so many ages, resembled less the residence of living men than the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulchre of some Pharaoh of the West.

On the king's arrival at the Temple he was placed by Pethion under the guard of Santerre, and the surveillance of the municipal council. Manuel, who, although an ultra revolutionist, was yet capable of kindly emotions, accompanied the king; and it was evident from his demeanour that pity and respect for all this fallen grandeur around him, already struggled in his breast against the official austerity of his language. He felt ashamed at immuring a king, a queen, their children, and a royal princess in a dwelling so different from the palace they had quitted, and with lowered eyes and reddened cheek he performed the duties of his office.

The very hesitation betrayed by the municipality made Santerre and Manuel doubtful as to their ultimate line of action. The installation of the royal family at the Temple was almost equivalent to an execution, and the magistrates of the people trembled at the idea, perhaps as much as the captives. The gunners of the sections, who had formed part of

the king's escort, and in whom the victory of the people, the triumph of the 10th of August, and the intoxication of success had stifled all respect, were anxious to shut the king up in the small tower, and leave the rest of the family in the palace. Pethion, however, recalled these men to some feelings of humanity, and the royal party were not separated. The porters received them in the vestibule in gloomy silence, conducted them to the apartments destined for them, and with a kind of sinister zeal, made all the arrangements for a long residence there.

The king never doubted but that the Temple was henceforth to be his only residence until the nation should decide on his destiny, and he entered his prison not without a gleam of that inward joy which a storm-tossed mariner might feel at being once more at rest, although upon the rock on which he had been shipwrecked. If safety were no longer possible, here at least he might hope for peace. He instantly commenced an examination of his future dwelling, measured with his eye the extent of the garden for the promenades of his children, and the daily exercise necessary to his own robust constitution, went through all the apartments, inspected the furniture and the linen, selected rooms for himself and the queen, and marked out those to be occupied by the children, his sister, the Princess de Lamballe, and the four attendants who followed them even to this asylum from motives of attachment or fidelity.

In the evening supper was served to the royal family, at which Manuel and the municipal members were present, standing the entire time. The king appeared serene and self-possessed as usual. The young dauphin had fallen asleep on his mother's knee, and the king had just given orders to have him carried to bed, when an order arrived from the commune, instigated not by Pethion but by the denunciations of the gunners, to disturb this brief gleam of serenity, and ordering the instant removal of the royal family from the palace to the little tower of the Temple.

The king felt this blow more severely perhaps than even his removal from the Tuileries. It was the last fragment of his dignity which was now torn from him; and men

often cling more tenaciously to the wreck of their fortune than to the entire. All the preparations were interrupted. Mattresses and linen had to be carried in haste by the gunners and municipal officers to the desolate apartments of the tower. Guards were appointed, and the king and queen, with the rest of the royal family, assembled in the saloon of the chateau, where they collected around them all the articles most necessary to take with them, and waited in silence for several hours until their prison was ready to receive them.

An hour after midnight Manuel appeared and requested them to follow him. The night was intensely dark, and the municipal officers carried lanterns before the party, while the gunners, with drawn sabres, formed a line on each side. But the feeble light extended only a few paces around, and left all the rest buried in obscurity, except where the lamps, glimmering in the windows of the fortress and the guard-houses, revealed at intervals the lofty pinnacles and the black mass of the tower towards which they were silently advancing. Seen by this dim uncertain light, the edifice presented strange and gigantic outlines unknown to the king and his attendants. One of them whispered in a low voice to a municipal officer, "Is it there you are going to conduct our master?" "Your master," replied the official, "has been accustomed to gilded roofs. Well, he will see now how we lodge the assassins of the people."

They entered the tower by the little door of the turret which opened on the winding staircase, and on each story the several members of the royal family were installed in the apartments marked out for them. Madame Elizabeth was allotted the kitchen on the ground-floor, furnished only with a miserable settle-bed. The attendants were placed on the first floor, the queen and her children on the second, and the king was lodged on the third floor. A wooden bedstead without curtains, and a few chairs, comprised the entire furniture of his apartment. The walls were bare, with the exception of some indecent prints which a footman belonging to the Count d'Artois had left hanging on nails round the room. The king glanced around at everything as he entered,

without exhibiting any sign of disgust or weak emotion; but observing the prints, he quietly took them down with his own hand, and replaced them with their faces to the wall, saying: "I do not wish such objects to be exposed to the eyes of my daughter!" The chamber appropriated to the queen and her children was equally mean and sordid.

The king lay down and slept, while two of his attendants passed the night stretched on chairs near his bed; the Princess de Lamballe lay at the foot of the queen's couch; the other women attached to the service of the royal family, slept in the kitchen, upon mattresses placed round the stretcher occupied by the king's young sister; while turnkeys and some of the municipal officials kept watch upon each of the apartments.

The night was passed by the queen and princesses in tears and sobs and mournful forebodings, exchanged in whispers, upon the probable destiny that awaited them after such degradations offered to their sex and rank. The children alone slept peacefully and profoundly, as if under the gilded canopies of Versailles. The next and following days, the queen and princesses were allowed to meet in the king's apartment, and to pass freely from one story to another in the interior of the tower. They visited all the rooms, and made permanent arrangements for the accommodation of themselves and the members of their household; sought how to compress their lives within their allotted boundary, and endeavoured to force their habits into accordance with their position, as a chained prisoner arranges his limbs so as to diminish the weight of his fetters. Some articles of furniture were procured, pieces of tapestry were hung up to cover the damp bare walls, and beds placed in each apartment. Those for the king and queen were taken from the old furniture of the palace of the Temple, and had been used by the grooms of the Count d'Artois. Only one had curtains, that given to the king, but they were of faded green damask, torn and soiled, as suited so miserable and dilapidated a place. Next morning, after breakfast, which was still served with some appearance of luxury, in the dining-room of the first floor, the king visited the adjoining turret, where he examined with interest the old Latin books heaped up in this

corner of the edifice by the archivists of the order of the Templars: volumes which had been sleeping quietly for ages beneath the dust. There he found a Horace, the poet of voluptuous ease, forgotten there as if in irony of fallen majesty, buried youth, and discrowned beauty; and Cicero, in whose great soul serene philosophy towered above the vicissitudes of politics, and in whose pages genius and virtue, struggling with adversity, offer lessons of heroism to all whose it is destiny to battle against fortune.

Some religious books he also discovered, which his piety, strengthened and exalted by misfortune, made him welcome as gifts from heaven: an old breviary in which the portions of the psalms marked out for daily use, seemed to utter forth all the complaints of humanity; and "The Imitation of Christ," that overflowing cup of christian sorrow, wherein tears are changed by resignation into a healing medicine for the soul and a foretaste of divine immortality. He carried them to his own apartment and placed them carefully in the closet which adjoined it; intending not only to fortify his soul by these treasures, but to employ them for the instruction of his son in the Latin language.

The queen had her own bed and that of the dauphin placed in the suite of apartments which occupied the centre of the tower, while her daughter, Madame Elizabeth, and the Princess de Lamballe, established themselves in a small obscure room on the same story, which served during the day-time as a passage for the officials and jailors to the part of the building used for the common purposes of the household. The kitchen on the ground floor and the whole of the fourth story thus remained empty. Another kitchen, placed on the third floor, and adjoining the king's chamber, was appropriated by MM. Hue and Chamilly, his two attendants.

An hour's walk in the garden, beneath a sombre alley of old chestnut trees, was permitted to the family before dinner, which was served at two o'clock; Santerre and two of his aides-de-camp being present, but without testifying either insolence or respect. The subsequent hours until night were passed in lessons given by the king to his son, in the games and plays of the children, in conversation and tender

interchange of mutual emotion between the captives. At nine o'clock supper was served in the king's apartment, in order that the children, who had been already put to bed, might not be disturbed by the noise. After supper the royal family took an affectionate leave of each other with many tender pressures of the hand; the queen and princesses retired to their own apartment, and the king, entering his closet, shut himself up to read and pray until midnight.

Thus passed the first day of the captivity. The presence and attentions of the Princess de Lamballe; the devotion of the Dnchess de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline; the affection of the tried servants who had voluntarily accepted the destiny of their master, and felt proud of their sacrifice; the pious adoration of Madame Elizabeth for her brother; the very novelty of misfortune, which often provoked a sad smile as the prisoners attempted to arrange their desolate apartments, or endeavoured to accustom themselves to the strange routine of this gloomy life; a lassitude arising from past tumults and a sense of security for the present—security for their lives at least from popular violence; the certainty of the approach of the allies, for they were as yet ignorant of the triumphs of Dumouriez over the Prussians; a consciousness of the deep compassion which their sufferings must excite in the better part of the nation, and a vague but confident hope that some change in the dispositions of the people would soon ensue—all these varied emotions spread a certain charm over their existence, and prevented them from feeling the full agony of their destiny. As long as misfortune has witnesses who pity, confidants who listen, and friends who sympathize, it may even experience something of joy; and this family, these friends, these attached domestics, though imprisoned within a dungeon, still imparted such consolation to each other.

The following day, in order to distract their thoughts, the prisoners proceeded to visit the more spacious apartments of the Large Tower, which Santerre informed them were being prepared for their permanent abode. Manuel, Santerre, and a strong escort of municipal officers, accom-

panied them thither, and afterwards to the gardens. As the king and queen passed along the files of national guards and municipal officers, murmurs and menaces were heard on every side against the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and the women who attended the queen, as still giving a shadow of royalty to the prisoners. "This superstition of homage to sovereignty," they exclaimed, "is an outrage to the people; it cannot be tolerated after the crimes of the court!" These murmurs being reported to the commune, they passed a decree ordering the dismissal of the entire suite. But the humanity of Manuel induced him to suspend its execution for some days; he still hoped to obtain the revocation of a decree that would fill so many hearts with the deepest anguish. However, during the night of the 19th of August, after all the royal family had retired to rest, an unusual tumult made them start from their slumbers. Several municipal officers entered the apartments of the king and queen, and read aloud the imperative decree of the commune, ordering the instant expulsion of every individual not a member of the royal family, without even excepting the queen's waiting-woman, or the two attendants of the king. This decree, promulgated at such an hour, and with words and gestures that even added to its cruelty, struck all the captives with stupor and consternation. Madame de Tourzel, *gouvernante* to the dauphin, brought the sleeping child, and laid him on the bed of the weeping queen. Pauline de Tourzel was clasped in the arms of the young princess royal, who loved her like a sister; Madame de Navarre, lady in waiting to the Princess Elizabeth, and the queen's three attendants, Mesdames St. Brice, Thibault, and Bazire, threw themselves weeping at the feet of their mistress. Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe sobbed in each other's arms, and it was only by force that they could be separated. The municipal officers dragged the fainting princess down the staircase, and outside those walls within which she had left her queen and friend. Hue and Chamilly, the king's servants, rushed half dressed into their master's chamber, and grasping each other's hands as they stood beside his bed, expressed by this mute gesture the horror they felt

at a separation. "Take care," exclaimed one of the officials, "the guillotine has been made for the servants of kings as well as for their masters." The king could not sleep again that night; Madame Elizabeth and the young princess royal remained weeping beside the queen. From that day only Marie Antoinette felt that she was a prisoner. They had deprived her of friendship.

To replace these friends and attendants, as necessary to the hearts as to the habits of the royal family, the commissioners of the commune installed in the tower a man and his wife, named Tison. No other persons were allowed to wait upon the prisoners. This Tison was a morose old man, formerly a clerk at the barriers of Paris, and consequently accustomed to habits of suspicion, inquisitiveness, and rudeness, towards all persons who came in his way. His wife was younger and not so harsh in disposition; she wavered between pity for the queen and fear that this pity should be charged as a crime against her husband. Perpetually alternating between devotion and treason, she sometimes fell weeping at the feet of the queen, and sometimes denounced her to her gaolers. Her heart was good, but the unheard-of circumstance of a queen of France being placed at her mercy disturbed her reason, and the struggle between sensibility and terror in her weak mind had finally the effect of turning her brain. It was during her fits of delirium that she accused Marie Antoinette of crimes which nothing but delirium could have imagined.

A shoemaker of the name of Simon, one of the commissioners of the commune, was the only one of the municipal officials who was never relieved from his duties at the Temple. All the attendants, jailers, and turnkeys, were under his orders. A workman, ashamed of his low calling, and ambitious of any office however abject, he coveted that of jailer and exercised it like an executioner. A saddler of the name of Rocher was his assistant.

Rocher was a man to whom misery was sport, and who loved to yelp at his victims as dogs bark at rags. He had been selected for his immense size, his forbidding appearance,

and ferocious expression. He it was who had forced the door of the king's chamber on the 20th of June, and raised his hand to strike him. Hideous in countenance, insolent in glance and gesture, coarse in language, with his hairy cap, long beard, and hoarse and sepulchral voice, the odour of tobacco and drink exhaling from his clothes, and enveloped constantly in the fumes of his pipe, he seemed the horrible incarnation of a dungeon. He trailed a large sabre after him through the flagged passages and down the staircase, and an enormous bunch of keys jingled from his leathern belt. The noise of these keys, which he rattled on purpose, and the grating sound of the bolts which he drew back and forward continually, seemed as grateful to his ears as the clash of arms to a soldier. All this clatter seemed to him to increase his importance and remind the prisoners rudely of their captivity. When the royal family were about to leave the tower for their mid-day walk, Rocher would pretend to make many vain attempts to find the proper key amidst his bunch, trying the lock several times, in order to keep the queen and princess waiting behind him as long as possible; and when the first wicket was opened would rush down the steps, pushing the king and queen aside rudely with his elbow, that he might be ready at the outer gate when they were passing. There, stationed right in the doorway to obstruct their passage, he would stare at them leisurely, and puff clouds of smoke in the faces of the queen and princess, gazing steadily between each puff to see if his insults were understood by his prisoners, and looking round to ascertain that they were enjoyed by the other guards.

The applause which followed these outrages encouraged him to renew them daily; and the national guards on duty took care to be always present, that they might enjoy the spectacle of royalty exposed to the brutal insults of a turn-key. Some, whose hearts revolted against such cowardly barbarity, were obliged to conceal their indignation lest it should be construed into a crime by their comrades; but others, more cruel or more curious, carried chairs out of the guard-house, and seated themselves with their hats on as the king passed out, narrowing the passage for the fallen

monarch as much as possible, in order that nothing of their irreverence, or his own degradation might escape him. Bursts of laughter, and coarse exclamations ran along the ranks as the king and princesses passed; and some wrote with their bayonets on the walls of the staircase the insults that were too gross even for them to utter. On every landing place might be read horrible allusions to the pretended crimes of the queen, and the excesses of the king, and threats of death against the children: "the young wolves who ought to be strangled before they were grown old enough to devour the people!"

During the promenade the gunners left their pieces and the workmen their tools to assemble as near as possible to the royal family, where they commenced dancing to the most violent revolutionary airs, and singing couplets of ribald songs, which the innocence of the children prevented them from comprehending.

This hour of communion with heaven and nature, accorded by the severest laws to the most infamous of criminals, was thus transformed for the captives into an hour of humiliation and torture. The king and queen could have escaped it by remaining shut up in their prison, but then their children would have perished for want of air and exercise. The parents therefore purchased their young lives at the price of all these tortures and sufferings. Santerre, and six municipal officers who were on duty at the Temple, preceded the royal family during these promenades and watched them closely the whole time. The numerous sentinels on guard gave the military salute to the commander of the national guards of Paris, and presented arms to the civic officials, but reversed their muskets as a sign of contempt on the approach of the king.

The walk of the royal family in the garden was limited to half the length of the avenue of chestnut trees. The remains of old buildings pulled down, the materials for new erections, and the bustle of workmen, obstructed the other half. Whilst this short space was traversed slowly by the king and queen with their sister, the children ran up and down and amused themselves with games. The king even

feigned to take part in their amusements in order to encourage them; he played at ball with the dauphin, marked out the limit of the race, and adjudged the prize. During these intervals the queen and princess conversed together in a low voice, or endeavoured to divert the attention of the children from the coarse songs which pursued them even under the shadow of the trees.

Sometimes also, and especially during the early period of their imprisonment, they established a harmless communication with those outside. Jailors, however vigilant, cannot intercept glances; and from the upper stories of the houses surrounding the Temple many an eye was directed towards the garden. These houses, inhabited only by poor families, afforded no ground for the suspicion or violence of the commune. People who lived by small profits, workmen, rag-women, and pedlars, could not be accused of complicity with tyranny, nor of plots against equality. The officials were ashamed to interdict the opening of their windows. As soon therefore as the hour of the royal promenade was known in Paris, curiosity, pity, or fidelity filled them with numerous spectators, whose gestures and attitudes expressed the liveliest interest and compassion for the royal sufferers. Although the distance was too great to allow of their faces being recognised, the prisoners cast many stolen glances at these unknown friends; and the queen, in order to gratify the visible desire of her visitors, frequently threw back her veil and stopped to converse with the king when they approached some group who seemed particularly ardent; or by directing the game of the young dauphin would lead him over, as if by chance, to the side of the walk where his charming infantile face could be seen to most advantage. Then many heads were bent in acknowledgment, many hands joined in the silent gesture of applause; flowers fell, as if undesignedly, from the little gardens on the roofs of the abodes of poverty, and sometimes a writing in large capital letters was hung up at one of the garret windows, conveying to their eyes a word of hope, of tender interest, or of respect.

Restrained, but still perfectly intelligible gestures, responded from below, and once or twice the king and queen fancied they recognised amidst the crowd the faces and

features of devoted friends, of former ministers, and even of ladies of the highest rank attached to the court, of whose existence they had been uncertain till then. This mysterious intelligence established thus between the prison and the loyal portion of the nation, was a source of such pleasure to the captives, that to enjoy it daily they braved the rain, the cold, the sun, and the insults—more intolerable than all—of the soldiers of the guard. Their proscribed existence seemed again linked to life in the breasts of their faithful subjects. They felt that hearts still beat in sympathy with theirs, and the exterior air, impregnated with affection, seemed to waft that pity from without, which was denied to them within their prison. They ascended to the platform of the turret, and appeared frequently at the windows of the tower. They found sympathies with the distant, and friendships with the unknown. The queen and her sister would murmur: “Such a house is devoted to us; such a story is friendly; that room is royalist; yonder window loyal!”

But if joy penetrated from without, sorrow and terror came likewise. The echoes of the tumults outside reached the ears of the captives; and even at the foot of the tower they listened to the yells of the assassins of September trying to force the posts, and yelling for the head of the queen, or for permission at least to drag the bleeding and mangled corpse of the Princess de Lamballe to her feet. On the 21st of September, at four o'clock in the evening, while the king was taking his after-dinner sleep beside the princess, who kept silence for fear of disturbing his slumbers, a municipal officer, named Lubin, appeared at the foot of the tower, accompanied by a troop of mounted gendarmerie and an immense mob of people, to read aloud the proclamation of the abolition of royalty, and the establishment of the republic. The princess would not disturb the king, but told him of the proclamation after he awoke. “My kingdom,” he said to the queen, “has passed as a dream, but not as a happy dream! God gave it, the people have released me from it: so that France is happy I shall not complain.” The same evening Manuel came to visit the prisoners.

“Are you aware,” said he to the king, “that democratic principles have triumphed, that the people have abolished royalty, and adopted the republican form of government?” “I have heard so,” replied Louis, with serenity, “and expressed my hope that the republic will give them all they desire. I shall never stand between the people and their happiness.” The king, up to this time still wore his sword, that sceptre of a gentleman in France, and all the insignia of the different orders of which he was head. “You must know also,” said Manuel, “that the nation has suppressed all these baubles, and requires you to be stripped of them. Now that you are nothing more than a citizen, you must be treated like one. But whatever you require that is indispensably necessary, the nation will permit you to have.” “Thank you,” replied the king, “I am not in want of anything,” and he resumed his reading tranquilly.

Manuel and the commissioners, in order to avoid the appearance of too great a degradation offered to the personal dignity of the king, made a sign to his *valet de chambre* as they were retiring to follow them. They then gave this faithful servant private directions to remove all the orders from the king’s coat after he had undressed him for the night, and forward these spoils of royalty and blazons of nobility to the Convention. But the king himself gave the same orders to Cléry, except that he refused to part with those insignia which had been conferred on him in the cradle, and seemed to belong to him more than even the throne. He had them carefully deposited in a box, and kept them as a remembrance, perhaps as a hope. The fiery Hebert, afterwards so infamous under the name of the Père Duchesne, and who was then a member of the commune, had requested leave to be on duty that day at the Temple, in order to enjoy the bitter mockery of destiny, and contemplate in the features of the king the mental tortures of degraded royalty.

With a cruel smile he scrutinised the physiognomy of the king during the announcement, but the calmness of the man overspreading the features of the fallen sovereign disappointed his curiosity.

The king would not minister to the joy of his enemies by betraying any symptoms of emotion. He affected tranquilly

to continue his reading of Montesquieu's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, while his own history was being accomplished and its catastrophe read out to him, more interested apparently in the reverses of others than in his own. The king was grand from this stoical fortitude; the queen, sublime from pride. To weep for his fallen greatness seemed to him more humiliating than to descend from it. This degradation of his nature would have humbled him more than the degradation from his rank. No weakness of soul during the long tortures of this announcement gratified the spectators of his fall. After the installation of the republic, the trumpets having sounded in the court, the king appeared at the window for a moment, as if anxious to behold the aspect of the new government; but no sooner was he perceived by the multitude than sarcasms, imprecations, and insults, rose up from the crowd as a last adieu to the monarchy. The gendarmes, brandishing their sabres amidst shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" made imperious signs to the king to retire. Louis XVI. closed the window, and after so many ages of monarchy, thus separated the people and the king.

The Convention had assigned a sum of five hundred thousand francs for the expenses of the establishment and maintenance of the royal family in prison; but the commune, through the intervention of successive commissioners, had appropriated the greater part of this alimentary subsidy to the erection of additional constructions for making the prison of the captives more secure. Thus, what was intended to alleviate their misfortunes served but to increase their fetters and salary their jailers. The king had not even money sufficient at his disposal wherewith to purchase clothes for the queen, his sister, and the children, or to recompense the services which he was obliged occasionally to demand from those without: neither in furniture nor employment was he able to procure for his family those comforts and alleviations with which the private fortune of prisoners can lighten the gloomiest captivity. Having quitted the Tuileries on the morning of the 10th of August, without other clothes than those which they wore; their wardrobes, caskets, and habi-

linens having been subsequently pillaged during the combat; then removed to the Temple without any other linen than what was supplied to them by the English ambassadress, or lent to the royal family by some of their servants, the prisoners found themselves at the beginning of a rigorous winter in a state of complete destitution; and the queen and Madame Elizabeth were obliged to pass their days like poor sempstresses, in darning the linen of the king and the children, and mending their own worn-out summer dresses.

At the period of Dumouriez's negotiation with the Prussians, they had requested him to furnish a secret report respecting the Temple, and had exacted a promise that the royal prisoner should be treated with respectful consideration, in order to disguise his captivity in the eyes of Europe, and afford a plausible pretext for their retreat from the frontiers. Accordingly Manuel and Pethion, at the urgent entreaty of Westermann, proceeded to the Temple and fulfilled all the commands of Dumouriez, as far as they were practicable. Neither of these magistrates shared the vulgar thirst of vengeance which actuated the proceedings of the commune against the man who had once been their sovereign. Elevation of ideas gives dignity even to resentment, and decency to hate: they were sincere republicans, and in Louis XVI. only wished to proscribe a principle but to spare the man; while in the queen, the princesses, and the children, they beheld victims of the inevitable vicissitude of human affairs, whom the people ought rather to pity and sustain than crush when they had fallen. They had a secret interview with the king, in which, while acknowledging their adhesion to the republic, they avowed their interest in his preservation, and expressed a hope that his position would be ameliorated when the public mind became more tranquillized either by victory or peace. Louis XVI. and the queen herself, struck by the terrors of September, at last perceived that their lives depended more upon the caprice of the people than on the armies of the allied sovereigns, and they united with the wise and moderate republicans in desiring the speedy retreat of the Prussian army. The king then requested that Pethion would procure him a sum of money for his personal wants and those of his family.

Pethion sent him a hundred louis: the alms of a republican to a sovereign fallen into poverty. A list was also drawn out of everything required by the royal family: linen, furniture, clothes, fuel, food, and books; and all were freely furnished at the expense of the commune, not in the usual proportion to the wants of a family, but with a liberality suited to the generosity of a nation and the respect due to fallen majesty. The republic at that moment exercised its ostracism with luxury.

But Pethion and Manuel were now merely the executive magistrates of the commune; they did not originate its decrees, but only endeavoured to soften them in the execution. The spirit of vengeance, suspicion, and vulgar persecution, peculiar to illiterate demagogues, prevailed in the commune. Each day brought new informers to the Hotel de Ville, seeking popularity by denunciations against the prisoners of the Temple; and the commissioners selected by the council for the surveillance of Louis XVI. were always chosen from amongst the most prejudiced and bitter of his opponents. Men with generous souls disdained the odious functions of a spy, and these devolved consequently on persons of abject minds and remorseless hearts, who vied with each other in those measures of severity and vexatious interference which were necessary, they pretended, to prevent the escape of the captives or their correspondence with the allies; and however repugnant these measures were to the good sense and humanity of the council in general, yet none dared to impugn them for fear of being accused of weakness, or of complicity with the royalists. When terror is in the ascendant, it crushes not only the victim which first excited it, but the nation which submits to its reign.

The internal administration and government of the Temple devolved, therefore, upon a small number of men, the very dregs of the council of the commune; almost all workmen, without education, without magnanimity or modesty, priding themselves on the arbitrary power they exercised over a king fallen lower than themselves, and thinking they had saved their country each time they wrung from him a tear.

One evening, towards the end of September, just as the king was leaving the queen's apartment after supper to ascend to his own chamber, six municipal officers entered the tower and read to the king a decree of the commune, which ordered his immediate removal to the large tower, and his total separation from all his family. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the princess royal, and the young dauphin, all encircled the king in their arms, and covering his hands with tears and kisses, vainly tried to soften the officials and obtain that last consolation of the unfortunate—to suffer together. The municipal officers, Simon, and even Rocher himself, were moved, but yet dared not modify the extreme rigour of the order. They made a strict examination of the furniture, the beds, and the clothes of the prisoners. Every means of correspondence with those without was removed—paper, ink, pens, pencils; thus forcing a cessation of the lessons which the prince royal was in the habit of receiving from his parents, and condemning the heritor of a throne to that ignorance of the art of writing, at which even the lowest born of the children of the people would blush.

At last the king was torn from the embraces and tears of his family, and was conducted to the apartment destined for him in the great tower. The preparations for his reception were hardly completed, and the workmen were still employed on them. A bed and a chair, placed in the midst of rubbish, mortar, planks, and bricks, comprised the whole furniture. The king threw himself on the bed without undressing, and passed the night in counting the footsteps of the sentinels who relieved each other at his door, and drying the first tears which captivity had yet wrung from his firmness. Clery, his *valet de chambre*, spent the night in the embrasure of the window, watching impatiently for the day, that he might ascertain whether he would be allowed to attend the princesses as usual; for it was he who, since the commencement of their captivity, had dressed the dauphin, and curled the long tresses of the queen and Madame Elizabeth. Having requested permission to attend them as usual for this purpose, Veron, one of the commissioners of the commune, answered him brutally: "Your master is not even to see his children again."

The king, having addressed some touching remarks to the commissioners upon a barbarity which outraged nature, tortured five hearts to punish one, and condemned living beings by this separation to an agony more terrible than death, was perfectly unheeded by them. They deigned no reply, and turned away like men who are weary of the importunities of a suppliant.

In the morning the breakfast brought to the king consisted only of a morsel of bread and a carafe of water into which the juice of a lemon had been pressed. Advancing towards his servant, the prince broke the bread and presented him with the half, saying: "They have forgotten that there are still two of us, but I shall not forget it; take this, the remainder will be sufficient for me." Clery refused at first, but as the king insisted, the servant took the half of the bread from his master, though the tears fell fast on each morsel that he carried to his lips. The king beheld these tears, and could not restrain his own. Thus weeping and looking at each other without speaking, they eat together the bread of tears and equality.

Again the king entreated one of the officials to give him some intelligence of his wife and children, and to procure him some books to arouse him from the lassitude of mind produced by his solitude, particularizing some volumes of history and religious philosophy. The municipal officer, more humane than the others, consulted his colleagues, and prevailed on them to accompany him to the queen with the king's message. That princess had passed the night in lamentation, supported in the arms of her sister-in-law and her daughter. The paleness of her lips, the furrows marked by tears on her cheeks, the streaks of white in her luxuriant hair showing the ravages of grief, her dry and glassy eyes, the obstinacy with which she refused all aliment, vowing to starve herself to death if they persisted in separating her from the king, moved and alarmed the commissioners. They felt that they were answerable for the lives of their prisoners, and that the commune would demand a strict account of each victim saved by a voluntary death from the judgment and the scaffold of the people; nature, likewise, appealed to their

hearts in that language of tears which can soften and subdue even the most obdurate. The princesses, on their knees before these men, besought permission to meet the king for a few moments each day, and during the hours of repast. Their gestures, their cries wrung from their very souls, and their tears falling fast upon the floor, lent their all-powerful aid to their supplications. "Well," said one of the officials, "let them dine together to-day, and to-morrow the commune will decide." At these words the cries of grief from the princesses were changed into exclamations of joy and thanksgiving, and the queen, folding her arms round her children, made them kneel down with her to offer up thanks to heaven. Even the members of the commune looked at each other with moistened eyes, and Simon himself, drying his, exclaimed, "I really believe these women have made me weep!" Then turning towards the queen, as if ashamed of his weakness, he added, "You did not weep thus when you ordered the people to be assassinated on the 10th of August!" "Ah!" replied the queen, "the people are much deceived as to our sentiments." The spectacle produced by their clemency was enjoyed for the moment by these rude men. The prisoners met again at dinner, and felt then, more than ever, how much misfortune had rendered them necessary to one another.

The king's amiability was developed by affliction, the queen's spirit sanctified by adversity, while the virtues of Madame Elizabeth were converted into active pity for her brother and Marie Antoinette. The intellect of the children advanced precociously in the dungeon watered by the tears of their parents. A day of captivity taught them more of life than a year at court, for misfortune hastens the maturity of its victims. The whole family suffered and rejoiced together as if they had but one heart. The commune made no further opposition to the meeting of the prisoners, in consequence of their dread of the queen's suicide, and permitted them to assemble three times each day in the great tower to take their meals with the king. Several municipal officers, however, were present at all their interviews, and thus deprived the prisoners of much of their

happiness by preventing all confidential communication between them: they were severely interdicted from speaking low or conversing in foreign tongues, and were ordered to talk aloud, and in French. Madame Elizabeth having once forgotten this order, and whispered something to her brother, was violently scolded by a municipal officer. "The secrets of tyrants," said this man, "are conspiracies against the people; speak aloud or be silent. The nation should hear everything."

These two prisons for one family increased the difficulties of surveillance and the suspicions of the jailers, but at the same time they afforded additional facilities for the servants of the king to deceive the guards. Clery, whose revolutionary opinions had caused Pethion to select him amongst all the royal *valets de chambre* for attendance on the king, as a man more devoted to the nation than to his master, had allowed his patriotism to be softened by the tender reproaches of Madame Elizabeth, and by the spectacle of all these lacerated hearts, in which he read so much suffering and so much resignation. His passion for liberty filled him with remorse from the moment he found it translated into tortures for the king and royal family, and soon no sentiment was left in his mind but that of attachment to their persons. He had succeeded in forming some secret connection with friends outside, three of whom, Turgy, Marchand, and Chretien, who had formerly been employed in the king's kitchen at the Tuileries, succeeded in gaining admittance to the same department in the Temple, where they were ready to second Clery in all his good offices towards their fallen master. Clery, who had made himself a favourite with the municipal officers, in consequence of many little domestic services which he rendered them during the nights they were on duty at the Temple, had by this means discovered a few who were affected kindly towards the royal family, and looked on them with interest. By their help, therefore, and that of his wife, who was admitted once each week to see him at the wicket, he succeeded in forwarding notes from Madame Elizabeth and the queen to persons whom they designated. A pencil had been concealed from the search of the commissioners, and the blank leaves torn from their

prayer-books were the medium of conveying these affecting confidences of their hearts. They were but a few words, innocent of all connexion with conspiracies, designed merely to give their former friends information of their position, and to inquire respecting the fate of those persons whom they had loved.

Madame Elizabeth, notwithstanding her beauty, had never yielded up her heart to any warmer sentiment than friendship. But friendship in her soul was a passion: it had all the inquietude and constancy of love. The object of this tender affection of the princess was the Marchioness de Raigecourt, who had been one of her ladies of honour during the period of her prosperity; a woman of noble intellect and antique heroism, endowed with all the graces suited to a court, and with courage for all adversities.

She and the princess had been brought up together until her marriage with a gentleman of one of the first houses of Lorraine, and when the troubles commenced she was obliged to accompany her husband the marquis, who joined the party of the emigrants. From that time until the 10th of August, the two friends had corresponded daily, and the language of the princess up to that period was still full of hope, which subsequent events so cruelly destroyed.

Clery succeeded in transmitting one or two notes to the marchioness from the princess—sighs from her prison walls; then the silence of the tomb interposed between these two hearts, and forestalled the work of the scaffold by a year. By the same medium a few communications passed between the queen and her friends without—words which contained whole volumes of agony and tenderness, phrases whose mournful meaning could be understood only by those on whose hearts they were designed to fall.

Clery was equally successful in arranging plans by which the king could be daily informed of the public news. Sometimes he procured a journal by stealth, or whispered the principal events of the day in his master's ear while attending him on his rising or retiring to rest; and when these means of information failed, public criers, trusty men and well paid by friends outside, came in the evening when the streets were silent, and shouted out under the walls of the

Temple the whole news of the day. The king, warned by Clery, would then open the window and catch in broken words the decrees of the Convention, the triumphs and defeats of the army, the trial and execution of his former ministers, and the decrees and hopes upon which his own destiny rested.

However, his deprivation of the public journals was not absolute; sometimes, with intentional cruelty, the municipal officers would leave as if by chance on his chimney-piece one or other of these atrocious papers, which incited the people to the murder of the king; thus allowing the menaces and imprecations of the mob to pursue him even within the walls of a prison. One day the king having read the petition of a gunner to the Convention, praying that the head of the tyrant might be given him to load his piece with, and discharge it at the enemy, he exclaimed mournfully, "Which is the most to be pitied—myself, or the people who are thus deceived?"

The princesses and the children were at last re-united to the king in the great tower. The second and third stories, each divided into four rooms by partitions made of planks, were assigned to the royal family, and the persons charged to wait on them or watch them. The king's apartment contained a bed with curtains, an arm-chair, four other chairs, a table, and a mirror over the chimney-piece. The window, which was strongly grated, was further obscured by planks of oak disposed in the form of a tundish, which completely intercepted all view of the garden or the city and left nothing visible but a strip of sky. The paper with which the walls were hung was carefully designed to add to the tortures of the prisoner. It represented the interior of a prison, with the jailors, chains, irons, and all the hideous accompaniments of a dungeon. It was the odious imagination of the architect Palloy, who had invented this refinement of cruelty, whereby the tortures of the eye were added to those of reality.

The queen's chamber, which was above that of the king's, was arranged in a similar manner so as to afford the least possible light, air, and space. Her daughter occupied the

same apartment, Madame Elizabeth a small dark room, and the jailor Tison and his wife a closet adjoining; the municipal officers were in the outer apartment or ante-chamber, which the princesses had to pass through every time they visited each other, amid the whispers and rude glances of the guard. Two wickets, guarded by turnkeys and sentinels, were erected on the staircase, between the apartments of the king and queen. The fourth story was uninhabited, and the platform at the top of the tower was assigned to the family for their daily exercise, but least some friendly glance might reach them from the adjacent houses, or their eyes should be gratified by a sight of the horizon of Paris, high planks had been erected all round to limit even the portion of the sky which might have been visible to the prisoners.

Such was the final abode of the royal family. They were rejoiced however to find themselves installed in it, since they were at least all united under the same roof. But this brief joy was soon changed to tears. A decree of the commune arrived that same evening, ordering the dauphin to be removed from his mother and placed along with the king. In vain the queen's heart poured forth in supplications and grief. The commune would not allow "the son to be brought up any longer by the mother in hatred to the revolution." The child was therefore given to his father, preparatory to his being consigned to the care of Simon. The queen and princesses were allowed, however, to see him daily in the king's apartment, and during the hours of repast and exercise, but always in the presence of the commissioners. Notwithstanding all this, the life of the captives seemed gradually to grow calmer, and their suffering to lose its first bitter poignancy. They accustomed themselves to regular habits, which recalled the cloister of the imprisoned kings of the first race.

Louis remembered only that he was the father of a family, and forgot that he was a sovereign; the princesses that they had been the queen, the sister, or the daughter of kings, while fulfilling the duties of wife, sister, or daughter of a captive husband, brother, or father. The joys and sorrows of a

family completely absorbed their hearts. The dynasty was now but the household of a prison.

The king rose at daylight and prayed for a long time on his knees at the foot of his bed. After which he approached the window, or the fire if it were winter, and read the psalms in his breviary with deep attention, according to the order in which the catholic church had marked them out for each day in the year to be recited by her members; thus supplying the place of that daily mass which the king was in the habit of attending every morning in the private chapel of his palace. The commune had denied him the presence of a priest or the rites of his church, but Louis, pious without either superstition or weakness, could approach his Maker without the mediation of another man, and was content so that he could offer up his prayers in the words and forms consecrated by the religion of his race and his throne. The queen and her sister followed the same course; and often they were discovered praying beside their beds, with clasped hands and eyes streaming with tears, which fell upon the book of devotion lying open before them; the one flung down from the lofty heights of grandeur and thrown on her knees by the violence of despair; the other prostrate with habitual meekness before that God whose hand she recognised through all events with gratitude and submission. After prayers the king read awhile in the turret, sometimes Latin works, sometimes Montesquieu or Buffon, voyages, travels, or history. These pages seemed wholly to absorb his faculties, whether he sought thus to escape the importunate attention of the commissioners, who were always present, or to find in the study of nature, of politics, and in the manners and history of nations, some instruction suited to his station, some analogies with his position, or at least a means of diverting his thoughts from the contemplation of his calamities.

At nine o'clock the family met in the king's apartment for breakfast, when he kissed his wife, his sister, and the children upon the forehead. After breakfast, the princesses, who were deprived of their waiting women, had their hair dressed by Clery in the king's apartment, while the dauphin received lessons from his father in grammar, history, geography,

and Latin; the king throughout carefully avoiding all that could remind the child that he was born in a rank above that of the commonest citizen, and only imparting to him such knowledge as might be applicable to the condition of the lowest of his subjects. It seemed as if the father took advantage of this removal from a court to bring up his son as a man rather than a prince, in order to create within him a character that might be ready to meet any destiny.

But the intellect of the child far outstripped the teachings of reason or the refinement of sentiment. Precocious as the fruit of an injured tree, his memory retained and his sensibility made him comprehend all. The repeated shocks of so many fatal events had roused his imagination and developed his heart. The tears for ever flowing from the eyes of his mother and his sister; the tragic scenes he had witnessed in the flights from Versailles and the Tuileries; the three day's exhibition in the tribune of the Assembly, in the midst of arms, menaces, and corpses; this prison, these jailers, this degradation of his father; this seclusion with beings whose anguish he witnessed without comprehending; the necessity of keeping a watch over his gestures and even his tears, in the presence of the spies who surrounded them—all these things had initiated him as if by instinct into the situation of his parents and his own. His very sports were grave, his smiles mournful. Whenever the jailers seemed to relax their vigilance, he would seize the moment to exchange a sign or a word of intelligence with his mother or with his aunt. He was the adroit accomplice of all the innocent manœuvres invented by the victims to evade the inquisition or the denunciation of their guards. He trembled at the idea of aggravating their grief, and rejoiced when the least ray of hope smoothed their brows. With a tact unusual at his years, he refrained from all allusions in conversation which could recall the happy days of their grandeur, as if he had divined how the memory of past felicity can add bitterness to misfortune.

One day, having appeared to recognize a member of the commune who was in the king's chamber, the commissioner

asked him if he had ever seen him before, and under what circumstances? The child nodded in the affirmative, but refused obstinately to give any further answer. Upon which, his sister, drawing him over to a corner of the room, asked why he refused to tell where he had seen the commissioner. "It was during the return from Varennes," whispered the dauphin in her ear; "but I was afraid to say it aloud, lest it might annoy the queen and make our parents cry."

He observed that some of the officials were more respectful in their manners to the prisoners, and consequently less odious to the queen than others; and when their turn of duty came he would run to meet his mother as she entered the king's apartment, clapping his hands, and telling her the good news. The very sight of this child seemed to subdue hatred in the breast of every one. Royalty, in his innocent infantile form, had lost the power of creating enemies. The most prejudiced of the commune, the gunners of the guard, the jailers, the fierce Rocher himself, caressed him. Simon alone treated him with harshness, and regarded him with a gloomy and mistrustful glance; as if a tyrant were concealed under the form of the child.

The expression of the young prince recalled the somewhat effeminate grace of his grandfather, Louis XV. combined with the Austrian dignity of Maria Theresa. But his dark blue eyes, the aquiline nose, with its haughty elevated nostrils, the well-cut mouth and full lips, the forehead broad at the top and narrowing towards the temples, the fair hair, parted in the middle, and falling down each side of his head in long wavy curls that covered his shoulders and almost his arms, reminded the beholders of his mother's loveliness before her days of tears. All the beauty of his double race seemed to bloom forth again in this last frail flower.

At mid-day the prisoners were summoned to the garden for exercise, and despite of cold, or sun, or rain, the royal family always attended. This promenade, which exposed them to the rude glances and insults of their guards, was one of the most rigorous duties of their captivity. But the

vigourous exercise which the young dauphin took in these walks, together with the games in the apartments with his sister, the gentle and familiar studies with his father, and the tender care of all around, preserved the young dauphin in as much health and bloom as if he were breathing the free forest air of St. Cloud, in place of that of a prison. The king and queen would console themselves by looking on that young face, which all the severity of men could not hinder from increasing in beauty day by day.

The princess-royal had just reached that age of opening womanhood in which the perfection of loveliness is concentrated. Pensive as her father, proud as her mother, and pious as Madame Elizabeth, her soul bore the impress of the three beings among whom she had grown up. Her beauty, pale and delicate as a phantom of German romance, belonged more to the ideal than the material. Always clinging to her mother's arm or to that of her aunt, she seemed half intimidated by life. Her long fair hair, still falling on her shoulders as in childhood, covered her almost completely, and through this beautiful veil the spectator could only see her timid glance or drooping eyelids. She inspired a silent admiration even in the rudest of those who surrounded them. The turnkeys and sentinels drew back to let her pass, and felt a sort of religious awe if they but touched her robe or the tresses of her hair when meeting her in the corridors or on the staircase. The Princess Elizabeth had taught her piety, patience, and forgiveness; but the innate consciousness of her rank, the humiliations of her father, and the tortures suffered by her mother, had imprinted deep wounds in her heart, which nothing could heal, and which kept alive her melancholy, if not her resentments, through afterlife.

At two o'clock the family returned for dinner, but the joy and relaxation which the interchange of mutual confidence brings along with this meal to the humblest of the poor was refused to them. The king could not even gratify the natural appetite of his strong, robust constitution; sneering glances watched every morsel, and the healthy desires of the man were commented on as an additional crime in the king. The queen and princesses eat but little and slowly, in order

to prolong the dinner, and give the king an opportunity of satisfying his hunger. After this meal the family remained together. The king and queen played at cards, that amusement which had been first invented in France to amuse the weary hours of an imprisoned monarch; or sometimes tried the more grave and reflective game of chess, of which the names of the principal pieces, the *king* and *queen*, and the manœuvres whose object is to make the king a prisoner, were full of significant and often sinister allusions to their own destiny. The objects of these games, however, was not so much diversion, as to obtain by means of them the opportunity of conversing together in a low voice, without exciting the suspicion of their jailers. Towards four o'clock the king reposed for some time in his arm-chair. The children ceased their play at a sign from their mother, and the princesses resumed their work. The most profound silence reigned in the apartment during the king's sleep. Nothing was heard but the light rustling of the material on which the needles of the princesses were employed, the respiration of the king, and the measured steps of the sentinels at the door of the apartment, and around the base of the tower. It seemed as if the whole prison sunk into silence at once, in order not to rob the royal prisoner of the only hour when he could forget his misery and enjoy the illusions of a dream.

At six o'clock the king commenced his son's lessons, and amused himself with him until supper, when the queen undressed the child herself, made him say his prayers, and carried him in her arms to bed. When he had lain down, she bent over him as if to embrace him for the last time, and murmured in his ear a short prayer which the child repeated after her in a low voice, so that the commissioners could not hear him. This prayer, composed by the queen, was remembered and repeated by her daughter: "Almighty God, who hast created and redeemed me, I love thee! Preserve the lives of my father and of my family. Protect us against our enemies, and give my mother, my aunt, and my sister the strength necessary to support their afflictions!"

This simple prayer from the lips of a child, imploring life for his father and patience for his mother, was a crime which it was necessary to conceal. When the dauphin was asleep, the queen read aloud for the instruction of her daughter, and the entertainment of the king and Madame Elizabeth. The subject selected was generally some portion of history which led their thoughts to contemplate the great catastrophes of nations and kings. Sometimes, when a passage was too strikingly suggestive of their own position, the voice of the queen would tremble, choked by rising tears, and the prisoners would exchange glances with each other, as if the book had been in their confidence, and revealed a fear or a hope which lay hidden in the hearts of all. At the close of the day the king ascended for a moment to his wife's apartment, took her hand affectionately, and bade her adieu. Then he embraced his sister and the young princess, and again descending, shut himself up in the turret adjoining his chamber, where he read, meditated, and prayed till midnight.

Heaven alone knows the secrets of those nocturnal hours devoted by the prince to the examination of his own heart in silence and solitude. Perhaps he reflected then upon the acts of his reign, on the defects of his policy, on his alternations of excessive confidence in the people and impolitic distrust of the revolution. Perhaps he sought to conjecture the fate of France, and the destiny of his race, after the crisis of the movement which he felt he was not fated to survive. Or, was he repenting then of his unequal struggles for and against liberty, and reproaching himself for not having heroically made his choice from the very first day between the old and new *regime*, and declared himself at once the chief of the people. For the king's error had been rather in not comprehending the revolution, than in not giving it his sincere adhesion. Or, were these secret hours devoted to tears, of which the mute walls alone were witnesses, for the fate of his wife, his sister, and his children—tears which he repressed during the day to spare their feelings and to avoid the cruel joy of his persecutors! When he quitted the turret to prepare for bed, his countenance was serene and sometimes smiling; but his wrinkled brow and half closed eyes, along with the deep traces of fingers visibly

All the family having been ill, and confined to bed by turns, in consequence of the dampness of the walls and the approach of the first frosts of winter, the commune, after many long formalities, at last authorised the introduction of the king's first physician, M. Lemonnier. Under his care the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children, were speedily restored to health; but the malady of the king was much more obstinate, and even inspired his friends with some alarm. The queen and her daughter never quitted his pillow, and made his bed with their own hands. Clery sat up with him all night, but afterwards fell so dangerously ill himself, that he was unable either to attend the king, whose fever was abating, or to dress the young prince. The king, however, took upon himself all the duties of an attendant, washing and dressing his son, who then repaired to Clery's little dark room, where he passed the entire day, attending him with all the care of which a young weak child was capable, giving him drink and medicine, and performing all the services he could for the sick man. The king himself rose during the night, and seeing that the commissioner was fast asleep in the ante-chamber, went into Clery's room in his bare feet, just as he had risen from bed, to bring some medicine to his suffering servant. "My poor Clery," said he, "I wish I could return your attention now, and sit up with you! But you see how we are watched. Take care of yourself, for the sake of your friends, for you have no longer a master." The servant could only show his gratitude by covering the king's hand with his tears.

The commune having ordered still more rigorous measures of confinement, even within the tower, a stonecutter was sent to hollow out sockets for bolts in the door of the king's ante-chamber. At noon, the man having gone to dinner, the dauphin began to play with the tools which he had left lying at the threshold of the door, upon which the king, taking the hammer and chisel from his hands, instructed his son how to use them, and remembering his old familiarity with such kind of work, continued to hollow out the socket himself. When the mason returned and saw the king working away gravely

like an ordinary tradesman, he could not refrain from expressing his emotion at beholding such a change of fortune, and said to the king, with an instinctive compassion that made the mere hope seem a certainty, "When you leave the tower, you will be able to say that you worked at your prison yourself." "Ah! my friend," replied the king, giving him back his tools, "when and how shall I leave it?" and taking his son by the hand, he led him back to his chamber, where he walked up and down for a long while in profound silence.

Insensible to those privations which only affected himself, the destitution to which the queen and his sister were exposed afflicted him deeply; and at times some comparison of their present state with their past splendour would escape his lips. The anniversaries of brilliant and happy days, such as his coronation, his marriage, the birth-days of his children and his own fête day, were now periods of unusual sadness and often of unusual insult. On the fête day of St. Louis, the federates and gunners of the guards came with malignant cruelty to dance and sing the revolutionary *Ca Ira* beneath his windows. This recalled vividly to his mind his days of happiness and grandeur, and he asked the queen, with deep melancholy, to pardon him for having been the cause of changing them for her into days of humiliation and mourning. "Ah! madame," he exclaimed one day, seeing the queen sweeping the floor of the sick dauphin's room, "what an occupation for a queen of France! If they could only see this at Vienna! Who would have thought that in uniting your fate to mine I should have made you descend so low!"

"And do you count for nothing," said Marie Antoinette, "that I have the glory of being the wife of the best and the most persecuted of men? Do not such misfortunes give a greater majesty than all the grandeur we have lost?"

On another occasion he saw Madame Elizabeth who was mending the queen's dress, and who had been deprived even of her scissors, obliged to break off the threads with her teeth. "Ah! my sister," said he, "what a contrast! You who wanted for nothing at your beautiful house at Montreuil!" alluding to a lovely residence which he had

embellished for his sister with all the elegancies of life, in the time of his prosperity. But he seldom thus mentioned the past. Everything which recalled it gave a shock to his heart that wrung an involuntary cry of anguish even from his stoical nature.

By degrees the royal family became more accustomed to their uniform mode of life, and their minds grew more tranquil. The daily presence of loved beings, the mutual tenderness felt and expressed more freely since the etiquette of a court no longer interfered between them, the recurrence of the same employments at the same hours, the lessons of the children, their games, the walks in the garden, often rendered consolatory by secret glances of pity; the readings, the conversations, the meals taken in common, the profound tranquillity around them, while the world without was agitated by fierce passions of which their names were the watchword; the softened expression of some of the commissioners, the secret intelligence they sometimes kept up with friends outside, the obscure plots of escape—that deceitful mirage of a prison, made seemingly possible by hope, insensibly accustomed the prisoners to their sufferings, and even made them find some consolation in their misfortunes; when all at once increased rigour and redoubled rudeness from their jailers came to agitate their domestic life, and fill them with the most gloomy forebodings of their future destiny. The surveillance now adopted was odious, and outraged even the modesty of the princesses. Their bread was broken to search in it for concealed letters; the fruit was cut, the very kernels of the peaches broken, lest an adroit hand might have slipped a communication inside; after every meal the knives and forks were removed, and the needles employed by the ladies measured, lest they could be turned into weapons of suicide. The jailers followed the queen into Madame Elizabeth's apartment, where she went every day after breakfast to change her morning gown; in consequence of which the queen, indignant at such an insult, gave up changing her dress during the day. Their linen was unfolded piece by piece, the king's person searched; he was deprived even of the little

golden articles of the toilette necessary for the care of his hair and teeth. He was obliged to let his beard grow, and the rough hair, rubbing against the skin, caused him such a painful irritation that he was forced to bathe his face frequently during the day in cold water.

Tison and his wife acted as spies, and reported to the commissioners every look, word, and gesture, of the prisoners. Wretches were admitted inside the court of the Temple, who roared out vociferously for the heads of the king and the queen. Rocher sang the *Carmagnole* in the king's hearing, and taught the young prince some infamous couplets against his mother, which made the blush of shame rise to his aunt's brow, when he innocently repeated them to her. Rocher, who at one time showed some symptoms of pity, had now returned to his drunken brutal habits of life; and the state of intoxication in which he snored away all the evenings was recommenced again in the mornings. The princesses, who were obliged to pass through his room when proceeding to the king's, generally found this man in bed at supper-time, and even during the day, when he would utter the most horrid imprecations against them, and oblige them to wait, with lowered eyes, till he threw on his clothes. The workmen outside never ceased their railings against the king; they brandished their tools about his head, and one of them even aimed his axe at the queen's throat, and would have wounded her, if his arm had not been arrested. A municipal officer woke the dauphin one evening, shaking him violently, to assure himself, as he said, of the presence of the child. The queen's patience was at last exhausted, she rushed between this man and her son, and almost struck him to the earth with her glance. The humiliated queen for once disappeared, and the mother asserted her rights.

A deputation from the Convention, of which Chabot, Dubois-Crancé, Duprat, and Drouet formed part, came to visit the Temple. At the sight of Drouet, who, by arresting them at Varennes, had been the cause of all their subsequent misfortunes, the queen and Madame Elizabeth turned pale. This man seemed as fatal to them as the evil genins which had appeared to Brutus at Pharsalia. Chabot and Drouet immediately seated themselves disrespectfully, though

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By degrees the royal family became more accustomed to their uniform mode of life, and their minds grew more tranquil. The daily presence of loved beings, the mutual tenderness felt and expressed more freely since the etiquette of a court no longer interfered between them, the recurrence of the same employments at the same hours, the lessons of the children, their games, the walks in the garden, often rendered consolatory by secret glances of pity; the readings, the conversations, the meals taken in common, the profound tranquillity around them, while the world without was agitated by fierce passions of which their names were the watchword; the softened expression of some of the commissioners, the secret intelligence they sometimes kept up with friends outside, the obscure plots of escape—that deceitful mirage of a prison, made seemingly possible by hope, insensibly accustomed the prisoners to their sufferings, and even made them find some consolation in their misfortunes; when all at once increased rigour and redoubled rudeness from their jailers came to agitate their domestic life, and fill them with the most gloomy forebodings of their future destiny. The surveillance now adopted was odious, and outraged even the modesty of the princesses. Their bread was broken to search in it for concealed letters; the fruit was cut, the very kernels of the peaches broken, lest an adroit hand might have slipped a communication inside; after every meal the knives and forks were removed, and the needles employed by the ladies measured, lest they could be turned into weapons of suicide. The jailers followed the queen into Madame Elizabeth's apartment, where she went every day after breakfast to change her morning gown; in consequence of which the queen, indignant at such an insult, gave up changing her dress during the day. Their linen was unfolded piece by piece, the king's person searched; he was deprived even of the little

golden articles of the toilette necessary for the care of his hair and teeth. He was obliged to let his beard grow, and the rough hair, rubbing against the skin, caused him such a painful irritation that he was forced to bathe his face frequently during the day in cold water.

Tison and his wife acted as spies, and reported to the commissioners every look, word, and gesture, of the prisoners. Wretches were admitted inside the court of the Temple, who roared out vociferously for the heads of the king and the queen. Rocher sang the *Carmagnole* in the king's hearing, and taught the young prince some infamous couplets against his mother, which made the blush of shame rise to his aunt's brow, when he innocently repeated them to her. Rocher, who at one time showed some symptoms of pity, had now returned to his drunken brutal habits of life; and the state of intoxication in which he snored away all the evenings was recommenced again in the mornings. The princesses, who were obliged to pass through his room when proceeding to the king's, generally found this man in bed at supper-time, and even during the day, when he would utter the most horrid imprecations against them, and oblige them to wait, with lowered eyes, till he threw on his clothes. The workmen outside never ceased their railings against the king; they brandished their tools about his head, and one of them even aimed his axe at the queen's throat, and would have wounded her, if his arm had not been arrested. A municipal officer woke the dauphin one evening, shaking him violently, to assure himself, as he said, of the presence of the child. The queen's patience was at last exhausted, she rushed between this man and her son, and almost struck him to the earth with her glance. The humiliated queen for once disappeared, and the mother asserted her rights.

A deputation from the Convention, of which Chabot, Dubois-Craucé, Duprat, and Drouet formed part, came to visit the Temple. At the sight of Drouet, who, by arresting them at Varennes, had been the cause of all their subsequent misfortunes, the queen and Madame Elizabeth turned pale. This man seemed as fatal to them as the evil genius which had appeared to Brutus at Pharsalia. Chabot and Drouet immediately seated themselves disrespectfully, though

the queen was standing, and commenced to interrogate her; but she disdained to answer. They then asked the king if he had any complaint to make. "I complain of nothing," he replied, "but only require that linen and clothes be sent to my wife and children, of which you see they stand in need." Their dresses were in fact falling to pieces, and the queen was obliged to patch and mend the king's coat while he slept, otherwise he would have been literally in rags. All these additional measures of rigour had been the result of the daily increasing severity of the orders of the commune. Tison and his wife had denounced the royal family at the Convention; affirmed that they held intelligence with friends without, that certain of the commissioners had been seen whispering to them in a suspicious manner, and that Madame Elizabeth, one evening at supper, had let fall a pencil from her pocket handkerchief; besides which, wafers and a pen had been found in the queen's apartment. Accordingly a general inquisition was made: the mattresses and pillows were opened and searched, the dauphin was brutally lifted out of bed while fast asleep, in order to examine the very place where he lay. The queen took the naked trembling child in her arms, and kept warming him by friction while the search continued.

But the more that hate and persecution thus raged round the captives, the more did pity and emotion for their sufferings and their fall inspire a heightened interest in the hearts of some, and the rashness of a romantic devotion in the breasts of others. The daily spectacle of the dignity, the sufferings, and even perhaps the touching beauty of the queen, had made traitors within the commune itself. If ardent souls are sometimes tempted to great crimes, generous hearts are equally prone to great sacrifices; for compassion has its fanaticism. To rescue a king and his family from prison persecution and a scaffold, by some heroic stratagem, and restore them to liberty, happiness, and perhaps a throne, was a deed which, from the very extent of its dangers and difficulties, had charms that might make many an enthusiast dream and dare it.

There was at this period among the members of the commune, a young man named Toulan, born at Toulouse of a low

family; but being passionately devoted to those literary studies which exalt and ennoble the heart, he had come to Paris to establish himself as a bookseller, and found his tastes and necessities alike satisfied by the trade he had selected. The numerous volumes which passed through his hands in the way of business, kindled his imagination with a passion for liberty, and intoxicated his heart with those romantic notions that belong more to books than life. The revolution was to him a dream in action, and he threw himself into it with an ardour and an eloquence that soon made him popular in his section. One of the foremost at the assault of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, he had also been one of the first elected to the council of the commune; and it was owing to the terrible hatred of tyranny he evinced, that his colleagues selected him for the duty of commissioner at the Temple. But if he entered it with a horror of the tyrant and his family, he left it that same day with a passionate adoration of the victims. The sight of Marie Antoinette above all—this majestic woman rising proudly above her degradation; this countenance, where the langour of the captive tempered the haughtiness of the queen; this melancholy, thrown as a veil over features still beautiful in the last light of youth, whose graces were perishing in the damp and gloom of a dungeon; this exquisitely-formed head over which the axe was suspended, and which seemed already, to his imagination, held up by its long tresses, and presented to the people in the hand of the executioner—all this beauty and misery made a profound impression upon the sensitive nature of Toulan. He possessed one of those souls whose emotions pass rapidly from one extreme to the other, and whose judgment vanishes before its feelings. All that was noble seemed possible to him.

By pretended demonstrations of fury against the king, he had succeeded in obtaining frequent missions to the Temple, and on every occasion he had sought to attract the notice of Marie Antoinette by signs of intelligence, which, without exciting the suspicions of his colleagues, might make the queen aware that she had a friend amongst her persecutors.

The young Toulan was slight and delicate in form, and

possessed one of those expressive physiognomies of the south in which thought speaks in the eyes, and sensibility in the flexible muscles of the face. His glance was a language, and the queen was not long in comprehending it. The presence of a second commissioner, who always accompanied him, had hitherto prevented any further communication; but he succeeded at last in seducing one of his colleagues of the council of the commune, named Lepitre, and inducing him by the grandeur of the project, and the splendour of the reward, to join him in a plot for the escape of the royal family.

The two commissioners happened to be on duty together the same day, and the queen beheld them fall at her feet, and offer her, in the gloom of her prison, a devotion which the place, the danger, and the chance of death, rendered a nobler and loftier homage than any that had been lavished on her, in the days of her prosperity. She accepted and encouraged it, and with her own hand gave to Toulan a tress of her hair, with this device in Italian: "He who fears to die, knows not how to love." It was her credential to secure him the confidence of her friends without. She added afterwards a note in her own hand to the Chevalier Jarjais, her secret agent, and the invisible chief of this plot. "You may confide," she wrote, "in the man I send you. His sentiments are known to me. For five months he has never changed." A certain number of trusted royalists, concealed in Paris, and disseminated amongst the battalions of the national guards, were initiated vaguely into the plan of escape. It consisted in bribing some of the commissioners of the commune charged with the surveillance of the prison, and then, having obtained a list of the most devoted royalists in the battalions of the national guards, to take measures so that these men should form, as if by chance, the majority of the guard of the Temple on a particular day. These disguised conspirators were to disarm the remainder of the detachment during the night, deliver the royal family, and conduct them by relays prepared beforehand to Dieppe, where a fishing smack would be in waiting to convey them over to England along with the leaders of the enterprise.

Toulan was intrepid and indefatigable in his zeal. Fur-

nished with considerable sums of money which a sign from the king had put at his disposal in Paris, he matured his plan with the profoundest secrecy, transmitted all the details to the queen, communicated the king's wishes to his friends outside, and sounded cautiously the principal chiefs of the Convention and the commune, even Marat, Robespierre, and Danton; acting upon the generosity of some, and the cupidity of others, each day more fortunate in his endeavours, and more certain of success, for he now reckoned amongst the accomplices of his perilous designs, five members of the commune, beside many of the king's guards. From this side, therefore, a ray of light penetrated at length through the prison gloom, and brought a dream of freedom, if not of hope, to the hearts of the captives.

SUMMARY.

[For some time past the public mind had been growing impatient for the king's trial. Incited by the violent invectives of the Jacobin clubs, and the atrocious calumnies which were circulated against him, his death seemed to the people the only measure that would give security to the republic. The sections promenaded the streets, carrying on biers the men who had been wounded on the 10th of August, and fiercely demanding vengeance upon Louis Capet, as they now designated the monarch; while within the Assembly, Robespierre, Marat, and "the Mountain," incessantly taunted the Girondists with their temporizing policy, and sought by the most violent speeches to bring on the question of the king's trial as the battle-ground on which either way the fall of the Girondists would be decided. If they voted for the trial, they were lost with the moderate party, if against it, their influence was gone with the people.]

The subject was at last opened formally, on the 13th of November, by Pethion, who put the question to the vote of the Assembly: "Can the king be judged, having been decreed inviolable by the constitution?" St. Just, the friend of Robespierre, and the personification of all the cold

cruelty of the revolution, required that he should be condemned at once as an enemy, not tried as a citizen. "Rome," he said, "immolated her tyrant with no other formula than twenty-two wounds; why should France hesitate respecting the assassin of the people?" Petitions were sent from most of the departments demanding the head of the murderer of their brethren; and Thomas Paine, author of the "Rights of Man," wrote a letter to the Convention, of which he was then a member, urging them to try the king as a conspirator against the nation. Danton demanded the speedy settlement of the question to calm the people's minds. Robespierre, Marat, Legendre, and other fierce Jacobins, violently supported the motion for execution without trial, in order to defy the Girondists, who, it was expected, would recoil before the condemnation of the king to death. Camille Desmoulins took for the motto of his journal, this line:—"There is no sacrifice to God more acceptable than an unjust and wicked king."

The Girondists bravely dared the wrath of the people by advocating clemency; but at this time a discovery was made which fatally inflamed the feelings of the members against the king. In a secret recess of the Tuileries was found an iron chest, in which Louis XVI. had concealed his state papers, and amongst them documents clearly proving his intrigues with the allies, and the secret treaty of the court with Mirabeau; letters also that implicated many of the existing members of the Assembly, but from which they easily exculpated themselves, for as Roland, the minister, had opened the chest without witnesses, it was impossible to convict them upon his sole testimony. Strong proofs were existing against Danton, who had really trafficked his honour with the court, but they were in England. The iron chest revealed nothing concerning him. Louis denied the authenticity of the documents, which was only affirmed on Pethion's sole evidence, but in his case the plea was not admitted, and Robespierre now enforced his proposition that as the king's guilt was clear he ought to die without previous trial. Vergniaud opposed him in a speech of singular power and ability, maintaining that the death of the king would certainly involve France in a war with Europe; and his eloquence

seemed for a while to have saved the life of the monarch: but terror, cruelty, and senseless rage again gained the ascendant, and the decree authorizing the king's trial was passed.]

THE TRIAL.

THE king mean while was gradually becoming accustomed to a prison. His soul, formed for quiet repose, attained strength, freedom, and power, by prayer and meditation within the silent shadow of its walls; and moments of happiness were not wanting, while he had with him the loved beings to whom he was so tenderly attached, and who were drawn yet closer around him by the very rigours of captivity. That grandeur, the weight of which had so often crushed his spirit, was easily relinquished, and Louis XVI. had now but one desire: to be forgotten in the tower till the successful invasion of the allies, the victories of the republic, or the ever fluctuating events of a revolution, restored himself, not to a throne, but to the obscurity of peaceful exile, and his family to freedom. Of late the relaxation of the prison discipline, and the compassionate looks and words of the jailors, had kindled a gleam of hope in his breast. The bitter animosity of their enemies without seemed at last subsiding. It had subsided certainly, but into a calm that foreboded the secure triumph of their vengeance. It was scarcely worth while to torture a victim whom they were so soon to immolate.

On the 11th of December, while the royal family were at breakfast, an unusual commotion was heard around the Temple. The roll of the drums, the neighing of horses, and the tramp of numerous battalions across the paved court-yard outside, astonished and alarmed the prisoners. In vain they questioned the commissioners who were present: all their guards maintained a profound silence. At length it was announced to the king that the mayor of Paris and the procureur of the commune would arrive in the course of the morning to conduct him to the bar of the Convention, in order to undergo an examination, and that these troops

were to form his escort. At the same time he was informed of the order which confined him to his own apartment, and deprived him of the presence of his son and of all communication with his family, until the day when judgment should be pronounced upon him.

Although the royal family imagined the separation would be only temporary, yet it was not effected without tears and bitter anguish. The dauphin's bed was carried up to his mother's chamber, whilst the king wept and embraced his family; then, turning with tearful eyes to the commissioners, he exclaimed: "What! gentlemen, will you take even my son from me—a child of but seven years of age!" "The commune," replied one of the municipal officers, "considered that since you were to remain in solitary confinement during the progress of your trial, the child must have been left wholly with you or with his mother, and the privation therefore has been imposed on the one whose sex and courage will enable him better to sustain it."

The king was silent, and walked up and down the apartment for a long while, with his arms folded and his head bent upon his breast; then throwing himself into a chair near the bed he remained perfectly silent, with his head buried in his hands, for the two hours that preceded the arrival of the commune. Having been secretly informed by Toulan of the stormy discussions that were going on in the Convention respecting him, the king was probably recalling all the events of his reign to his memory, in order to justify himself before his judges and posterity.

At twelve o'clock, Chambon, the new mayor of Paris, and Chaumette, the procureur-syndic of the commune, entered the king's apartment, accompanied by Santerre, with a group of officers of the national guards and municipal members wearing the tri-coloured scarf.

Before ordering the secretary to the commune, Colombeau, to read the decree which summoned Louis to the bar, Chambon addressed the king himself, with that sad and serious dignity suitable to a magistrate who speaks in the name of the people, but who speaks to a fallen king. Colombeau then read the decree aloud. The Convention in order to bring the monarch under the power of the law as a simple

citizen had effaced all his regal titles and cited him to their bar merely as Louis Capet. The king displayed more indignation at this degradation of the name of his race than at the loss of his titles. "Gentlemen," said he, "Capet is not my name, it is the name only of one of my ancestors. I should have wished that my son had been left with me, at least during the period that I have passed awaiting you here; but this treatment is in accordance with all that I have endured for the last four months. I shall follow you, not in obedience to the Convention, but because my enemies have now the power in their hands." Then asking Clery for a coat of a brown colour, which he put on over the one he was wearing, and taking his hat, he followed the mayor, who walked before him. When they reached the tower gate he entered the mayor's carriage, and the glasses being down, every one could see distinctly into the interior as the vehicle rolled slowly through the courts. The noise of the wheels upon the pavement apprised the queen and princesses of the king's departure, but the projecting oak planks prevented them from obtaining a glimpse of him or his escort. They kneeled down, however, beside the windows, listening with heart and ear to the sound of the wheels, and when they ceased, with clasped hands and foreheads resting on the cold stone, they prayed to Heaven that he might be granted that courage, self-possession, and presence of mind, which was so needful to him in the presence of his enemies. Thus they remained on their knees in prayer during the whole period of the king's absence.

Paris on that day seemed like a camp under arms: bayonets and cannon repressed every emotion, even that of curiosity. The movement of life seemed suspended. All the posts were doubled; the roll was called every hour to make sure of the presence of the national guards; a piquet of two hundred bayonets kept watch in the court of each of the forty-eight sections; a reserve with cannon was stationed at the Tuileries, and strong patrols guarded every square and every street. The king's escort resembled an army in itself, comprising cavalry, infantry, and artillery. A squadron of mounted national gendarmerie led the van, three pieces

of cannon followed, then came the king's carriage, flanked by a double line of infantry, a troop of cavalry of the line formed the rear-guard, and three more pieces of cannon closed the procession. All the soldiers who formed the armed force of Paris on that day, had been chosen and selected by the commune at the special recommendation of their officers. Each fusilier carried sixteen rounds of ammunition, and the battalions and squadrons marched at sufficient distance, one from the other, to enable them to deploy with ease into line upon the first alarm. The streets were cleared of all idlers, and the citizens rudely repulsed from the public thoroughfares; but the alleys of trees along the boulevards, and the doors and windows all along the route, were crowded with human heads—every eye seeking the king. The king himself looked around with interest, as if he experienced a sort of mechanical pleasure at the sight of all this movement and life, after being so long shut out from communion with masses of men, or as if he looked for some sign of interest or of pity amongst the people who surrounded him. The people, however, stared at him without evincing any emotion, though struck by the alteration which so many months of suffering and confinement had produced in his appearance. The livid colour of his face seemed the reflection of a dungeon. The shadows of the Temple rested there. His beard had never been removed since the orders which deprived him of all the necessary instruments of his toilette, and the quantity of rough, bristly, light hair, which in consequence covered his cheeks lips and chin, took away all expression, even that of melancholy, from his mouth. Owing to his being short-sighted, his eyes wandered with a vague uncertain glance over the crowd, as if seeking in vain some friendly object on which to rest.

His once corpulent figure was reduced by watchings and anxiety; the flesh hung down from his hollow cheeks in folds upon his neck-cloth; his clothes, falling loosely about his shrunk figure, looked as if they had been flung by public charity upon the wasted body of a mendicant; his whole appearance seemed designed by hatred, or combined by chance, to present to the people a harsh and repulsive, in place of a sad and touching spectacle. It was the spectre

of royalty which the people were conducting to the scaffold, costumed for the occasion with all that could inspire them with contempt.

The procession wound along the Boulevard, the Rue des Capucines, and the Place Vendome, to reach the hall of the Convention. A profound silence reigned throughout the crowd: their very respiration seemed suspended. Every one felt that the grand crisis in the destiny of France was approaching. The king appeared less moved than the people; he recognised the different streets and public buildings, naming them aloud as he passed along; and on reaching the Portes St. Denis, and St. Martin, asked which of the two triumphal arches the Convention had ordered to be thrown down. On arriving at the court of the Feuillants, Santerre alighted, and standing at the door of the carriage, placed his hand upon the prisoner's arm, and led him to the bar of the Convention.

"Citizens of the tribunes," said the president, "Louis is at the bar. You are about to give a great lesson to kings, a grand and useful example to nations. Remember the silence that accompanied the progress of Louis from Varennes—a silence the precursor of the judgment which the people are about to pronounce upon kings."

The king took his seat opposite the president's chair, in the same place where he had formerly taken the oath to maintain the constitution. The act of accusation was then read: it was a long enumeration of all the charges which the different factions of the revolution had successively made against the crown, comprising therein all the violence and disorder which had resulted from their own acts, from the riots at Versailles to the combat of the 10th of August. All the attempts made by the king to resist the movement which was hurrying monarchy headlong to destruction, were called conspiracies. All his weaknesses were termed treasons; it was an indictment for character and circumstances, rather than for crimes. His nature alone was culpable. But even events which no one could foresee or resist, were laid to his charge. He was held responsible for the throne, the aristocracy, the emigration, the priesthood, for Lafa-

vette, the Girondists, and even the Jacobins themselves. He was the victim of the Ancient Sacrifice, destined to bear the iniquities of all.

Whilst this long history of the faults of his reign was thus unfolded, and all the blood shed at the Champ de Mars, on the 20th of June, and the 10th of August, thus laid to his charge, the conspirators of these sanguinary risings, who sat amongst his judges, such as Pethion, Louvet, Barbaroux, Carra, Marat, Danton, and Legendre, coloured and looked down. Their consciences bore witness against them for accusing as the author of these crimes the man who had been their victim. The king listened, apparently unmoved; only once or twice when the accusation outstripped all the bounds of injustice or improbability, and he heard himself accused of spilling the blood of the people, which he had so religiously spared during his whole reign, he could not help betraying, by an involuntary movement and a bitter smile, the repressed indignation which was burning within him. It was evident that he was prepared for all except the accusation of being a sanguinary prince. He lifted his eyes to Heaven, and seemed to call God for his witness against men.

Barere, who was president of the Convention on that day, summon up in a few phrases the principal heads of the indictment against the king, and then proceeded to interrogate him. One of the secretaries of the Assembly, Valazé, approaching the bar, placed before the prisoner, one by one, all the documents relative to the trial. The president then demanded if he recognised these papers. In this manner the letters found in the iron chest were laid before the king, those relating to the *treason* of Mirabeau and Lafayette, his own letter to the bishops respecting the acceptance of the constitution by the clergy; other letters equally compromising, either signed or written entirely by himself; and lastly, some private notes of M. de Laporte, comptroller of the privy purse, attesting the expenditure of several sums for the purpose of bribing the Jacobins, the tribunes of the Assembly, and the men of the faubourgs.

There were two modes by which Louis XVI. might have

met the accusation: both equally noble. The first was to refuse all reply, to shroud himself in his inviolability as king, or in the resignation of the vanquished. The other, to avow boldly the efforts he had made, and which it was his duty to make, to moderate the principal leaders of the revolutionary party and tempt them to the support of that menaced royalty which his blood, his rank, and his oath to the constitution obliged him to defend, since royalty itself formed part of the constitution. The king could the more easily have adopted this line of defence, since no document had been found in the iron chest distinctly compromising him with the movements of the allies. But he had not sufficient courage or presence of mind to adopt either of these courses, which, if they had not saved his life, would at least have preserved his dignity. In place of meeting the accusation as a king by silence, or as a statesman by a hardy avowal of his reasons and actions, he exculpated himself by disputing the facts. He denied the notes, the letters, the acts—he even denied all knowledge of the iron chest itself, which, sealed by his own hand, had been opened to reveal his secrets. The anguish of his mind left him no time to deliberate on the course of conduct which his position as a monarch demanded from him; or perhaps, having been led into a first negation, he was obliged to continue it throughout for fear of being detected in evasion, or rather for fear of compromising his friends and servants by his avowals. Besides, he wished doubtless to leave a free course open for those who undertook his defence; and lastly, he thought of his wife, his sister, and his children, perhaps more than became his dignity at such a moment, and this weakened his defence. From that day he was no longer a king contending with a people, but an accused man contesting with his judges, and allowing the pleadings of advocates to intervene between the majesty of the throne and the majesty of the scaffold.

After the examination, Santerre again took hold of the king's arm and conducted him to the waiting-room of the Convention, accompanied by Chambon and Chaumette. The protracted length of the trial and the agitation of his

mind had completely exhausted the king's strength, and he almost fainted from weakness. Chaumette offered him some refreshment, which he refused; but a moment after, seeing a grenadier of the escort offer half a loaf to the procureur of the commune, nature conquered, and Louis approaching Chaumette, asked him in a low voice for a piece of the bread. "Ask aloud for whatever you want," said Chaumette, recoiling from him as if he feared even to be suspected of pity. "I ask you for a piece of your bread," returned the king, raising his voice. "Here then, break some off," replied Chaumette; "it is a Spartan breakfast. If I had a root I would give you half of it."

The carriage being announced, the king entered it with the bread still in his hand, but having only eaten the crust, he was embarrassed what to do with the remainder, fearing that if he threw it from the window his guards might suspect him of making a signal or of having hiddeu some note in the centre. He therefore handed it to Colombeau, the clerk of the commune, who sat opposite to him. Colombeau immediately threw it into the street. "Ah!" said the king, "it is wrong to waste bread at such a time when it is so dear." "And how do know that it is dear?" demanded Chaumette. "Because what I am eating is so very bad," replied the king. "My grandmother," continued Chaumette, with a jovial familiarity, "used to say to me when I was a child, 'Never throw away a crumb of bread, for you could never make an ear of corn grow.'" "Your grandmother was a sensible woman, M. Chaumette," replied the king smiling; "bread comes from God." The conversation was thus calm and almost gay during the drive back to the prison. The king observed and named all the streets. "Ah! there is the Rue d'Orleans," he exclaimed, as they entered it. "Say the Rue de l'Egalite," interrupted Chaumette, rudely. "Yes, yes," replied the king, "in consequence of—" he did not finish the sentence, and remained gloomy and silent for some moments. A little further on, Chaumette, who had eaten nothing since the morning, became ill, and the king testified some concern. "It is probably the motion of the carriage that affects you," he said; "have you ever experienced the rolling of a vessel?"

"Yes," replied Chaumette, "I fought under Admiral Lamotte Piquet." "Ah!" said the king, "he was a brave man, that Lamotte Piquet." While the conversation was carried on in this tone inside the carriage, the mob outside, formed in groups, were chanting the most violent couplets of the Marseillaise:—

"Tyran! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"—

While shouts of "*Vive la Revolution*," rose up at every turn of the wheels, and were echoed all along the line, even as far as the Bastille, so that one continued roar resounded from the Tuileries to the Temple. But the king affected not to hear these auguries of death. On again entering the court of the Temple, he looked up long and sadly at the walls of the tower and the windows of the queen's apartment, as if his glance, though intercepted by planks and bars, could yet communicate his feelings to those he loved. The mayor conducted him back to his chamber, again reiterating the decree of the Convention which ordered his complete separation and absolute isolation from his family. In vain the king supplicated for a revocation of this cruel order: he could only obtain a promise that the queen should be informed of his return. Chambon conceded all that was in his power; and the *valet de chambre*, Clery, had a last interview with the princesses, in which he transmitted to them the details of the examination as confided to him by his master. Clery also gave the queen assurance of the active intervention of foreign powers in behalf of the king, and held out hopes that the sentence would probably be banishment to Spain, as that country had not declared war against France. "Did they speak of the queen?" demanded Madame Elizabeth with anxiety. Clery replied that her name was not mentioned in the indictment. "Ah!" exclaimed the princess, as if relieved from a weight of apprehension; "then perhaps they consider the king as a victim necessary to their security; but the queen! and these poor children! what obstacle can their lives present to their ambition?" At this secret interview, obtained in violation of the injunctions of the commune, Clery agreed with the princesses upon a plan by which they could obtain

and give mutual information to each other respecting the health of the king and their own, and the progress of his trial—one of the guards, named Turgu, devoting himself generously to secure this intercourse between the prisoners.

Articles of dress, linen, furniture, asked for or sent from one story to another, were the secret cyphers of this correspondence, by which the unhappy family were made acquainted with all the stages of the king's trial. After these arrangements, which afforded him some consolation, had been made, Louis supped and lay down to rest, incessantly turning his eyes towards the spot where his son's bed had been, and beseeching the commissioners to restore him his child.

As soon as the king had quitted the Convention, Pethion and Treillard obtained permission for him to choose counsel for his defence, in accordance with the privilege granted to all prisoners. In vain Marat, Duhem, Billaud Varennes, and Chasles protested by their clamour against the right of defence, demanding audaciously an exception to this law of humanity in the person of "the tyrant who had rebelled against the nation." In vain Thuriot exclaimed, "Let the tyrant's head be laid upon the block!" The Convention rose almost unanimously against this bloodthirsty impatience, and maintained the dignity of the Assembly as judge. Four of its members, Cambaceres, Thuriot, Dupont de Bigorre, and Dubois de Crancé, were selected to carry the decree to the Temple, which allowed the king permission to name his own counsel, consisting of two defenders. The king selected the two most celebrated pleaders in Paris, Tronchet and Target, and gave the address of the country-house at which the former resided, but declared his ignorance of Target's abode.

Tronchet, whose eloquence had been formed by political struggles in the storms of the Constitutional Assembly, of which he had been a laborious member, accepted without hesitation the glorious mission with which a proscribed captive associated his name. Target, a powerful speaker but a coward soul, trembled at even appearing to share the last thoughts of the denounced monarch, and wrote a cruel and dastardly letter to the Convention, in which, with visible alarm, he disclaimed a task which his principles, he said,

would not allow him to undertake. This cowardice, far from saving Target, marked him out as a victim, and he in his turn ascended the scaffold undefended and unwept. Many names were suggested to replace that of Target. The king chose Deséze, a lawyer of Bourdeaux, who had settled in Paris. But these two men were only the advocates of the king: a friend was still wanting, and for the honour of the human heart, and the consolation of his last hours, this friend was found.

There was then living in solitude near Paris an old man of the family of Lamoignon, many members of which had been illustrious in the highest judicial capacities under the ancient monarchy. The Lamoignons were one of those parliamentary families who rose, year by year, to the highest functions of the kingdom, not by the favour of courts or the caprices of kings, but from long services rendered to the nation. This old man, of the name of Malesherbes, then seventy-four years of age, had been twice minister of Louis XVI. but his tenure of office had been brief, and his services repaid by ingratitude and exile: not by desire of the king, but owing to the hatred of the clergy and the animosity of the court and the aristocracy. The influence of the court had deprived him of a pupil, but still left him a friend in the monarch; and in the depths of his solitude he had watched the fall of Louis, from the meeting of the states-general to the prison of the Temple. A secret correspondence had been carried on between them at rare intervals, and now that he was threatened with an impending trial, Malesherbes quitted his country retreat, and addressed a letter to the Convention, which the president Barere read to the Assembly, offering, in case Louis XVI. was permitted to select counsel for his defence, to devote himself to the duty.

At the name of Malesherbes a thrill like an electric shock ran through the entire Assembly; for the name of a noble man excites the same emotion in a crowd as the sight of some deed of heroism or virtue. Hate itself recognised the sacred rights of friendship in the demand of the aged minister, and it was accorded to him.

Malesherbes was introduced that same day to the prison which was the scene of his master's sufferings; but he was obliged to undergo a strict search at the outer wicket, lest he might have some concealed weapon which would rob the scaffold of the king, by aiding him to suicide. Nothing, however, was discovered on his person except some diplomatic documents and the journal of the sittings of the Convention.

The door of the king's room being opened, Malesherbes advanced with faltering steps and drooping head towards his master. Louis was seated at a table, and held in his hand a volume of Tacitus, that Roman evangelist of the illustrious dead, which he read with the greatest attention. At the sight of his former minister he sprang up, threw away the book, and advanced with open arms and tearful eyes to meet the old man. "Ah!" he exclaimed, pressing him to his heart, "in what a position do you find me! This is where all our dreams of the amelioration of the people have conducted me! But wherefore do you come hither to seek me? Your devotion will endanger your life and cannot save mine!"

Malesherbes expressed with tears the joy he felt at being able to consecrate the remainder of his life to his monarch's service, and display that attachment to him in a prison which had been suspected in a palace. Then he endeavoured to encourage a hope in the justice of his judges, or the pity of the people, who might grow weary of persecuting him. "No, no," answered Louis, "they will sentence me to death, I am certain: they have both the power and the will. No matter: let us prepare for the trial as if I were to gain it, and I will gain it, for I shall leave my memory without a stain."

Tronchet and Deséze went every day to the Temple with Malesherbes to prepare the materials for the defence; and the king spent many hours in going over the principal counts in the indictment, and the different circumstances of his reign which best refuted them.

Tronchet and Deséze came at five o'clock and left at nine. Malesherbes preceded them by some hours, and passed the mornings reading the public journals with the king, and preparing the work for the evening. At night,

when his three counsel had retired, the king read to himself the speeches for and against him which had been delivered the night before at the Convention; but from the impartiality of his observations, one would have imagined he was reading the history of some distant reign. "How can you read those invectives so coolly?" asked Clery, one night. "Because I learn from them how far the malignity of men can go," answered the king. "Until now I could not have believed in its extent." And he lay down calmly to rest.

The princesses, mean while, had contrived a mode of corresponding with the king by means of a ball of thread, in which a piece of paper was concealed, with the words pricked on it by a needle. Turgy, who attended table both in the king's and queen's apartments, took charge of this ball of thread, and hid it in a press in the dining-room, from whence Clery conveyed it to the king, and replaced it after the answer was concealed in the same manner. Thus the same hopes and fears, gliding through the walls, made the hearts of the prisoners throb with similar emotions. Afterwards the king used to drop a note tied to a thread down into the large screen of the queen's window, which lay just beneath his, and drew it up again charged with the tender confidences of his wife and sister. Since the isolation of the king from his family, he had refused to take his accustomed exercise in the garden. "The promenade was agreeable," he said, "only when I had my wife and children with me." On the 19th of December, while at breakfast, he said to Clery, before the municipal officials, "Fourteen years ago you were earlier up than to-day." A mournful smile revealed his meaning to the servant, who sympathised with the sensibility of the father. "It was the day when my daughter was born," continued the king, "and now—on her birth-day—not to be permitted to see her!" Tears fell upon the bread he was eating, and even the municipals seemed to respect these memories of happy days which penetrated into the prison only to increase its gloom.

The next day Louis shut himself up alone in the turret for a long time, and wrote his will. It was a last fare-

well to hope. From that day he hoped in nothing but immortality. He bequeathed in peace all that was left him to bequeath—his tenderness to his family, his gratitude to his servants, and his pardon to his enemies. After that act he appeared more calm. He had signed the last page of his destiny in the faith of a Christian.

The same day his counsel came to present to him the complete plan of his defence. Malesherbes and the king himself had furnished the facts for the document, Tronchet the legal arguments, and Deséze had drawn it up forensically. Deséze read it aloud. The peroration was addressed to the feelings of the people, and calculated to move the judges by the mournful picture it drew of the vicissitudes of the royal family. This apostrophe to the nation drew tears from the eyes of Malesherbes and Tronchet. The king himself was touched with the pity which his defender sought to inspire in his enemies; but his pride revolted from imploring at their hands any other justice than the justice of their consciences. "This peroration must be struck out," said Louis; "I cannot consent to appeal to the pity of my accusers!" Deséze resisted, but the dignity of death belouged to the dying, and his counsel yielded. After the departure of Deséze and Tronchet, the king, who was left alone with Malesherbes, seemed disturbed and gloomy. "I have one more sorrow added to my list," he said to his friend: "Deséze and Tronchet owe me nothing; yet they are giving me their time, their trouble, perhaps their lives. How can I requite such services? I possess nothing, and even if I left them a legacy it would not be paid. Besides it is not money that can acquit such a debt!" "Sire," answered Malesherbes, "leave the recompense to their consciences and posterity. But you can even now grant them a favour beyond all the riches you could have showered on them in the days of your prosperity." "What is it?" asked the king. "Sire, embrace them!" Accordingly the next day, when Deséze and Tronchet entered the chamber of the captive, to accompany him to the Convention, the king advanced to meet them in silence, opened his arms, and pressed them fervently to his heart. The accused and the defenders only spoke by their sobs; but the king felt relieved. He had

given all he could, his tears and an embrace. Deséze and Tronchet felt they were recompensed. They had received all of which they were ambitious—the tears of an unhappy king abandoned by his subjects, and the embrace of gratitude from a dying man.

Some moments afterwards, Santerre, Chambon, and Chaumette, came to conduct the king a second time, with the same display of force, to the Convention. The Convention made him wait for nearly an hour, like a common client, in the outer hall of that in which they carried on their deliberations. The king was dressed with more care than on his first examination, and his exterior betrayed less of the appearance of a prisoner taken from a dungeon. His friends had advised him not to shave his beard, in order to excite the pity of the people by exposing the visible cruelty of his jailers; but the king rejected with disdain this theatrical mode of awakening emotion in the crowd, and the commissioners, at his request, had allowed Clery a pair of scissors to remove his beard. His features were composed, his eyes serene. Formed more for resignation than for struggling with destiny, the approach of the final hour gave an unwonted dignity to his appearance.

He walked up and down with an air of calm indifference, between his counsel, amidst the group of deputies who had rushed out of the hall to gratify their curiosity by beholding him; and conversed with Malesherbes in a tone that evinced neither anxiety nor agitation. The old man, in replying, always made use of the title of majesty: more respectful as fortune became more adverse. Treilhard overheard him, and advancing between the king and Malesherbes, said to the latter: "What tempts you to the dangerous audacity of pronouncing titles here which the nation have proscribed?" "Contempt for life!" was the disdainful answer of Malesherbes, and he continued the conversation as before. The king at length entered the Convention, accompanied by his counsel. The members listened in profound silence to the speech of Deséze. One could see by the demeanour of the Mountain, that there was no agitation because there was no longer any doubt. The judges had the patience of certainty, and they gave

the king a respite of an hour, because in their hearts his life was already forfeited.

Deséze spoke with dignity but without excitement. He displayed the coolness of reason in presence of the vehemence of public passion; but his eloquence, though always rising to the level of his duty as a defender, never rose above it to the height of circumstances. He argued when he ought to have struck; he forgot that rashness is in some cases sovereign prudence, and that in a supreme crisis nothing can save but that desperate eloquence which risks all to save all.

The king listened to his own defence with an interest that seemed excited more for the young pleader than for himself. After Deséze had concluded, he rose and said: "You have heard the grounds of my defence. I shall not repeat them; but in addressing you for the last time, I declare solemnly that my conscience has nothing to reproach me with, and that my counsel have uttered only the truth. I have never feared a public examination of my conduct; but my heart is indeed grieved to find in the indictment that I am accused of wishing to shed the blood of the people, and above all, that I provoked the calamities of the 10th of August. The innumerable proofs I have given of my love for the people ought, I think, to have placed me above such a reproach. I, who would have exposed my own life sooner than shed one drop of their blood!" He quitted the Convention after these words.

His departure was the signal for a clamorous debate; some demanding that the king should be judged on the instant; others, and especially Lanjuinais, objecting that, in this case, the National Convention would be acting at once as the enemies, the accusers, the judges, and the jury of the king. The uproar at last was such that the president was forced to put on his hat, as a sign that the deliberations were suspended. Order being somewhat restored, Pethion addressed the Assembly in support of Lanjuinais' proposition, which, with some modifications, was carried.

Whilst these disturbances in the Assembly betrayed the bitterness and the irresolution of the judges, the king, having

returned from the Convention to the hall of the inspectors, threw himself into the arms of Deséze. He pressed the hands of his defender in his own, dried his forehead with his handkerchief, and warmed with his own hands fresh linen to replace that which five hours speaking on the tribune had saturated with perspiration. In these familiar cares, made more striking by his rank and position, the king seemed to forget that his own life was the subject of the tumultuous discussions in the neighbouring hall.

On his return to the Temple, the king, who had nothing else to offer, took off his cravat and gave it to his counsel. Up to the 16th of January no change occurred in his mode of life, except that Malesherbes presented himself in vain for admittance at the gate of the tower. The king passed his time in reading the history of England, especially the volume which contained the trial and death of Charles the First, as if he sought consolation by finding in the annals of thrones another example of misfortune equal to his own, and as if he wished to accustom himself to death, and to model his last moments upon those of a decapitated king.

During these days, in which no rumour from without penetrated within the walls of Louis's prison, the two parties into which the Convention was divided continued fiercely to dispute his life between them. In the sitting of the 17th, Lebrun, the minister for foreign affairs, read a communication from the court of Spain, to the effect that if the king's life were spared, the Spanish troops should be removed from the frontier on which they had been assembled; but the Convention passed disdainfully to the order of the day. Brissot and Buzot supported an appeal to the people to decide upon the king's fate, whilst Carra, although a Girondist, opposed it. An accusation of former complicity with the court was made against Vergniaud and some others of the Girondist party, who, although they succeeded in clearing themselves of the charge, felt the necessity of stifling such suspicions by an unmistakable act of hostility to the monarchy, and to baptise themselves as true republicans in the blood of a king. On the question of appeal to the people, two hundred and eighty-one voices voted in the affirmative,

and four hundred and twenty-three in the negative. Among the former were numbered all the leaders of the Girondist party, while the latter consisted of the Mountain and a few of the more hot-headed of the moderates. Danton then demanded that the Convention, without separating, should decide on the fate of the king. The voting on this final question commenced at eight o'clock in the evening.

THE SENTENCE.

THE aspect of the town was menacing, the aspect of the Convention ominous. The passages and interior of the hall of the Convention seemed arranged for an execution rather than for the pronouncing of judgment. The hour, the place, the narrow avenues and sombre arches of this gloomy monastery, the dim light of the few lamps that struggled with the shadows of a winter's night, and threw a pallid shade upon every face; the clash and glitter of arms at all the doors; the pieces of cannon at the principal gates, by which the gunners stood match in hand, less to intimidate the people than to be ready to turn their pieces against the hall, if the fatal sentence was not pronounced; the hoarse roar of the innumerable crowd filling up every adjacent street and pressing against the walls of the building, as if to catch the first murmur of the verdict; the movement of the patrols dashing aside the ocean of men to make way for the passage of some of the representatives who were late in arriving; the costumes, the countenances, the *bonnets rouges*, the carmagnoles, the lowering brows, hoarse voices, and atrocious and significant gestures—all seemed calculated to make the inexorable fiat, already pronounced by the people, enter by every avenue of sense into the minds of the judges. "*His death or thine!*" was the single sentence muttered in a low voice, but with an imperative accent, in the ear of each deputy as he threaded the groups to take up his position. Persons accustomed to attend the sittings of the Convention, and who knew each member by sight, were placed at stated distances, and these spies of the people named the deputies in a loud

voice as they passed, pointing out the doubtful, threatening the timid, insulting the lenient, and applauding the inflexible.

At the names of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Camille Desmoulins, the crowd parted with respect, to give passage to these men who represented the wrath of the people; but when Vergniaud, Brissot, Laujuinais, and Boissy d'Anglas passed, frowning brows, clenched hands, and pikes and sabres brandished over their heads, showed clearly that the people would be obeyed or *revenged*. The interior of the hall was dimly and unequally lighted; the lustre which hung from the ceiling, and the lamps on the table, diffused a brilliant light through some portions of the hall, and along the vaulted roof, but threw the remainder into yet deeper obscurity. The public tribunes which ascended gradually, as in an amphitheatre, till they met and blended with the elevated benches of the Mountain, were crammed with spectators as in a Roman circus; and, as in these ancient spectacles, the front rows were crowded with women, their youthful faces adorned with tri-coloured ribbons, who sat chatting and laughing among themselves, exchanging bows and smiles, and only assuming a look of seriousness and attention when reckoning the votes, and pricking them on a card with a pin as they were announced from the tribune. Servants belonging to the hall moved about amongst the different benches, carrying trays loaded with ices, oranges, and other refreshments, which they distributed to these women. On the very highest grades of the circle were ranged the men of the people, in their ordinary working-day dress, eager and attentive, repeating in loud voices to one another the name and vote of the deputy who had been just called, and greeting him with applause or murmurs as he returned to his seat. The lowest of the public tribunes were occupied by butchers' apprentices, their blood-stained aprons tucked up at one side in their belts, and the handles of their long knives ostentatiously projecting from the folds of cloth that served them as a sheath. The open space in the centre of the hall was filled with a mingled crowd of spectators and deputies, surging and agitated like the waves of ocean, dividing every moment, to give passage to the voters as

they were summoned to the tribune or returned to their places and closing again as they passed.

The first votes heard by the Assembly left all minds in uncertainty. *Death* and *banishment* resounded alternately, as if equally balanced. The king's fate rested evidently on the first vote given by a leader of the Girondists; for this vote would no doubt determine those of his entire party, and from their numbers, if unanimous, the Girondists were certain of irrevocably deciding the majority. Thus life and death, in some degree, hung upon the lips of Vergniaud, their leader. The voters were summoned according to the alphabetical order of their departments, consequently every one watched with anxiety for the arrival of the letter G, which would summon to the tribune the deputies of the Gironde, and Vergniaud the first. As it was called, all conversation ceased, all eyes were turned upon him alone. He slowly mounted the steps of the tribune, collected himself for a moment, with his eyes bent on the ground like a man who reflects for the last time before acting, then in a low voice, as if struggling with the feelings which still appealed within him, he pronounced the word "*Death.*"

The silence of astonishment seemed to have suppressed the very breathing in the hall. Robespierre's lip curled with an almost imperceptible smile; Danton shrugged his shoulders, and whispered to Brissot, "Boast of your orators now: sublime words—coward acts! What can be done with such men? Speak to me no more of them! Their party is lost."

Hope died away in the hearts of the few friends of the king who were concealed in the hall and amongst the tribunes. They felt that the victim was surrendered by the hand of Vergniaud. The voting continued. All the Girondists, Buzot, Pethion, Barbaroux, Isnard, Lasource, Salles, Rebecqui, Brissot, voted with Vergniaud for death. The greater number added to their vote the condition of suspension of execution. The Mountain, almost without exception, voted for death. Robespierre, condensing in a few words the substance of his first discourse, attempted to reconcile his horror of the punishment of death with the condemnation that fell from his lips. He accomplished it by asserting that

tyrants were an exception to humanity, and by declaring that his tenderness for the oppressed prevailed in his heart over pity for the oppressor. The Duke of Orleans was summoned the last. A profound silence followed his name. Sillery, his friend and confidant, had voted against death; and every one expected that the prince would act like his friend, or claim exemption from voting in the name of nature and kindred. Even the Jacobins considered him exempted, but he would not admit the plea himself. Slowly and without emotion he ascended the tribune, unfolded a paper which he held in his hand, and read with a stoical demeanour the following words: "Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all those who have attempted, or may attempt in future, to maintain a sovereignty over the people, merit death, I vote for death!" These words were received in silence and astonishment, even by the very party to whom the Duke of Orleans seemed to offer them as a pledge. No look, no gesture, no voice rose even from the Mountain to applaud him; a shudder ran along the benches and tribunes of the Assembly, and the Duke of Orleans descended from the tribune confused and doubtful from these first symptoms of the effect of the act he had committed. The examination of the votes was tedious and full of doubt and anxiety. Death and life, as in a struggle, were alternately in the ascendant, according as chance had grouped the suffrages in the lists drawn by the secretaries.

Vergniaud read the result of the scrutiny. The convention consisted of 727 voters: of these 334 voted for banishment, or imprisonment; 387 for death, including those who voted for death on the condition of suspension of the execution. The votes for death therefore exceeded by fifty-three those for punishment; but deducting the forty-six votes for death with a reservation, there remained only an absolute majority of seven suffrages for death. Thus the displacing of three votes would have been sufficient to alter the judgment. It was therefore the twelve or fifteen chiefs of the Gironde who had flung the decisive weight into the balance. Death, which was the wish of the Jacobins was the act of the Girondists.

THE EXECUTION.

DURING the scrutiny, the king, who had been deprived of all communication with those without since the day on which he had last appeared before his judges, knew only that his life or death were at that moment in the hands of men. Suffering had so subdued him, and reflection and prayer had brought his soul into such conformity with the will of God, that he had reached that state of sublime indifference in which man, impartial between fear and hope, accepts alike any destiny that comes from above. Philosophy consoled the sages of antiquity in their reverses: Christianity makes resignation a dogma of religion, and elevates it upon the cross as an example to the world.

Louis XVI. contemplated this cross unceasingly, and learned from it the divine meaning of suffering. He might have obtained permission during these few last days to communicate with his family, had he requested it; he heard the steps and voices of his wife and children above him; but he feared that the cruel transition from life to death, from hope to despair, would be rendered too bitter by the presence of these loved beings, would soften his own heart, or lacerate theirs with too much agony, and he chose to drink the cup of separation at one draught, rather than condemn his family to drain it drop by drop.

On the morning of the 19th the door of the king's turret opened, and he saw Malesherbes advancing. He rose to meet his friend, but the old man, throwing himself at his feet with bitter tears, remained for a long time unable to utter a word. As the painter of antiquity veiled the face of grief, least he should not adequately express the agony of the human heart, so Malesherbes by this mournful silence endeavoured to make the king comprehend the word he shuddered to pronounce. The king did comprehend it, uttered the word without a change of colour, raised up his friend, and pressing him to his heart, seemed solely occupied with endeavours to console and strengthen this venerable messenger of his death. With a curiosity as calm as if uncon-

nected with his own fate, he inquired all the particulars, the number of suffrages, and the votes of each particular member in the Convention with whom he was acquainted. "As to Pethion and Manuel," he said, "I need not ask; they surely did not vote for my death." He then inquired how his cousin of Orleans had voted. When Malesherbes informed him—"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that hurts me more than all the others!" It was Cæsar recognising the face of Brutus amongst his murderers: that alone wrung from him a complaint.

The ministers Garat and Lebrun, the mayor Chambon, and Chanmette, the procureur of the commune, accompanied by Santerre and the president and first law officer of the criminal tribunal, arrived to announce his sentence to the king, with all the ceremony with which the law surrounds itself when about to take away the life of a criminal. Standing, his head erect, his eyes fixed on his judges, the king listened to the sentence of death and execution within twenty-four hours with the intrepidity of one who feels that he is innocent. One glance alone directed to Heaven seemed a silent appeal from the depths of his soul to the infallible and sovereign judge.

The reading of the sentence being concluded, Louis advanced towards Grouvelle, the secretary of the executive council, took the decree from his hand, folded it, and placed it in his portfolio. Then turning to Garat, "Monsieur, the minister of justice," said he, the accent of royalty still perceptible through the words of the suppliant, "I pray you to transmit this letter to the Convention." The letter requested an interval of three days to prepare for the execution, and entreated the Convention to permit his family to retire from France in peace.

At the same time the king handed Garat a second paper, containing the address of the ecclesiastic whose ministrations he wished for to console his last hours. It was written in a different hand from the king's, and contained the name of "M. Edgeworth de Firmon, Rue du Bac." Garat accepted the two papers, the king retreated a few steps, inclining his head while he did so, as if dismissing an audience at court, to intimate that he wished to be alone. The ministers departed.

At six o'clock, Santerre and Garat brought back the

answer of the Convention to his demands. In spite of the reiterated efforts of Barbaroux, Brissot, Pethion, Buzot, Condorcet, Chambon, and Thomas Paine, the Convention had decided on the previous evening that all delay of execution should be refused.

The king received this communication of the executive council without a murmur. He did not dispute the minutes with death: all that he desired was an interval of a few peaceful hours between life and eternity. For many weeks previously he had occupied his thoughts in sanctifying his sacrifice. In one of his conversations with Malesherbes, he had charged him to transmit a message to a venerable foreign priest concealed in Paris, whose assistance he implored in the event of his being condemned to die. "It is a strange commission for a philosopher," he said, with a melancholy smile to Malesherbes, "but I have always preserved my faith as a Christian to serve as a restraint against the temptations of power, and as a consolation in my adversities. Here in the depths of my prison I have found it one; and if ever you are destined to a death like mine, may you have the same consolation in your last moments."

Malesherbes discovered the dwelling of the priest whom the king had selected as guide to his conscience, and transmitted to him the prayer of his master. The man of God accepted the mission, though it should cost him his life; and waited for the hour when the prison would open to admit him to accomplish his work of charity. Minister of a religion of suffering, he did not hesitate to consecrate himself to the dying: self-denial is the heroism of the Christian priest.

On Wednesday, the 20th of January, at nightfall, a stranger knocked at the door of the secret retreat in which the poor priest was concealed, and ordered him to follow immediately to the place where the ministers were sitting in council. The Abbe Edgeworth instantly followed the unknown. Having arrived at the Tuileries, he was introduced to the apartment where the ministers were deliberating

upon the mode of executing the sentence. Their countenances, their agitation, their stupor, revealed the horrors of their situation; in vain they endeavoured to veil from themselves the cruelty of the deed by mourning over it with tenderness and pity. They rose and surrounded the priest as he entered, applauded his courage, and vowed to protect him in his mission. Garat took the confessor with him in his carriage to the Temple, and during the drive poured forth his emotion and despair without restraint to the minister of God. "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "with what a horrible mission I am charged! What a man!" he added, speaking of Louis XVI. "What resignation! What courage! No: nature alone could never give any man such strength; there must be something superhuman in it!" The priest made no reply for fear of offending the minister or betraying his own feelings; and silence succeeded after these words between the two men until they reached the gate of the tower. At the name of Garat it was opened. Across a hall filled with armed men, the minister and confessor passed into one still more vast.

The arches and broken ornaments of architecture, the fallen altar and shattered steps, showed it to be an ancient chapel, long since given up to profanation. Twelve commissioners of the commune held their council in this hall, and betrayed by their gestures and language the total want of sensibility and even of decency that characterised their brutal natures, which were incapable of respecting anything in an enemy, not even the supreme agony of death. One or two of the younger members merely exchanged stolen glances of intelligence with the priest. Whilst they searched the abbe, the minister ascended to the king's room, whither they soon after conducted the confessor. On perceiving him, the king sprang forward, drew him into the chamber, and closed the door, in order to enjoy, undisturbed by witnesses, the presence of the man he had so ardently desired. The priest fell at the feet of his penitent, and wept before he had power to console him. The king himself could not repress his tears. "Pardon me this momentary weakness," said he, raising up the ecclesiastic, "I have lived so long amidst enemies that I have become habituated to hatred, and my heart has been closed to all sentiments of tenderness; but the

sight of a faithful friend has aroused all my buried feelings, and my tears fall in spite of myself." Then he drew him into the little turret in which he was accustomed to be alone with his thoughts. A table, two chairs, and a little stove, similar to those used by the common people, a few books, and a crucifix sculptured in ivory comprised the entire furniture of this cell.

The king made the Abbe Edgeworth sit down opposite to him at the other side of the stove, and said: "I have now arrived at that solemn moment, to prepare for which ought to be the grand object of life, that we may be able to hope for admittance into that better mansion above." Then taking a paper from his bosom he broke the seal. It was his will. He read it over twice slowly to the priest, dwelling on each sentence, so that no thought it contained might escape the clear searching judgment of the man of God. The king seemed to fear that some bitterness or some reproach might perhaps have involuntarily escaped him, even in the terms in which he bequeathed his pardon to the world, and thus deprived his last farewell of a portion of its mildness and sanctity. His voice trembled and his tears fell only at the lines where he pronounced the names of the queen, his sister, and his children. All sensibility for himself seemed crushed or deadened: he felt and suffered only for his family. A calm and confiding conversation followed upon the events of the preceding months; and the king inquired the fate of many persons in whom he was interested; rejoicing over the escape and safety of some, mourning over the persecutions of others; speaking of all, not with the indifference of a man who is quitting his country never to return to it, but with the vivid and kindly curiosity of one who has come back to all he loved.

Although the clock of the tower already proclaimed the advanced hour of the night, and that his life was only now counted by moments, the king deferred the holy offices for which he had summoned the confessor. At seven o'clock he was to have the last interview with his family, and the approach of this moment, at once so wished for, yet so terrible, agitated him a thousand times more than the thought of the scaffold. He waited till these last agonies of life

were over before he gave himself up calmly to the preparation for death, for he felt that tears should not mingle with the blood of the sacrifice which he was so soon to offer up in his own person to God and man.

Mean while the queen and the princesses, their ears pressed to the windows, had caught the words of the sentence which the public criers were proclaiming in every quarter of Paris:—"Refusal of the reprieve, and execution within twenty-four hours." Thenceforth all hope died within them. Their souls were concentrated on one single idea: would the king die without having seen them, blessed them, embraced them? One last and agonizing gush of tenderness at his feet—one last pressure to his heart—one last word to retain in their memories—one last look to treasure in their souls—all their hopes, desires and prayers were limited to that. Assembled since the morning in the queen's chamber, in silent prayers and tears, their hearts throbbing at every movement, interrogating with their glances every face, they only learned late in the evening the decree of the Convention which permitted them to see the king. It was a joy mingled with agony. They lived but in anticipation of the moment. Grouped together, pressing against the door, never ceasing their prayers and supplications to the commissioners and jailers, it seemed to them that their impatience could hasten the hours, and that the beatings of their hearts could force the doors open before the appointed time.

On his side, the king was not less agitated, though he preserved a calmer exterior. One idea especially took away in anticipation the consolation of this interview: it was the fear that the jailers would be spectators of this last scene in which nature yearned to display all the unrestrained agony of despair, all the passionate excess of tenderness; that the deepest and holiest emotions of a husband, a wife, a brother, sister, father, daughter, would be watched, noted, and perhaps tortured into crimes, by the cruel eyes of their enemies.

The king maintained that the decree of the Convention authorized the interview to be private, but the commissioners were responsible to the commune, and yet at the same time did not wish openly to disobey the Convention. They de-

liberated therefore how best to reconcile the intention of the decree with the rigour of the law, and finally arranged that the meeting should take place in the dining-room, which communicated by a glass door with another apartment where the commissioners agreed to station themselves. The door was to remain closed upon the king and his family, but the commissioners would have their eyes fixed on them through the glass. By this means if their attitudes, gestures, and tears, were profaned by the glance of strangers, their words at least would be inviolable. A short time before the princesses descended, the king left the turret, enjoining his confessor not to appear, least the presence of a priest might recall the thought of death too vividly to the mind of the queen. He then passed into the dining-room to prepare the space necessary for the interview. "Bring a glass and some water," said he to his servant. Clery showed him a carafe of iced water already on the table. "Bring some water that is not iced," said the king; "for if the queen drank of that it might make her ill." At length the door opened, and the queen holding her son by the hand was the first to enter. She sprang into the arms of the king, and made a rapid movement as if to lead him into his own chamber out of sight of the spectators. "No, no," said the king in a low voice, pressing his wife to his heart, and drawing her back into the dining-room, "I can only see you here." Madame Elizabeth followed with the princess royal, and Clery closed the door on them. The king gently forced Marie Antoinette into a chair at his right hand, and placed Madame Elizabeth on his left, while he took his place between them. The chairs were so close that the two princesses, as they bent over him, encircled his neck with their arms, and laid their heads upon his breast.

The princess royal, with her head supported upon his knees, and her long hair falling around her, seemed half prostrated before him. The dauphin was seated on his father's knee, with one arm passed round his neck. These five persons, thus grouped by the instinct of tenderness, and convulsively pressed in each other's arms, with their faces hidden on the breast of the king, formed to the eye of the spectators but one palpitating mass of human agony, from whence issued

murmurs, sobs, and sometimes shrieks of grief, as if the despair of five souls had been blended into one to burst forth or die in a single embrace. During more than half an hour no word passed their lips. It was a passion of grief in which the voices of father, women, children, were lost and commingled in tears and groans. Sobs answered sobs, and sometimes a cry would arise so sharp and agonizing that it pierced the doors, the windows, the very walls of the tower, and was heard even in the neighbouring quarters. But at last exhaustion of strength lulled the expressions of grief, their tears dried upon their eyelids, and a conversation began in low whispers, mingled with kisses and caresses, which lasted for two hours. No one without heard these final confidences of the dying to the survivors. The tomb or the prison stifled them in every heart a few months later. The princess royal alone preserved the record in her memory.

It was a mutual relation of all that they had suffered during their separation; recommendations, fervently repeated, to forget all vengeance, if ever the caprice of the people, which is the fortune of kings, gave their enemies into their power; sublime aspirations of Louis towards heaven, mingled with sudden bursts of human emotion at the sight of those cherished beings whose twining arms seemed to drag him back from the scaffold; noble wishes that his death might restore happiness to the people, and not cost them one drop of blood; pious lessons to his son, to fit him rather to be a Christian than a king; all mingled with tears, kisses, caresses, prayers, and low and tenderer farewells addressed to the queen alone.

These were the occupations which filled up the two hours of that funereal interview. Nothing was heard by those without except a tender and confused murmur of voices, but the commissioners from time to time glanced furtively through the glass door as if to warn the king that time was passing. When at last the sufferers were exhausted with tenderness, tears, and lamentations, the king rose, and pressed them all to his bosom in one long embrace. The queen threw herself at his feet and conjured him to permit them to remain with him that last night, but he refused out of tenderness for those whose affection might

have been fatal to themselves; alleging, as a pretext, the necessity he felt for a few hours of seclusion and tranquillity, in order to prepare all his strength for the morrow. But he promised his family to have them summoned to him the next morning at eight. "Why not at seven?" asked the queen. "Well then, at seven," replied the king. "You promise that?" they all cried. "I promise," repeated the king. They crossed the ante-chamber, the queen's arm encircling his neck, the princess royal and Madame Elizabeth clinging to him at the other side, while the dauphin, holding the queen's hand in one of his and the king's in the other, gazed up earnestly into his father's face.

But as they advanced towards the stairs, their lamentations redoubled. They tore themselves from his arms, and then again fell upon his breast in all the renewed agony of love and grief. At last the king retreated a few steps, and stretching out his arms towards the queen, "Adieu! adieu!" he exclaimed, with a gesture, a look, and voice in which were concentrated a whole world of past tenderness, of present anguish, and of future separation, yet in which might be distinguished an accent of serenity and religious joy that indicated the vague yet confident hope of a re-union in a better world. At this adieu, the young princess royal glided fainting from the arms of Madame Elizabeth, and fell senseless at her father's feet. Clery, her aunt, and the queen, rushed towards her to raise her up and sustain her to the staircase.

During this movement the king retired to his room, his face covered with his hands, but when he reached the threshold he turned for the last time and uttered the final adieu in a voice broken with sobs. The door closed, and he hastened to the turret, where the minister of consolation awaited him. The agony of royalty was passed. The king fell into a chair from lassitude, and remained for a long time without the power of uttering a word. "Ah!" said he at length to the Abbé Edgeworth, "what an interview I have had! Why do I love so well? And alas!" he added, after a pause, "why am I so beloved? But we have done with time," he continued, assuming a firmer tone; "let us now turn our thoughts to eternity!" At this moment Clery entered, and entreated the king to take some refresh-

ment. At first he refused, then reflecting that all his physical strength would be required on the morrow to bear the sight of the preparations for his execution, he at last consented. The repast was over in five minutes, the king standing while he partook of some bread and wine, like a traveller who is hastening on his journey.

The priest knowing his faith in the sacred mysteries of Christianity, had resolved to afford him one last gleam of joy on earth, by obtaining permission to administer the eucharist previous to his execution. He asked the king, therefore, if it would give him any consolation to have it celebrated on the following morning, and receive from his hands the holy bread which is the nourishment of souls.

Louis, who had been for so long a period denied the privilege of the sacred rite, and who was pious, like all the princes of his race, heard the proposition with surprise and joy. But he still doubted if this favour could be obtained from the harshness and impiety of the commissioners of the commune. The priest, however, encouraged by the marks of respect for his mission testified by Garat, was more confident, and descended to the council-hall to request permission to administer the holy rite in the king's chamber. The commissioners with some difficulty consented, and the priest returned to communicate the glad tidings to the king. He received the announcement as if it were an earnest of eternal happiness, fell on his knees, and collected his thoughts, to lay his entire life before God, with all his acts, aims and intentions. This examination of his conscience, and accusation of himself, lasted till the night was far advanced, and the condemned man lay down and slept as calmly and peaceably as though he were certain of another morrow.

The priest passed this interval in Clery's apartment, separated from the king's only by a wooden partition. From thence they could hear the gentle and equable respiration of the sleeping monarch, attesting the profoundness of his slumber, and the regularity of the beatings of his heart, as measured as those of a pendulum, but so soon to be stopped!

At five o'clock it was necessary to awake him: "Has five struck yet?" he said to Clery. "Not yet by the clock of the tower," answered Clery, "but by all the other

clocks of the city." "I have slept well," said the king, "and I had need of it, for the emotions of yesterday had exhausted me." Clery lighted the fire, and assisted his master to dress; he then prepared the altar in the middle of the chamber, and the priest commenced the holy service.

After mass was ended, and while the priest was disrobing, the king retired alone into the turret for self-reflection. Clery followed him, and kneeling down requested his blessing. Louis XVI. gave it, charging him also to bestow it in his name on all those who had been attached to him, particularly such of his jailers who, like Turgy, had shown pity for his sufferings and softened the rigours of his captivity; then, drawing him over into an embrasure of the window, he gave him privately a seal which he detached from his watch-chain, a small packet which he drew from his bosom, and his wedding-ring. "After my death," said he, "give this seal to my son, this ring to the queen. Tell her that I part from it with pain, but only that it may not be profaned with my body. This little packet contains the hair of all my family: give it to her also. Tell the queen, my dear children, and my sister, that although I promised to see them this morning, yet I have resolved to spare them the renewed agony of so cruel a separation. What it has cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces!" Sobs here choked his words. "But I charge you," he added in tender, broken accents, "to convey to them my last farewell!" Clery retired overcome with grief.

A moment afterwards the king quitted the turret, and asked for scissors, in order that his servant might cut off his hair, the only legacy he had to leave to his family. This favour was refused him. Clery then entreated permission from the municipal officers to accompany his master and undress him for the scaffold, that the hand of a faithful servant might perform this last office, and spare him the degrading touch of the executioner. "The executioner is good enough for him," replied one of the commissioners; and the king again withdrew. His confessor, on entering the turret, found him warming himself near the stove, and apparently musing with a mournful joy upon the termination of his sufferings, which had at last arrived. "Thank God," he exclaimed,

“that I preserved my faith upon the throne! Where would I be now without this hope? Yes, there exists above us an incorruptible judge who will render me that justice which men have denied me on earth!” Day now began to dawn in the tower, through the iron bars and planks that obstructed the light of heaven.

The roll of drums was distinctly heard from all quarters, calling the citizens to arms, mingled with the trampling of the horses of the gendarmerie, and the wheeling of the cannons, as they placed or displaced them in the court-yard of the Temple. The king listened to all these sounds with indifference, and even explained them to his confessor. “That is probably the national guard which has begun to assemble,” he said, at the first roll. Some moments afterwards, the tramp of a numerous body of cavalry resounded on the pavement at the foot of the tower, and the voices of the officers in command were heard giving the orders to form into line. “Ah! they have arrived,” said the king, interrupting his conversation, but renewing it again instantly. He was equally without impatience or fear, like a man who is first at a rendezvous and waits patiently for the others.

He had to wait long. During two hours the officials and jailers came knocking at the door of his chamber under various pretexts, and each time the confessor thought it was the final summons. The king rose calmly, opened the door, answered, and resumed his seat. At nine o’clock the tread of numerous armed men resounded on the staircase, the door was thrown open violently, and Santerre appeared at the head of twelve municipal officers and ten gendarmes, whom he ranged in two lines along the chamber. At this commotion the king opened the door of the turret. “You seek me,” said he to Santerre, with a firm voice and proud demeanour. “I shall be with you in an instant. Wait for me there!” and he pointed with his finger to the threshold of his chamber, then shut the door, and returned to throw himself on his knees before the priest. “All is consummated, my father,” said he. “Give me a last benediction, and pray to God to sustain me to the end.” He rose, opened the door, and advanced with a serene brow and the majesty of death in his features and attitude, between the

double line of gendarmes. He held a folded paper in his hand. It was his will. Addressing the municipal officer nearest him, he said, "I pray you to transmit this paper to the queen."

The astonishment depicted on the republican faces around, made him remember that he had used a forbidden word. "To my wife," said he, correcting himself. The municipal officer drew back. "That is not my business," he replied rudely; "I am here to conduct you to the scaffold." This official was Jacques Roux, a priest, who had thrown off the sacerdotal robe and thrown off all charity along with it. "True," said the king in a low voice, with visible emotion. Then looking around the faces that encircled him for one whose expression might indicate a heart less hardened, he advanced to a municipal named Gobeau, saying: "Transmit, I pray you, this paper to my wife; you are at liberty to read it, and with some of the contents the commune ought to be acquainted." Gobeau, with the assent of his colleagues, then took charge of the testament. Clery, who, like the valet of Charles the First, feared that his master, who was trembling with cold, might be suspected of trembling before the scaffold, presented him with his cloak. "I have no need of it," said the king; "give me only my hat." On receiving it he seized the hand of his faithful servant, and pressed it earnestly as a token of acknowledgment and farewell; then turning to Santerre, and looking him full in the face, said in a tone of resolution, and with a gesture of command: "Let us proceed!" Santerre and his troop seemed rather to follow than escort him. The king descended the staircase of the tower with a firm step, and seeing the porter Mathey in the vestibule, who had been disrespectful to him the night before, and whom he had reproached rather warmly for his insolence, he advanced towards him, saying kindly: "Mathey, I was a little harsh to you last night: forgive me for the sake of this hour." In place of replying, Mathey turned away his head and drew back, as if contact with the condemned king had been contagious.

As they crossed the first court on foot, the king turned twice, and looked up at the queen's windows with a glance in which his whole soul seemed concentrated in a mute farewell

to those he was leaving behind him in the prison. A carriage awaited him at the entrance to the second court-yard, and two gendarmes stood beside the door; one of them got in first, and took his place on the front seat; the king followed, and made his confessor take the seat at his left; the second gendarme then entered and closed the door. The carriage rolled on. Sixty drums, beating a march, preceded the procession, while a moving army, composed of national guards, federates, troops of the line, cavalry, gendarmerie, and batteries of artillery, marched before, behind, and on each side of the carriage. All Paris was that day kept a prisoner by an order of the commune, and all citizens were interdicted from traversing the streets that led to the boulevards, or from appearing at the windows during the passage of the cortege. Even the markets were empty. Nothing was visible through the grey, dull, icy atmosphere, but a forest of pikes and bayonets, ranged in motionless lines from the Place de la Bastille to the foot of the scaffold at the Place de la Revolution. At stated distances this double wall of steel was reinforced by detachments of infantry with their knapsacks on their backs, and arms loaded as on a day of battle. The gunners stood with lighted matches by the loaded cannons, which were placed at the head of each of the principal streets along the line of transit.

The silence in the town was so profound that it seemed like terror. No one uttered his thoughts to his neighbour. Even faces turned to stone beneath the glances of the spies. Every look and gesture of this great multitude seemed mechanical, as if Paris had that day ceased to do aught but tremble and obey. The king, seated far back in the carriage, and concealed by the bayonets and drawn sabres of the escort, was hardly visible. He wore a brown coat, black silk breeches, white waistcoat, and white stockings, and his hair was rolled up under his hat. The noise of the drums, the cannons, and horses, and the presence of the gendarmes in the carriage, prevented him from conversing with his confessor. He merely asked the Abbe Edgeworth to lend him his breviary, and there sought out in it with hand and eye the psalms whose lamentations and hopes were appropriate to his situation. These sacred strains, murmured by his lips

and echoed by his soul, abstracted him completely from the surrounding scene, with its tumult and its crowd, during the entire transit from the prison to the scaffold. The priest mean while prayed beside him, and the gendarmes opposite expressed by their faces the astonishment and admiration with which the calm resignation of the king inspired them. Some cries of "Pardon" arose amongst the crowd collected in the Rue du Temple as the carriage moved off; but these cries died away without an echo, either lost in the tumult, or stifled in the stagnation of public feeling.

No insult, however, no imprecations, rose up from the assembled masses. Perhaps if each one of those two hundred thousand citizens, actors or spectators assisting at the funeral of a living man, had been asked:—"Is it necessary that this man—one against all—should die?" not an individual amongst them would have answered, "Yes." But an unhappy chain of causes had produced such a combination of circumstances, that all accomplished without hesitation what no one individually desired. From the reciprocal pressure of opposing parties, the multitude were unable to yield to their instincts of compassion or horror: as in the arch each stone has a tendency to tremble and drop, yet all are kept fixed in their places by the resistance which pressure opposes to their fall. At the confluence of the numerous streets which open on the boulevards between the Portes Saint Denis and Saint Martin, there is a steep descent where the speed of horses is necessarily relaxed. As the king's carriage reached this spot, a sudden stir was observable in the crowd, and seven or eight young men, rushing in a mass from the Rue de Beauregard, with drawn sabres in their hands, broke through the line of military and reached the carriage, shouting, "Help, whoever would save the king!" Amongst them was the Baron de Batz, an adventurer in conspiracies, and his secretary Devaux. Three thousand young men, secretly enrolled and armed for this *coup de main*, were to respond to the signal, and afterwards attempt to gain possession of Paris, supported by Dumouriez. But these intrepid conspirators, finding that no one responded to their summons, dashed again through the file of soldiers, and favoured by the

surprise and confusion consequent on their sudden attack, plunged into the neighbouring streets, and were soon lost to view. A detachment of gendarmerie followed in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing some, who paid for the attempt with their lives.

After this brief interruption, the procession proceeded on its way amidst a silent and motionless crowd, till it reached the Rue Royale, which opened on the Place de la Revolution. Just then a gleam of winter sun pierced the fog, and shone upon a hundred thousand heads collected together in the Place. The regiments of the garrison of Paris formed a square round the scaffold, the executioners stood awaiting their victim, and the instrument of death rose high and visible above the crowd, with its beams and posts painted red, the colour of blood. This instrument was the guillotine—a machine invented in Italy, and imported into France by the humanity of a celebrated physician, a member of the Constituent Assembly, named Guillotin, by whose advice it had been substituted for the atrocious and infamous tortures which the revolution abolished. At a signal from the executioner the blade fell; this blade, whose force was centupled by weights beneath the scaffold, glided down between two grooves, and detached the head from the trunk by the impetus of the fall with the rapidity of lightning.

There was a saving both of pain and time in a death effected by this process. The guillotine was erected on this day in the centre of the Place de la Revolution, before the grand alley of the garden of the Tuileries, and facing with cruel derision the palace of kings, just at the spot where the sparkling fountain nearest the Seine, now seems eternally washing the pavement. From the dawn of day the approaches to the scaffold, the bridge of Louis XVI. the terraces of the Tuileries, the parapets of the river, the roofs of the houses of the Rue Royale, even the leafless branches of the trees of the Champs Elysees, were thronged with an innumerable multitude, who waited the event in an agitation and tumult not to be described; as if the crowd could not believe in the execution of a king until they had seen it with their eyes. The places immediately around the scaffold, owing to the favour of the commune, and the conni-

vance of the commanders of the troops, had been taken possession of by a horde of the assassins of September: men from the Cordeliers and Jacobins, incapable of remorse or pity, who grouped themselves around the scaffold as the witnesses of the republic, desiring not only to have the sacrifice accomplished, but applauded. Nevertheless, at the approach of the king's carriage, a solemn awe seemed to fall upon the crowd, and struck even these men silent. The carriage stopped at a few paces from the scaffold. The transit from the prison had occupied two hours.

The king, on perceiving that the carriage had stopped, looked up from the book on which he had kept his eyes fixed during the entire time, as a man whose reading is suddenly interrupted; and bending close to his confessor, said, inquiringly, in a low voice, "We have arrived, I think?" The priest only replied by an affirmative sign. One of the three brothers Sampson, the executioners of Paris, then let down the steps, and the gendarmes alighted. But the king, again closing the door of the carriage, and placing his right hand upon the knee of his confessor as a sign of protection, said with an air of authority to the executioners, the gendarmes, and the officers who were crowding around the wheels: "Gentlemen, I recommend to your protection the gentleman you see here. Take care that after my death no insult be offered to him. I charge you to watch over him."

No one replied; and the king was reiterating his request still more energetically to his executioners, when one of them cut him short, saying with a sinister expression, "Yes, yes, never fear; we'll take care of him; leave it to us." Louis then alighted. Three of the executioner's assistants immediately surrounded him, and attempted to undress him for the scaffold; but he repulsed them with majesty, and took off his coat and cravat himself, and threw back his shirt to the shoulders. The executioners again seized hold of him. "What are you going to do?" he murmured, indignantly. "To bind you," was the answer; and they were already seizing hold of his hands to tie them with cords. "Bind me!" exclaimed the king, with a tone in which all the glory of his race revolted at such an ignominy, "No!

no! I will never consent to it. Do your office, but you shall not bind me! Never!" The executioners insisted, raised their voices, called for help, and lifting their hands, prepared to conquer by violence. A struggle was about to degrade the victim at the foot of the scaffold. The king, out of respect for the dignity of his death and the calmness of his last moments, looked at the priest as if requesting advice. "Sire," said the divine counsellor, "submit to this fresh outrage without resistance; remember that your Saviour endured it before you." The king raised his eyes to heaven with a resigned, yet half-imploring glance. "Assuredly," said he, "nothing but that divine example could make me submit to such an insult!" Then turning to the executioners, and holding out his hands: "Do as you will," he said; "I shall drain the cup to the dregs!"

Supported by the arm of the priest, he ascended the high and slippery steps of the scaffold. The weight with which he leaned seemed to indicate a faltering courage; but on reaching the last step he dropped the arm of his confessor, and crossed alone the breadth of the scaffold with a firm step, looking at the instrument and axe as he passed; then turning suddenly to the left, facing his palace, and the side where he could be seen and heard by the greatest number of spectators, he made a sign to the drummers to be silent: they obeyed mechanically.

"People!" said Louis XVI. in a voice that sounded clear amidst the silence, and was heard distinctly at the other extremity of the square; "People! I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall upon France!" He was proceeding, and a thrill of emotion already ran through the crowd, when the chief of the staff officers, Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat, a son of Louis XV. and a favourite named Morphise, ordered the drums to beat, and a loud and long roll drowned the voice of the king and the murmur of the multitude. He returned slowly to the guillotine, and abandoned himself to the executioners. At the moment they were binding him to the plank, he cast one last glance upon the priest who was kneeling in prayer at the edge of the scaffold. To the last he preserved his

self-possession and the calm courage of his soul until it ascended to his Creator from the hands of the executioner. The plank turned, the blade glittered, and the head fell.

One of the executioners, taking it by the hair, showed it to the people, and sprinkled the blood around the scaffold. The federates and fanatical republicans instantly jumped upon the planks, and dipped their pikes and the points of their sabres in the blood; then brandishing them in the air, shouted, "*Vive la Republique!*" The horror felt at this act stifled the same cry from the people, and the sound that arose resembled a sob more than an acclamation.

Salvos of artillery announced to the distant faubourgs that royalty had perished with the king, and the crowd separated in silence. The remains of Louis XVI. were carried in a covered tumbril to the cemetery of the Madeleine, and lime was thrown into the grave, so that the bones of the victim of the revolution might not one day become the relics of royalty. Bands of armed federates traversed the different quarters of Paris, announcing the death of the tyrant, and singing the sanguinary chorus of the Marseillaise. But no enthusiasm responded: the city remained mute. The people did not confound an execution with a victory, and consternation had entered with Liberty into the dwellings of the citizens. The body of the king was not yet cold upon the scaffold, when the people doubted of the act they had accomplished, and asked, with an anxiety akin to remorse, if this blood they had just shed was a stain upon the glory of France, or the seal of Liberty? The consciences of republicans themselves were troubled at the sight of this scaffold. The death of Louis XVI. was left as a problem to be resolved by the nation.*

* Louis XVI. was thirty-nine at the time of his death, and had reigned sixteen years and-a-half.

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